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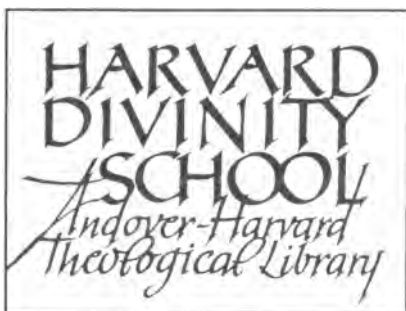
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Hymns and Introits

FOR THE

SERVICE OF THE CHURCH,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO

The Seasons and Holy-days

OF

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

*By Rev. J. Oldkirk D.D.
Rector of Holy Trinity
Birmingham*
AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.

A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

1st 5h

LONDON:

MASTERS & SON, NEW BOND STREET, W.

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1870.

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✓
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
FELIX
REV. C. J. CHINS
MAY 24, 1909

Printed by JOSIAH ALLEN, jun., Birmingham.

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1870

Advertisement.

THE first edition of this Hymn-Book, prepared especially for the use of a single Congregation, appeared in 1850, and has been followed by two others. These, however, being exhausted, it became a question whether its use should be superseded by that of some other hymnal, or another edition should be published, enlarged and re-arranged. The latter measure was finally decided upon, and the present book is the result of the decision. It contains various hymns which are not to be found in any other collection; but, of course, to supply its deficiencies as it previously stood, recourse has been had to divers hymn-books which have appeared since its original publication. Amid the contents of these it was impossible to distinguish, except when distinctly specified, what was the

copyright of the proprietors from what might be considered public property : and so, if any hymns of the former class have been unwittingly appropriated, it is hoped that this explanation will be kindly accepted. Where the distinction was made, leave of insertion has been asked and obtained : but on this point, it is presumed that there are few who will not assent to the following noble remarks of the lamented Dr. NEALE, contained in the Preface to his "Hymns on the Joys and Glories of Paradise:" "I am very glad to have this opportunity of saying how strongly I feel that a hymn, whether original or translated, ought, the moment it is published, to become the common property of Christendom ; the author retaining no private right in it whatever. I suppose that no one ever sent forth a hymn without some faint hope that he might be casting his two mites into the treasury of the Church, into which 'the many that were rich,'—AMBROSE and HILDEBERT, ADAM and BERNARD of Cluny, and S. BERNARD,—yes, and SANTEUIL and COFFIN,—'cast in much.' But if it has so been cast in, is not the claiming

a vested interest in it, something like 'keeping back part of the price of the land'?"

The list of tunes assigned to the different hymns in the present book is the laborious and carefully considered work, gratuitously afforded, of an able Organist and Musical Professor.

It may not be superfluous to add that the price at which the book is sold, even if every copy be disposed of, will not by any means be sufficient to cover the bare expenses of the publication.

Passion-Week, 1870.



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HYMNS.

MORNING.

ERRATA.

- Page 29, line 1—*for* "Thursday," *read* "Friday."
Page 49, line 1—*for* "Advent," *read* "Christmas."
Page 51, line 1—*for* "Advent," *read* "Christmas."

— ~~close~~ ^{raise} our eyes against the throng
Of earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh, may our hearts be pure within !
No cherish'd madness vex the soul !
May abstinence the flesh restrain,
And its rebellious pride control.

So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring,
May we, O LORD, with conscience clear,
Our praise to THY pure glory sing.

To GOD the FATHER glory be,
And to HIS sole-begotten SON,
The same, O HOLY GHOST, to THEE,
While everlasting ages run. Amen.

Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.

2 O THOU, the FATHER'S IMAGE blest,
Who callest forth the morning ray;
O THOU, eternal LIGHT of Light,
And inexhaustive FOUNT of day:

TRUE SUN! upon our souls arise,
Shining in beauty evermore,
And through each sense the quick'ning
Of the eternal SPIRIT pour.

THEE too, O FATHER, we entreat,
FATHER of might and grace divine,
FATHER of glorious majesty,
THY pitying Eye on us incline.

Confirm in us each good resolve;
The Tempter's envious rage subdue;
Turn each misfortune to our good;
Direct us right in all we do.

Rule THOU our inmost thoughts; let not
Impurity our hearts defile;
Grant us a true and fervent faith;
Grant us a spirit free from guile.

May CHRIST HIMSELF be our true Food
And Faith our daily cup supply,
While from the SPIRIT'S tranquil depth
We drink unfailing draughts of joy.

To GOD the FATHER glory be,
And to HIS sole-begotten SON,
The same, O HOLY GHOST, to THEE,
While everlasting ages run. Amen.

Æterne rerum Conditor.

3 DREAD FRAMER of the earth and sky,
WHO dost the light and darkness give,
And all the cheerful change supply
Of alternating morn and eve!

JESU! look on us when we fall:
One momentary glance of THINE
Can from her guilt the soul recall,
To tears of penitence divine.

Awake us from false sleep profound,
And through our senses pour THY light,
Be THY blest NAME the first we sound
At early dawn, the last at night.

To GOD the FATHER glory be,
And to HIS sole-begotten SON,
The same, O HOLY GHOST, to THEE,
While everlasting ages run. Amen.

Summæ Parens elementice.

4 O THOU eternal SOURCE of love,
RULER of nature's scheme,
In substance ONE, in Persons THREE,
Omniscient and Supreme!

For THY dear mercy's sake, receive
The strains and tears we pour,
And purify our hearts to taste
THY sweetness more and more.

Our flesh, our reins, our spirits, LORD,
In THY clear fire refine;
Break down the self-indulgent will;
Gird us with strength divine.

So may all we, who here are met
THY HOLY NAME to bless,
One day, in our eternal home,
THINE endless joys possess.

FATHER of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, co-equal SON,
Who reignest with the HOLY GHOST,
While ceaseless ages run. Amen.

5 All praise to THEE, WHO safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept:
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

LORD, I my vows to THEE renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with THYSELF my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design to do or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In THY sole glory may unite.

Praise GOD from WHOM all blessings flow;
Praise HIM all creatures here below;
Praise HIM above, ye Heavenly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

6 GOD, WHO Heaven and earth upholdest,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
WHO the day and night unfoldest,
Ruler of the Heavenly Host!
WHO Creation dost command,
Kept by THINE Almighty Hand.

Praise to THEE my soul shall render,
WHO this night hast guarded me;
My Omnipotent Defender,
WHO from ill dost set me free—
Free from danger, anguish, woe,
Free from the infernal foe.

Let the night of my transgression
With night's darkness pass away;
Whilst of sin I make confession,
Let THY wounds my grief allay.
LORD, in THEE my burden'd mind
Can its only refuge find.

Be my life and conversation
Still directed by THY word :
LORD, THY constant preservation
To THINE erring child afford.
No where but alone in THEE,
From all harm can I be free.

Wholly to THY bless'd protection
I commit my heart and mind :
MIGHTY GOD, to THY direction,
Wholly may I be resign'd !
LORD, my SHIELD, my LIGHT divine,
Oh, accept and own me THINE.

LORD, to me THINE angel sending,
From the foe my soul preserve ;
Still with gracious care defending,
Me for heavenly bliss reserve ;
And ere long remove to rest,
To the mansions of the bless'd. Amer

7 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely broug
Restor'd to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,
New thoughts of GOD, new hopes of Heave

If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still of countless price
 GOD will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task
 Will furnish all we ought to ask—
 Room to deny ourselves—a road
 To bring us daily nearer GOD.

Only, O LORD, in THY dear Love
 Fit us for perfect rest above,
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

Praise GOD from WHOM all blessings flow,
 Praise HIM, all creatures here below,
 Praise HIM above, ye Heavenly host,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

 AFTERNOON.

Rerum-Deus tenax vigor.

8 O THOU, true LIFE of all that live,
 WHO dost, unmov'd, all motion sway;
 WHO dost the morn and evening give,
 And through its changes guide the day:

THY light upon our evening pour,
 So may our souls no sunset see,
 But death to us an open door
 To an eternal morning be.

FATHER of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten SON,
 WHO, with the HOLY GHOST most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run. Amen.

Labente jam solis rota.

9 And now the Sun's declining rays
 Towards the eve descend ;
 E'en so our years are sinking down
 To their appointed end.

LORD, on the Cross THINE Arms were
 stretch'd
 To draw us to the sky :
 Oh, grant us then that Cross to love,
 And in those Arms to die.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 All glory be from saints on earth,
 And from the Angel host. Amen.

Jam Sol recedit igneus.

10 Now doth the fiery Sun decline,
 THOU, UNITY ETERNAL, shine ;
 THOU, TRINITY, THY blessings pour,
 And make our hearts with love run o'er.

THEE, in the hymns of morn we praise ;
 To THEE our voice at eve we raise ;
 Oh, grant us, with THY saints on high,
 THEE, through all time to glorify.

Praise to the FATHER, with the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so, while ages last. Amen.

Te lucis ante terminum.

- 11 Ere the waning light decay,
GOD of all, to THEE we pray,
THEE THY healthful grace to send
THEE to guard us and defend.

Guard from dreams that may affright,
Guard from terrors of the night :
Guard from foes, without, within,
Outward danger, inward sin.

Mindful of our Only Stay,
Duly thus to THEE we pray ;
Duly thus to THEE we raise
Trophies of our grateful praise.

Hear the prayer, ALMIGHTY KING !
Hear THY praises, while we sing,
Hymning, with THY heavenly Host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

- 12 GOD, of all the Strength and Stay,
WHO, unmov'd, dost motion sway,
Dost the daylight hours divide,
And in due succession guide ;

Give at eve THY sunshine bright,
Shed o'er death THY holy light;
So our day may ne'er go down,
So our life may glory crown.

Gracious FATHER, grant this boon,
Grant it, Sole co-equal SON,
With the SPIRIT throned on high,
GOD through all eternity. Amen.

EVENING.

Salvator mundi Domine.

13 O BLESSED SAVIOUR, Lord of all,
Vouchsafe to hear us when we call;
And now to those propitious be,
Who here in prayer bow to THEE,
Still to be kept from misery.

GREAT RULER of the day and night,
Upon our darkness cast THY light;
And let THY Passion pardon win
For what we have offended in,
Or thought, or word, or deed of sin.

And as THY mercy wipes away
What we have done amiss to-day,
So now the night returns again,
Our bodies and our souls refrain
From being soil'd with sinful stain.

Let not dull sleep oppress our eyes,
Nor us the enemy surprise,
Nor fearful dreams our minds affright,
While yet the blackness of the night
Holds back from us the cheerful light.

To THEE, WHO dost by rest renew
Our wasted strength, we humbly sue
That when we shall unclothe our eyes,
Holy and pure we may arise,
And make our morning sacrifice.

All honour, Lord, to THEE be done,
O THOU, the blessed Virgin's SON,
With both the FATHER and the SPIRIT,
As is THINE everlasting merit,
Ever and ever to inherit. Amen.

14 All praise to THEE, my GOD, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, KING of kings,
Beneath THY own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, LORD, for THY dear SON,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and THEE,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh, may my soul on THEE repose !
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my GOD when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns, with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire ?

Oh, may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep,
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill !

May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse !
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my GOD a grateful song !

Praise GOD, from WHOM all blessings flow :
Praise HIM, all creatures here below ;
Praise HIM above, ye heavenly Host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen

15 SUN of my soul ! THOU SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if THOU be near ;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide THEE from THY servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my SAVIOUR'S breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without THEE I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without THEE I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of THINE
Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from THY boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of THY love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above. Amen.

16 And now the day is past and gone,
Holy GOD, we bow to THEE ;
Again as nightly shades come on,
To THY sheltering Side we flee.

For all the ills this day hath done
Let our bitter sorrow plead,
And keep us from the wicked one,
When ourselves we cannot heed.

Ravening he prowls THY fold around,
In his watchful circuitings:
FATHER, this night may we be found
'Neath the shadow of THY wings.

Oh, when shall that THY day have come,
Day ne'er sinking to the west;
That country and that heavenly home,
Where no foe shall break our rest!

Now to the FATHER and the SON
We our feeble voice would raise,
With HOLY SPIRIT joined in One,
And from age to age would praise. Amen

17 GOD, THAT madest earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light,
WHO the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May THINE Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet THY mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us
This livelong night!

And when morn awakes, renewing
The busy day,
May we still, in all we're doing,
THY will obey!
May THY Love protect and guide us,
May we feel, whate'er betide us,
Joy or sorrow, THOU 'rt beside us
The livelong day!

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we in THY mighty keeping
All safely lie!
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not THOU, O LORD, forsake us,
But to dwell, in mercy take us,
With THEE on high.

High and glorious TRINITY,
WHOM now we bless,
THEE may we eternally
With praise address!
Ever, in the new Creation,
May we sing of THY Salvation,
And with joyful adoration
THY Love confess! Amen.

18 O FATHER, WHO didst all things make,
That Heaven and earth might do THY
will,

Bless us this eve for JESUS' sake,
And for THY work preserve us still.

O SON, WHO didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us this eve with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with THEE.

O HOLY GHOST, WHO by THY Power
The Church elect dost sanctify,
Seal us this eve, and hour by hour
Our hearts and members purify.

Praise be to FATHER, praise to SON,
 BLESS'D SPIRIT, equal praise to THEE;
 Glory to GOD, the THREE in ONE,
 Glory to GOD, the ONE in THREE. Amen.

19

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens; LORD, with me abide;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O THOU, WHO changest not, abide with me.

I need THY presence every passing hour;
 What but THY grace can foil the tempter's power;
 Who, like THYSELF, my guide and stay can be;
 Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me.

I fear no foe with THEE at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if THOU abide with me.

Hold THOU THY Cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
 skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee;
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me. Amen.

20

Sweet SAVIOUR ! bless us ere we go ;
THY word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS ! be our light !

The day is done ; its hours have run ;
And THOU hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS ! be our light !

Grant us, dear LORD, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS ! be our light !

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like THEE.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS ! be our light !

Labour is sweet, for THOU hast toiled ;
And care is light, for THOU hast cared :
Ah ! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS ! be our light !

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful,—unto THEE we call;
 O let THY mercy make us glad;
 THOU art our SAVIOUR and our ALL?
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle JESUS! be our light!

Sweet SAVIOUR! bless us; night is come;
 Throughout its darkness near us be;
 Good Angels watch about our home,
 And we are one day nearer Thee!
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle JESUS! be our light! Amen.

21 The day is past and over;
 All thanks, O LORD, to THEE;
 I pray THEE now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be:
 O JESU, keep me in THY sight,
 And save me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over;
 I lift my heart to THEE,
 And ask THEE that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be:
 O JESU, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to THEE,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be:
*O JESU, keep me in THY sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.*

Lighten mine eyes, O SAVIOUR,
 Or sleep in death shall I,
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphantly shall cry,
 "HE could not make their darkness light,
 Nor guard them through the hours of night."

Be THOU my soul's preserver,
 For THOU alone dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go :
 LOVER of men, O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all. Amen.

22 At even, ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O LORD, around THEE lay ;
 Oh, in what divers pains they met !
 Oh, with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
 Oppress'd with various ills, draw near :
 What if THY Form we cannot see ?
 We know and feel that THOU art here.

O SAVIOUR CHRIST, our woes dispel ;
 For some are sick, and some are sad,
 And some have never loved THEE well,
 And some have lost the love they had ;

And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free ;
 And *some have friends who give them pain,*
Yet have not sought a friend in THEE ;

And none, O LORD, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin ;
 And they who fain would serve THEE be:
 Are conscious most of wrong within.

O SAVIOUR CHRIST, THOU too art MAN ;
 THOU hast been troubled, tempted, tri
 THY kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hi

THY touch has still its ancient power ;
 No word from THEE can fruitless fall ;
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in THY mercy heal us all. Amer

SUNDAY MORNING.

Primo die quo Trinitas.

23 This day the blessed TRINITY
 The universe began ;
 This day the world's CREATOR rose,
 O'ercoming death for man.

FATHER of lights ! keep us this day
 From sinful passions free ;
 Grant us in every word, and deed,
 And thought, to honour THEE.

Thou, LORD of chastity divine !
 Grant us the grace to quell
 Those flames impure, which, cherish'd
 Increase the flames of hell.

SAVIOUR, of THY sweet clemency,
 Wash THOU our sins away ;
 Grant us THY peace—grant us with THEE,
 The joys of endless day.

FATHER of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, co-equal SON,
 WHO reignest with the HOLY GHOST,
 While ceaseless ages run. Amen.

Ad templa nos rursus vocat.

4 Again the Sunday morn
 Calls us to prayer and praise ;
 Waking our hearts to gratitude
 With its enlivening rays.
 But CHRIST yet brighter shone,
 Quenching the morning beam,
 When triumphing from death HE rose,
 And rais'd us up with HIM.

When first the world sprang forth,
 In majesty array'd,
 And bath'd in streams of purest light ;—
 What power was there display'd !
 But oh, what love !—when CHRIST,
 For our transgression slain,
 Was by th' ETERNAL FATHER rais'd
 For us to life again.

HIS new-created world
 The mighty MAKER view'd,
 With thousand lovely tints adorn'd,
 And straight pronounc'd it good.

But oh ! much more HE joy'd
That self-same world to see,
Wash'd in the LAMB's all-saving Blood,
From its impurity.

Nature each day renews
Her beauty evermore ;
Whence to GOD's hidden Majesty
The soul is taught to soar.
But CHRIST, the LIGHT of all,
The FATHER's IMAGE blest,
Gives us to see our GOD HIMSELF
In flesh made manifest.

Blest TRINITY ! vouchsafe
That, to THY guidance true,
What THOU forbiddest, we may shun ;
What THOU commandest, do. Amen

25 CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
On HIM alone we build ;
With HIS true saints alone
The courts of Heaven are fill'd :
On HIS great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

Oh ! then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise
The THREE in ONE to sing,

And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

Here, gracious GOD, do THOU
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh.
In copious shower
On all who pray,
Each holy day
THY blessings pour.

Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away !

Praise to the GOD of Heaven,
Praise to HIS only SON,
And praise to HIM be given,
WHO with THEM BOTH is ONE—
The holy DOVE,
WHO makes us meet
For the bless'd seat
Of GOD above. Amen.

MONDAY.

Dei canamus gloriam.

26 Come, let us praise the Name of God,
Who spread the lofty skies;
And to the firmament above
Uplift our wond'ring eyes.

Slow floating in the blue expanse
The watery clouds we view;
Whence fruitful showers, at GOD's command
The thirsty soil bedew.

How fair a type of GOD's free grace
Which to our souls is given!
It drops into the inner man
Like gentle dews from Heaven.

And as the faithful heart receives
The sanctifying shower,
In rapture sweet 'tis rais'd aloft
By GOD's Almighty power.

O happy saints! on whom are pour'd
Such blessings from above;
Oh, may they show a thankful heart,
And render love for love!

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the Angel host. Amen.

TUESDAY.

Jubes, et in præceptis aquis.

7 HE speaks the word ; the floods obey,
And sink into their bed ;
Emerging from her liquid veil,
Earth shows her new-born head.

This to HIS children, for their home,
The FATHER hath assign'd ;
One common earth contains them all,
One common love should bind.

We've no abiding city here,
But there's a home above
For those who live as sons of GOD,
In peace and holy love.

But they, whose dark and sinful hearts
Their fellow men molest—
They shall not of THY love partake,
Nor come into THY rest.

But, LORD, our hearts with holy peace,
And love, and concord, join ;
These are the fruits that certify
That we are truly THINE.

Eternal glory be ascrib'd
To GOD, WHO reigns above,
By WHOM is sent into our souls
The grace of holy love. Amen.

WEDNESDAY.

Miramur, O Deus, tuæ.

28 The wonders of th' ALMIGHTY HAND
Devoutly we admire,
Inscrib'd upon the vault above
In characters of fire.

The Sun is ruler of the day,
The Moon controls the night,
The starry hosts adorn the sky
With varied streams of light.

This ruler of the day must set,
And hide his dazzling rays ;
The moon and starry hosts observe
Their own appointed days.

Thus still revolves each orb of light,
Now hidden, now display'd :
THOU, LORD, for ever art the Same ;
THY mercy knows no shade.

Oh ! fear not, doubt not, that our GOD
Hath all a father's care ;
With joy to Heaven your hearts uplift,
For endless joys are there.

All glory to the THREE in ONE,
The GOD of joy and peace,
Who comforts those who trust in HIM,
And bids their sorrow cease. Amen.

THURSDAY.

Isdem creati fluctibus.

9 The deep a two-fold offspring bore
Men's bodies to maintain;
The birds that skim the liquid air,
The fish that cleave the main.

But GOD provides far other food
The immortal soul to feed:
It lives by faith, on all the words
That from HIS Mouth proceed.

Faith, resting on the Blood of CHRIST,
Still holds its conquering way,
Till sinners, through the vanquish'd world,
Its mighty power obey.

By faith the saints of old were taught
The lion's wrath to tame,
A tyrant's threatenings to despise,
And quench the raging flame.

And oh! may we by faith discern
The way that leads to GOD,
And pluck the holy fruits of love
That meet us on our road.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the Angel host. Amen.

FRIDAY.

MATINS.

Jam sanctius moves opus.

30 And now, O GOD, THY Mind resolves
A holier work to frame,
A ruler for THY new-made world,
A herald of THY NAME.

And man is made: to favoured dust
The breath of life is given,
The likeness of a holy GOD,
The lineaments of Heaven.

The wide expanse of earth must own
His delegated sway;
To GOD alone, his rightful LORD,
Due homage he must pay.

Alas for man! corrupt, deprav'd,
The yoke he will not wear:
Vile dust presumes with GOD above
A rival front to rear.

And oh! from hence what wretchedness
The world hath overspread!
If JESUS had not succour'd us,
E'en Hope itself were dead.

Oh! praise the FATHER, and the SON,
WHO saved us by HIS Death,
And HOLY GHOST WHO quickens us
By HIS celestial Breath. Amen.

• Lugete, pacis angeli.

1 Lament, ye saints ; behold your GOD
Your sinful likeness wears ;
Behold, upon the accursed tree
Your sins the SAVIOUR bears.

O CHRIST, with wondering minds we see
What mighty love was THINE !
Did GOD consent to suffer thus,
And oh ! shall man repine ?

No, SAVIOUR, no ! The power of death
THY Cross hath overcome,
To save us, not from earthly woe,
But from the eternal doom.

The flesh may shrink, but we submit,
Whate'er our cross may be,
So THOU by grace enable us
To bear it after THEE.

THY stripes have heal'd us, and THY Blood
Our guilty stains effac'd ;
Then may THY Name by sins of ours
Be never more disgrac'd.

Praise GOD, WHO gave HIS only SON
To be for sinners slain,
And HOLY SPIRIT, by WHOSE BREATH
Our souls are rais'd again. Amen.

SATURDAY.

Tandem peractis, O Deus.

32 At length Creation's days are past,
The Universe is made;
And THOU, O GOD, THY handywork
With pleasure hast survey'd.

But while THOU hallowest the day,
A day of rest to be,
Behold a new creating work
Still calling, LORD, for THEE.

See! all THY works their homage bring
The earth, the sea, the sky;
Man, sinful man, alone declines
To join the harmony.

Create, O LORD, our hearts anew,
Our hearts of stone remove;
And we shall then the concert join,
With new-born fruits of love.

Oh, only may our lives agree
With these our notes of praise,
And then, what all prevailing prayers
Our fervent hearts shall raise!

All praise to GOD, WHO strong in might
And endless glory reigns,
WHO with a word hath made the world,
And with a word maintains. Amen.

Supreme Motor cordium.

3 SUPREME DISPOSER of the heart,
 THOU, since the world began,
 With heavenly grace hast sanctified
 And cheer'd the heart of man.

Here Faith, and Hope, and Love unite
 To lift the soul above;
 But Love alone for aye abides
 Eternal, changeless Love!

O holy Love! unfading Light!
 Oh, shall it ever be
 That after all our sorrows here,
 Thy Sabbath we shall see?

Here, yet a while, with many a tear
 The precious seed we sow:
 There, treasur'd lie the promised fruits,
 The harvest of our woe.

TRIUNE JEHOVAH! GOD of might!
 THY present gifts increase;
 And crown them in the world to come,
 With endless joy and peace. Amen.

 ADVENT.
En clara vox redarguit.

† Hark! an awful voice is sounding;
 "CHRIST is nigh!" it seems to say;
 "Cast away the dreams of darkness,
 "O ye children of the day!"

Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise :
CHRIST her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the LAMB so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from Heaven ;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

So when next HE comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May HE then, as our Defender,
On the clouds of Heaven appear.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the FATHER and the SON,
With the everlasting SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run.

Instantis adventum Dei.

35 The Advent of our GOD
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must meet HIM on HIS road
With hymns of holy joy.

The EVERLASTING SON
Incarnate soon shall be :
HE will a servant's form put on
To make HIS people free.

Daughter of Sion rise
 And greet thy lowly KING,
 And do not wickedly despise
 The mercies HE will bring.

As Judge, in clouds of light,
 HE will come down again,
 And all HIS scatter'd saints unite
 With HIM in Heaven to reign.

Before that dreadful day
 May all our sin be gone ;
 May the old man be put away,
 And the new man put on !

Praise to the SAVIOUR SON
 From all the Angel host :
 Like praise be to the FATHER done,
 And to the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

Creator alme siderum.

36 CREATOR of the starry height,
 Of hearts believing endless Light,
 JESU, REDEEMER, bow THINE ear,
 THY suplicants' vows in pity hear ;

Who, lest the earth, through evil eye
 Of treacherous fiend, should waste and die,
 With mighty love instinct, wast made
 The expiring world's all-healing Aid ;

WHO to the Cross, that world to win,
From common stain of common sin,
From Virgin shrine, a Virgin birth,
A spotless Victim issueth forth.

At vision of WHOSE glory bright,
At mention of WHOSE Name of might,
Angels on high, and fiends below,
In reverence or in trembling bow.

ALMIGHTY JUDGE, to THEE we pray,
GREAT UMPIRE of the last dread day,
Protect us through the unearthly fight
With armour of celestial light.

To GOD, the FATHER and the SON
And HOLY GHOST, all praise be done;
All honour, might, and glory be
Through all the long eternity. Amen.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

37 O THOU, WHO THINE own FATHER'S Brea
Forsaking, WORD sublime !
Didst come to aid a world distress'd
In THY appointed time :

Our hearts enlighten with THY ray,
And kindle with THY love,
That, dead to earthly things, we may
Live but to things above.

So when before the Judgment-seat
The sinner hears his doom,
And when a voice divinely sweet
Shall call the righteous home ;

Safe from the black and fiery flood
That sweeps the dread abyss,
May we behold the Face of GOD
In everlasting bliss.

Now to the FATHER, with the SON,
And SPIRIT, evermore
Be glory while the ages run
As in all times before. Amen.

Statuta decreto Dei.

3 The rolling years at length fulfil
The counsels of th' Eternal will ;
More gracious for the long delay,
Shineth from Heaven, the joyful day.

Since Adam fell, his sinful race
Lay sunk in ruin and disgrace ;
In shade of night forlorn they sate,
And waited for their awful fate.

Alas ! and who can undertake
Amends for man's offence to make ?
Where can a remedy be found
Sufficient for so sore a wound ?

HYMNS.

THOU, JESUS CHRIST, yea, THOU alone,
Descending from THY FATHER'S Throne,
The heavenly likeness canst restore,
God's Image, which at first we bore.

Send HIM, ye Heavens, from above,
That so the earth, with grateful love,
May th' EVERLASTING SEED embrace,
The SAVIOUR of our long-lost race.

All praise and glory we afford
To JESUS, the Incarnate Word :
And GOD the FATHER we adore,
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore. Amen.

Veni, veni, Emmanuel.

39 Draw nigh, draw nigh, EMMANUEL,
And loose THY captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the SON of GOD appear !
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! EMMANUEL
 Is born for thee, O Israel !

O ROD of Jesse's stem, arise
And free us from our enemies,
And set us loose from Satan's chains,
And from the pit with all its pains !
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! EMMANUEL
 Is born for thee, O Israel !

THOU, the true East, draw nigh, draw nigh,
To give us comfort from on high !
And drive away the shades of night,
And pierce the clouds and bring us light !

Rejoice ! rejoice ! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel !

KEY of the House of David, come !
Re-open THOU our Heavenly home !
Make safe the way that we must go,
And close the path that leads below.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel !

RULER and LORD, draw nigh, draw nigh,
WHO to THY flock in Sinai
Didst give, of ancient times, THY Law
In cloud and majesty and awe.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel ! Amen.

O Lo ! He comes ! let all adore Him !
'Tis the God of grace and truth !
Go ! prepare the way before Him !
Make the rugged places smooth !
Lo ! He comes ! the mighty Lord !
Great His work, and His reward.

Let the valleys all be raised :
Go and make the crooked straight ;
Let the mountains be abased ;
Let all nature change its state ;
Through the desert mark a road,
Make a highway for our God.

Through the desert God is going,
Through the desert waste and wild,
Where no goodly plant is growing,
Where no verdure ever smiled ;
But the desert shall be glad,
And with verdure soon be clad.

Where the thorn and briar flourished,
Trees shall there be seen to grow,
Planted by the Lord and nourished,
Stately, fair, and fruitful too ;
They shall rise on every side,
They shall spread their branches wide.

From the hills and lofty mountains
Rivers shall be seen to flow,
There the Lord will open fountains,
Thence supply the plains below ;
As He passes, every land
Shall confess His powerful Hand. Am

41 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the KING of Glory waits :
The KING of Kings is drawing near,
The SAVIOUR of the world is here ;
Life and salvation doth HE bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing,
Praise, O my GOD, all praise to THEE
Creator, wise is THY decree !

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for Heaven's employ,
Adorn'd with prayer, and love, and joy

So shall your SOVEREIGN enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Praise, O my GOD, all praise be THINE,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

REDEEMER, come! I open wide
My heart to THEE: here, LORD, abide.

Let me THY inward Presence feel,
THY grace and power to me reveal;

THY Holy SPIRIT guide us on,
Until our glorious goal be won!

Eternal praise and endless fame

Be offer'd, SAVIOUR, to THY Name. Amen.

42 The LORD will come! the earth shall quake
The hills their fixèd seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The LORD will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form HE came,
A silent LAMB to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead.

The LORD will come! a dreadful Form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

Can this be HE WHO wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?
Can this be HE, the Crucified?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain,
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain,
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—"The LORD is come!" Amer

43 Lo! HE comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of HIS train!
Alleluia!
Alleluia! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold HIM
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold HIM,
Pierced and nail'd HIM to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the dread MESSIAH see.

Still the tokens of HIS Passion
See HIS dazzling Body bear,
Cause of endless exultation
To each ransom'd worshipper;
Here our refuge,
And our blissful vision there.

See Redemption, long expected,
Now in solemn pomp appear!
All HIS saints by men rejected
Rise to meet HIM in the air:
Alleluia!
Angels, martyrs, all are there!

Yea, Amen, let all adore THEE,
 High on THINE eternal throne!
 SAVIOUR, take the power and glory,
 Make THY righteous sentence known.
 Come, LORD JESUS,
 Speed THY kingdom, seal THINE own. Amen.

44 GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 The JUDGE of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated!
 The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
 The dead that they contain'd before!
 Prepare, my soul, to meet HIM!

The dead in CHRIST are first to rise,
 And greet th' Archangel's warning
 To meet the SAVIOUR in the skies,
 On this most awful morning.
 The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
 The dead that they contain'd before!
 Prepare, my soul, to meet HIM.

His Cross, dread Sign! in Heaven appears,
 While stoutest hearts are quailing;
 Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears
 And sighs are unavailing.
 The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
 The dead that they contain'd before!
 Prepare, my soul, to meet HIM.

My JUDGE, oh, grant me to ascend
Before THY Throne immortal,
When thousand thousands THEE attend,
And enter Heaven's high portal.
The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
The dead that they contain'd before !
Prepare, my soul, to meet HIM. Ame

Dies iræ, dies illa.

- 45 Day of wrath ! O day of mourning !
See ! once more the Cross returning—
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !
- Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from Heaven the JUDGE descendeth
On whose sentence all dependeth !
- Wondrous sound the Trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth !
- Death is struck, and nature quaking—
All Creation is awaking,
To its JUDGE an answer making !
- Lo, the Book exactly worded !
Wherein all hath been recorded ;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- When the JUDGE HIS seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unaveng'd remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?
Who for me be interceding ?
When the just are mercy needing.

KING of majesty tremendous,
WHO dost free salvation send us,
FOUNT of pity ! then befriend us !

Think, kind JESU—my salvation
Caused THY wondrous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation !

Faint and weary THOU hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me ;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

Righteous JUDGE of retribution,
Grant THY gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning day's conclusion !

Guilty now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning !
Spare, O GOD, THY suppliant groaning !

THOU the sinful woman savedst—
THOU the dying thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest !

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good LORD, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying !

With THY favoured sheep, Oh place me !
Nor among the goats abase me ;
But to THY Right Hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me ! with THY saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart submission ;
See, like ashes, my contrition—
Help me in my last condition !

Ah ! that Day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning,

Man for judgment must prepare him ;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him !

LORD, WHO didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem ! Amen.

(THIRD SUNDAY.)

46 When CHRIST the LORD would come on eart
His messenger before HIM went ;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charg'd with words of deep intent

The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he ;
He was the BRIDEGROOM's joyful friend,
HIS Body and HIS Spouse are we.

A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the SPIRIT born ;
He the last star of parting night,
And we, the children of the morn.

ADVENT.

And as he boldly spake THY word,
And joy'd to hear the BRIDEGROOM
voice,
Thus may THY pastors teach, O LORD,
And thus THY list'ning Church rejoice

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD WHOM Heaven and earth
adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

(FOURTH SUNDAY.)

Jordanis oras prævia.

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the LORD is nigh:
Come then and hearken, for HE brings
Glad tidings from the KING of kings.

'en now the air, the sea, the land,
Feel that their MAKER is at hand;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome HIM with cheerful voice.

When cleans'd be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest!
Let us each our hearts prepare
CHRIST to come and enter there.

For THOU art our salvation, LORD,
Our refuge and our great reward ;
Without THY grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decay'd.

Stretch forth THINE Hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more ;
Once more upon THY people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

To HIM, WHO left the Throne of Heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given :
Like praise be to the FATHER done,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE. Amen.

*Anthems to be used at Evensong, from the 16th
of December until Christmas Eve.*

DECEMBER 16.—*O Sapientia.*

O WISDOM, WHICH comest out of the mouth
of the MOST HIGH, reaching from one end to
another, mightily and sweetly ordering all things;
Come and teach us the way of understanding.

DECEMBER 17.—*O Adonai.*

O LORD and RULER of the House of Israel,
Who appearedst to Moses in a flame of fire,
*and gavest him the law in Sinai ; Come and
deliver us with an outstretched arm.*

DECEMBER 18.—*O Radix Jesse.*

O ROOT of JESSE, WHICH standest for an Ensign of the people, at WHOM the kings shall shut their mouths, THOU WHOM the Gentiles shall seek ; Come and deliver us now, tarry not.

DECEMBER 19.—*O Clavis David.*

O KEY of DAVID, and SCEPTRE of the House of Israel, Thou that openest and no man shutteth, and shuttest and no man openeth ; Come and bring the prisoner out of the prison-house, and him that sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death.

DECEMBER 20.—*O Oriens.*

O ORIENT, BRIGHTNESS of the EVERLASTING LIGHT, and SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS ; Come and enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

DECEMBER 21.—*O Sancte Sanctorum.*

O HOLY of HOLIES, Unspotted Mirror of the Majesty of GOD, and Image of HIS Goodness ; Come and destroy our iniquities, and bring to us everlasting righteousness.

DECEMBER 22.—*O Rex Gentium.*

O KING and desire of all nations, THOU
Corner-stone, WHO hast made both one ; Come
and save man whom Thou formedst from the
clay.

DECEMBER 23.—*O Emmanuel.*

O EMMANUEL, our KING and SOVEREIGN,
Hope of the Gentiles and their SAVIOUR ; Come
and save us, O LORD our GOD.

CHRISTMAS.

48 Hark ! the herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING !
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
GOD and sinners reconcil'd.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' Angelic host proclaim,
" CHRIST is born in Bethlehem !"
Hark ! the herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING !

CHRIST, by highest Heav'ns ador'd,
CHRIST, the everlasting LORD,
Late in time behold HIM come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb !
Veil'd in flesh the GODHEAD see,
Hail, Incarnate DEITY :
Pleas'd as MAN with man to dwell,
JESUS, our IMMANUEL.

Hark ! the herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING !

Hail, the Heav'n-born PRINCE of Peace !
 Hail, the SUN of Righteousness !
 Life and light to all HE brings,
 Ris'n with healing in HIS wings.
 Mild, he lays HIS glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die:
 Born, to raise the sons of earth,
 Born, to give them second birth !
 Hark! the herald Angels sing
 Glory to the new-born KING! Amen.

Jam desinant suspiria.

9 Cease, weary mortals, cease to sigh,
 For GOD hath heard you from on high:
 E'en now HE sendeth from above
 The PRINCE of Peace, the LORD of Love.

The silence of the night profound
 Is broken by a heavenly sound ;—
 The Angel-host to mortal ear
 Announcing that the LORD is near.

So while the shepherds' feet are led
 Within the SAVIOUR'S lowly shed,
 We too will contemplate the sight,
 The wonder that is brought to light.

Thither in fancy we repair ;
 We enter in: what see we there ?
 A stall, a manger rudely piled,
 A Mother, and an INFANT CHILD.

Can this be HE, the LORD of Grace,
The BRIGHTNESS of HIS FATHER'S Face
Can this be HE, WHO rules the land,
And holds the ocean in HIS Hand?

It is: Faith penetrates the clouds,
The darkness that HIS glory shrouds:
It is indeed the MIGHTY LORD,
By Angels worshipp'd and ador'd.

E'en here the Teacher we discern:
E'en now the lesson we may learn;
With HIM, from worldly pride be pure,
Meekly, with HIM, thy woes endure.

O holy BABE, THY love inspire,
Repress in us each vain desire;
And thus THY saving grace impart
To each believer's new-born heart. Am

Adeste fideles.

50 Oh, come! all ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing;
Come, see in the Manger
The Angels' dread KING!
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord!
Oh, come! let us hasten
To worship the LORD!

True SON of the FATHER,
HE comes from the skies ;
The womb of the Virgin
HE doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

Hark, hark to the Angels !
All singing in Heaven,
"To GOD in the highest
All glory be given !"
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

To THEE, then, O JESU,
This day of THY Birth,
Be glory and honour
Through Heaven and earth ;
True GODHEAD INCARNATE !
OMNIPOTENT WORD !
Oh, come ! let us hasten
To worship the LORD ! Amen.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.

1 JESU, REDEEMER of the world,
WHO, ere the earliest dawn of light,
Wast from eternal ages born,
Immense in glory as in might ;

Immortal Hope of all mankind,
In WHOM the FATHER'S Face we see ;
Hear THOU the prayers THY people pour
This day throughout the world to THEE.

Remember, O CREATOR LORD !
 That in the Virgin's sacred womb
 THOU wast conceiv'd, and of her flesh
 Didst our mortality assume.

This ever-blest recurring day
 Its witness bears, that all alone
 From THY own FATHER'S Bosom forth
 To save the world THOU camest do

O day ! to which the seas and sky
 And earth and Heav'n glad welcome !
 O day, which heal'd our misery,
 And brought on earth Salvation's K

We, too, O LORD, who have been clea
 In THY own Fount of Blood divine
 Offer the tribute of sweet song,
 On this blest natal-day of THINE.

O JESU ! born of Virgin bright,
 Immortal glory be to THEE ;
 Praise to the FATHER infinite,
 And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen



Missum Redemptorum polo.

52 THE PRINCE of PEACE, to sinners give
 The great REDEEMER sent from Heav
 The VIRGIN-BORN, let all adore,
 And spread HIS Name from shore to :

The WORD of GOD, THAT dwelt on high
 With GOD from all eternity,
 Is now confin'd to life's short span,
 Is now a helpless child of man.

Our GOD is in a manger laid,
 Of straw HIS humble couch is made ;
 For a whole world's salvation sent,
 HE needs an infant's nourishment.

And see those Heaven-directing Hands
 Are now compress'd with swaddling bands :
 Helpless and desolate HE lies,
 That we, through HIM, to Heaven may rise.

HE'll come once more to judge the earth,
 But now HE calls us to HIS Birth :
 HIS love to sinners thus was prov'd ;
 Oh, may we love as we are lov'd !

The FATHER'S Name we loudly raise,
 The SON, the VIRGIN-BORN, we praise ;
 The HOLY GHOST we all adore,
 ONE GOD, both now and evermore. Amen.

53 High let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join th' angelic throng :
 For Angels no such love have known,
 T'awake a cheerful song.

Good will to sinful men is shown,
 And peace on earth is giv'n ;
 For lo ! th' INCARNATE SAVIOUR's come
With messages from Heav'n.

Justice and grace, in sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let Heav'n and earth in concert join,
"To us a CHILD is born."

Glory to GOD in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where CHRIST exalted reigns ;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains ?

ST. STEPHEN.

O, qui tuo, dux Martyrum.

54 Rightful prince of Martyrs thou,
Bind thy crown about thy brow ;
Fairer far than fading wreath,
Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged stone,
Sparkling with thy life blood, shone ;
Nor could stars more brightly shine,
Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's gushing streams
Dart a thousand blending beams,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens to an Angel's glance.

Thou the first slain victim free
To the VICTIM slain for thee ;
Thou the first thy LORD to own,
Sharer of HIS thorny crown.

First to tread the pointed road
Through the deep Red Sea of blood :—
Prince of Martyrs, thee behind
What a countless army wind !

THOU of Virgin-mother born,
In this wintry world forlorn ;
JESU, LORD, all praise to THEE.
Glory be to FATHER, SON,
And the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Unto all eternity. Amen.

Quid, obstinata pectora.

5 Ah, wherefore do the impious Jews
Again their GOD defy ?
Their holy teacher they refuse,
And drag him forth to die.

At him they dare, with ruthless hands,
To cast the murd'rous stone,
While Saul, their chief, insulting stands,
And makes their crime his own.

But lo ! before the Martyr's eye
The starry poles are riven ;
He sees his LORD enthron'd on high,
At God's Right Hand, in Heaven.

Thus ever THOU wilt give THY might
To all THY saints, O LORD !
THYSELF the witness of their fight,
THYSELF their great reward.

Oh ! Stephen's was a glorious death,
Allow'd for CHRIST to die ;
His body sank the stones beneath,
His soul was in the sky.

For even then his ardent mind,
Fill'd with excess of light,
No longer was to earth confin'd,
But wing'd its upward flight.

The FATHER'S Name we loudly raise,
The SON we all adore,
THE HOLY GHOST, ONE GOD, we praise
Both now and evermore. Amen.

56 Go forward in your course,
Ye armies of the sky,
Because the LORD your GOD
Doth lead to victory.

Press onward to the work,
Ye that have life and breath,
Resolv'd for good or ill,
For peril and for death.

The first who dared to die
Had blessed visions given,
The glory on him shone
Down from the open Heaven.

Look up into the skies,
Ye of the latter day ;
The shining of that light
Shall never pass away.

Your bitter foes in vain
Their storms of malice shower ;
Behold your CAPTAIN stand
At GOD'S Right Hand in power.

Each scatt'ring of the Church
The word of GOD shall sow ;
For every cruel stroke
The holy plant shall grow.

Lift up the voice of prayer
Before your enemies ;
And from their very ranks
Fresh martyrs shall arise.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be,
As was, is now, and still
To all eternity. Amen.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

Quæ dixit, egit, pertulit.

17 The life which GOD'S INCARNATE WORD
Liv'd here below with men,
Three blest Evangelists record,
With Heav'n-inspired pen :

John penetrates on eagle wing
The FATHER'S dread abode ;
And shows the mystery wherein
The WORD subsists with GOD.

Pure Saint ! upon his SAVIOUR'S Breast
Invited to recline,
'T was there he drew, in moments blest,
His knowledge all divine.

There too, with that angelic love
Did he his bosom fill,
Which, once enkindled from above,
Breathes in his pages still.

To JESUS, born of Virgin bright,
Praise with the FATHER be ;
Praise to the SPIRIT PARACLETE,
Through all eternity. Amen.

Jussu tyranni pro fide.

58 John by a tyrant's stern command,
Is exil'd on a sea-girt strand ;
But his free spirit takes its flight
Into the regions of the light.

And there his awe-struck soul before
Stands HE, WHO lives for evermore ;
WHO, as a lamb, gave up HIS breath,
And as a lion, vanquish'd death.

And now before his ravish'd eyes,
 HE brings HIS kingdom's mysteries ;
 The Faith, sown by HIS martyrs' blood,
 Which through all lands shall spread abroad.

O LORD, the power baptismal give
 With THEE to die, with THEE to live,
 To tread on earthly things, and love
 The better things that are above.

All glory and dominion
 To GOD, the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
 WHO'S broken through our prison bars,
 And leads us to the happy stars. Amen.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Audit tyrannus anxius.

) When it reach'd the Tyrant's ear,
 Brooding anxious all alone,
 That the KING of kings was near,
 Who should sit on David's throne ;

Stung with madness, straight he cries,
 "Treason threatens—draw the sword !
 Rebels all around us rise !
 Drown the cradles deep in blood !"

What is guilty Herod's gain,
 Though a thousand babes he slay ?
 CHRIST, amid a thousand slain,
Is in safety borne away.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit
Be to THEE, O Virgin's SON !
With the FATHER and the SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

Molles in agnos ceu lupus.

60 As wolves attack their helpless prey,
So Herod holds his murd'rous way,
And hopes, but oh ! he hopes in vain,
To mingle JESUS with the slain.

The cradles flow with infant blood,
But GOD his fury hath withstood :
The LORD alone he sought to slay,
The LORD alone escapes away.

Ye mothers, let no tears be shed ;
Yea, weep not though your babes be dead ;
For now they stand around the Throne,
And JESUS counts them as HIS own.

The FATHER's Name we loudly raise,
The SON, the Virgin-born, we praise,
The HOLY GHOST we all adore,
ONE GOD, both now and evermore. Amen

THE CIRCUMCISION.

Victis sibi cognomina.

61 'T is for conquering kings to gain
Glory o'er the myriads slain :
JESU, THY more glorious strife
Hath restor'd a world to life.

So no other name is given
Unto mortals under Heaven,
Which can make the dead to rise,
And exalt them to the skies.

That which CHRIST so hardly wrought,
That which HE so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals say,
Will you madly cast away ?

Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for HIM to die
Is not death, but victory.

Dost THOU, JESU, condescend
To be call'd the sinners' Friend ?
Ours then it shall always be
Thus to make our boast of THEE.

Glory to the FATHER be ;
Glory, VIRGIN-BORN, to THEE ;
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
Ever from the Heavenly host. Amen.

Verbum quod ante sæcula.

62 THE WORD, WHO dwelt above the skies
With GOD, before the world began,
Now on the Virgin's bosom lies,
A helpless new-born Child of man.

Already on HIS sinless Head
The streams of wrath begin to flow ;
Already, on HIS infant bed,
The taste of grief the LORD must know

The lowliest poverty HE bears
That we may be with wealth supplied ;
HE weeps, and by HIS precious tears
A guilty world is purified.

A simple dress, a mean abode,
A life obscure, HIS glory hide ;
Proud man, behold thy lowly GOD !
And let the sight destroy thy pride.

O THOU, WHO camest from the sky
To be the LAMB for sinners slain,
THOU wilt not leave THY saints to die,
Nor let such toil be spent in vain.

The FATHER'S Name we loudly raise,
The VIRGIN-BORN we all adore,
The HOLY GHOST, ONE GOD, we praise,
Both now on earth and evermore. Amen

Felix dies, quam proprio.

3 O happy day, when first was pour'd
The Blood of our REDEEMING LORD !
O happy day, when first began
His sufferings for sinful man !

Just enter'd on this world of woe,
His Blood already learn'd to flow :
His future death was thus express'd,
And thus His early love confess'd.

From Heaven descending to fulfil
The mandates of HIS FATHER's will,
E'en now behold the VICTIM lie,
The LAMB of GOD, prepar'd to die.

Beneath the knife behold the CHILD,
The Innocent, the Undeal'd :
For captives HE the ransom pays,
For lawless men the law obeys.

LORD, circumsise our hearts, we pray ;
Our fleshy natures purge away ;
THY Name, THY Likeness, may they bear !
Yea, stamp THY holy Image there.

The FATHER's Name we loudly raise,
The SON, the Virgin-born, we praise,
The HOLY GHOST we all adore,
ONE GOD, both now and evermore. Amen.

64 The year begins with THEE,
And THOU begin'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

By Blood and Water too,
God's mark is set on THEE,
That in THEE every faithful view
Both Covenants might see.

Oh ! are we born to tears,
Cradled in care and woe ?
And seems it hard our tender years
Few joys of youth can show ?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on the lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth,
Untimely call'd to part ?

Look here, and hold thy peace :
The GIVER of all good
E'en from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou would'st reap in love,
First sow in holy fear ;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

EPIPHANY.

65 Ye nations exult ! for Salvation is nigh ;
 The star which announced it, hath beam'd
 in the sky ;
 The time is arriv'd, by JEHOVAH's decree,
 When the walkers in darkness HIS glory
 shall see.

No longer by types or in shadows conceal'd,
 In light and in truth is Redemption reveal'd ;
 No longer to tribe or to region confin'd,
 The promise of GOD is display'd to mankind.

The Angels behold it with joy, who survey
 The sinner that turns from the guilt of his
 way ;
 And voices celestial an anthem began
 Of glory to GOD, and of mercy to man.

Ye lands of the Gentile, re-echo the strain !
 Break forth into singing, ye isles of the main !
 The winds to your shores the glad tidings
 shall bring ;—
 Rejoice in your SAVIOUR ! rejoice in your
 KING !

The word is gone forth, and the Heathen
 around,
 The farthest and fiercest, shall joy in the
 sound :
 All nations, all tongues, shall in unison raise
 One hymn to their MAKER, one chorus of
 praise.

Then glory to HIM, the great FATHER above,
Who sent with such blessings the SON of HIS
love;
Like glory to HIM, WHO came down from on
high,
To save, and to suffer; to triumph, and die. Amen.

O sola magnarum urbium.

66 Bethlehem ! of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare ;
Thou alone the LORD from Heaven
Didst for us INCARNATE bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told HIS Birth ;
To the lands their GOD announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided,
See the Eastern Kings appear ;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

Offerings of mystic meaning !—
Incense doth the GOD disclose ;
Gold a Royal Child proclaimeth ;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

HOLY JESU ! in THY brightness
To the Gentile world display'd !
With the FATHER, and the SPIRIT,
Endless praise to THEE be paid. Amen.

67 CHRIST, Whose Glory fills the skies ;
 CHRIST, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Day-spring from on High, draw near ;
 Day-star, in our hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If it be bereft of 'THEE ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till THY Mercy's Beams we see,
 Till they pour their gladdening light
 Through the darkness of our night.

Visit, then, these souls of THINE,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill us, LORD, with Light Divine ;
 Scatter all our unbelief ;
 More and more THYSELF display ;
 Shining to the perfect Day.

FATHER, glory be to THEE,
 Glory to the Blessed SON,
 Glory to the SPIRIT be,
 Glory to the THREE IN ONE ;
 As it was, is now, shall be,
 Filling all Eternity. Amen.

Divine crescebas Puer.

68 In stature grows the HEAVENLY CHILD
 With death before HIS Eyes ;
 A Lamb unblemish'd, meek and mild,
 Prepar'd for Sacrifice.

THE SON of GOD HIS glory hides
With parents mean and poor :
AND HE, WHO made the heavens, abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty Hands that stay the sky
No earthly toil refuse,
AND HE, WHO set the stars on high,
An humble trade pursues.

HE, before WHOM the Angels stand,
At WHOSE behest they fly,
Now yields HIMSELF to man's command,
And lays HIS glory by.

THE FATHER'S Name we loudly raise,
THE SON we all adore ;
THE HOLY GHOST, ONE GOD, we praise
Both now and evermore. Amen.

Emergit undis, et Deo.

69 Now JESUS lifts HIS prayer on high,
Emerging from the stream :
And lo ! descending from the sky,
The SPIRIT'S radiant beam.

Swift moving, like a beauteous dove,
To rest on HIM alone :
“ This,” saith the Voice of GOD above,
“ Is MY beloved SON.”

So those on whom is duly pour'd
 The bless'd baptismal wave,
 They too are children of the LORD,
 They too may ask and have.

Theirs is the holy purity
 And meekness of the dove ;
 To them the HOLY GHOST is nigh
 To fill their souls with love.

LORD, since THOU hast remov'd our stain
 In that most holy flood,
 May no fresh sin destroy again
 The cleansing of THY Blood !

Praise to the SON, through WHOM alone
 Our stains of guilt are lost ;
 Like praise be to the FATHER done,
 And to the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

Alleluia ! dulce carmen.

70 Alleluia ! best and sweetest
 Of the hymns of praise above !
 Alleluia ! thou repeatest,
 Angel-host, these notes of love.
 This ye utter,
 While your golden harps ye move.
 Alleluia ! Church victorious,
 Join the concert of the sky !
 Alleluia ! bright and glorious,
 Lift, ye saints, this strain on high !
 We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia ! strains of gladness
 Suit not souls with anguish torn :
 Alleluia ! sounds of sadness
 Best become our state forlorn :
 Our offences
 We with bitter tears must mourn.
 But our earnest supplication,
 HOLY GOD, we raise to THEE :
 Visit us with THY Salvation,
 Make us all THY joys to see !
 Alleluia !
 Ours at length this strain shall be ! Amen.

Crudelis Herodes Deum.

71 O cruel Herod ! why thus fear
 Thy KING and GOD, WHO comes below ?
 No earthly crown comes HE to take,
 Who Heavenly Kingdoms doth bestow.
 The wiser Magi see the star,
 And follow as it leads before ;
 By its pure ray they seek the LIGHT,
 And with their gifts that LIGHT adore.
 Behold at length the HEAVENLY LAMB
 Baptiz'd in Jordan's sacred flood,
 There consecrating by HIS touch
 Water to cleanse us in HIS Blood.
 But Cana saw her glorious LORD
 Begin HIS miracles divine,
 When water, reddening at HIS word,
 Flow'd forth obedient in wine.

'O THEE, O JESU, WHO THYSELF
 Hast to the Gentile world display'd,
 raise with the FATHER evermore,
 And with the HOLY GHOST be paid. Amen.

'2 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
 And such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart with influence sweet
 Is upward drawn to GOD.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay,
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away ;
 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age,
 May shake the soul with sorrow's power
 And stormy passion's rage.

O THOU WHOSE infancy was found
 With Heavenly rays to shine,
 WHOSE years, with changeless virtue crown'd
 Were all alike divine ;
 Dependent on THY bounteous breath,
 We seek THY grace alone ;
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still THINE own. Amen.

Christus tenebris obsitam.

73 Through Judah's land the SAVIOUR walks
The word of life to teach :
His own HE seeks ; His own refuse
To hearken to His speech.

And yet the miracles HE works
The SON of GOD proclaim ;
The deaf can hear, the dumb pronounce,
The great MESSIAH'S Name.

But no ! they turn their ears away,
His doctrine they repel ;
They hate the Sun, for ah ! they love
Their night of sin too well.

But we, O GOD, THY Light desire
That shines so bright, so fair ;
Oh guard our hearts, and let there be
No love of darkness there.

Oh, ever on THY chosen saints
Such blessings, LORD, bestow !
Oh, may THY truth for ever shine,
THY love for ever glow !

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
Be glory from the saints on earth,
And from the Heavenly host. Amen

1 Oh, blest were the accents of early Creation
When the WORD of JEHOVAH came down
from above,
In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
And wake their cold atoms to life and to
love.

And mighty the tones which the firmament
rended,
When on wheels of the thunder and wings
of the wind,
By light'ning and hail, and thick darkness
attended,
HE utter'd on Sinai HIS Laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the FIRST-BORN
of Heaven,
Though poor HIS Apparel, though earthly
HIS Form,
WHO said to the mourner, "Thy sins are
forgiven"—
"Be whole," to the sick—and "Be still,"
to the storm.

O JUDGE of the world, when array'd in THY
glory,
THY summons again shall be heard from
on high,
While Nature stands trembling and naked
before THEE,
And waits on THY sentence to live or to
die ;

When th' Heaven shall fly fast from the
sound of THY thunder,
And the Sun, in THY lightnings, grow
languid and pale,
And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb
cleave asunder,
In the hour of THY terrors let mercy
prevail. Amen.

75 When CHRIST came down to earth of old
HE took our nature poor and low ;
HE wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

But when HE cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white Throne ;
And earth and Heaven shall flee before
The Face of HIM THAT sits thereon.

O SON OF GOD, in glory crown'd,
The Judge ordain'd of quick and dead ;
O SON OF MAN, so pitying found
For all the tears THY people shed ;

Be with us in that awful hour,
And by THY crown, and by THY grave,
By all THY Love and all THY Power,
In that great Day of Judgment, save.
Amen

Jesu dulcis memoria.

3 JESU ! the very thought of THEE
 With sweetness fills my breast :
 But sweeter far THY Face to see,
 And in THY Presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than THY blest Name,
 O SAVIOUR of mankind.

O HOPE of every contrite heart,
 O JOY of all the meek,
 To those who fall how kind THOU art,
 How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? ah ! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show :
 The love of JESUS, what it is,
 None but HIS lov'd ones know.

JESU ! our only joy be THOU,
 As THOU our prize wilt be :
 JESU ! be THOU our glory now,
 And through eternity. Amen.

Jesu Rex admirabilis.

77 O JESU ! King most wonderful !
 THOU Conqueror renown'd !
 THOU Sweetness most ineffable !
 In WHOM all joys are found !

When once THOU visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine ;
Then earthly vanities depart ;
Then kindles love divine.

O JESU ! light of all below !
THOU Fount of life and fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire :

May every heart confess THY Name,
And ever THEE adore ;
And seeking THEE, itself inflame
To seek THEE more and more !

THEE may our tongues for ever bless ;
THEE may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of THINE OWN ! Amen.

78 THOU, WHOSE Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

THOU, WHO didst come to bring
On THY redeeming wing
Healing and light,

Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light !

SPIRIT of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy DOVE,
Speed forth THY flight !
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light !

BLESSED and HOLY THREE,
GLORIOUS TRINITY,
WISDOM, LOVE, MIGHT—
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world far and wide,
Let there be light ! Amen.

79 Arise, O LORD, and shine
In all THY saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread THY glorious Light ;
Let healing streams of mercy flow
That all the earth THY Truth may know.
Bring distant nations near
To sing THY glorious Praise ;
Let every people hear
And learn THY holy ways !
Reign, mighty GOD, assist THY cause,
And govern by THY righteous Laws !

Put forth THY glorious Power,
 That Gentiles all may see,
 And earth present her store
 In converts born to THEE :
 GOD, our own GOD, HIS Church shall bless,
 And fill the earth with righteousness.

To GOD, the only wise,
 The One immortal King,
 Let Alleluias rise
 From every living thing :
 Let all that breathe, on every coast,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
 Amen.

Ira justa Conditoris.

(SIXTH SUNDAY.)

80 HE WHO once, in righteous vengeance,
 Whelm'd the world beneath the flood ;
 Once again in mercy cleans'd it
 With the stream of HIS own Blood ;
 Coming from HIS Throne on high
 On the painful Cross to die.

Oh, the wisdom of th' ETERNAL !
 Oh, its depth and height divine !
 Oh, the sweetness of that mercy
 Which in JESUS CHRIST doth shine !
 The guilty slave was doom'd to die—
 The good KING pays the penalty.

When before the JUDGE we tremble,
Conscious of HIS broken laws,
May this Blood, in that dread hour,
Cry aloud, and plead our cause ;
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our pardon and our peace !

PRINCE and AUTHOR of salvation,
LORD of Majesty supreme,
JESU, praise to THEE be given
By the world THOU didst redeem ;
WHO, with the FATHER and the SPIRIT,
Reignest in eternal merit. Amen.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

81 O praise, O praise HIS Majesty,
Who, out of darkness, call'd up light ;
WHO said, "Let air, earth, ocean be,"
And air, earth, ocean, own'd HIS Might.

O praise, O praise HIS Holiness,
Who man in HIS own Image made,
And crown'd with blessings numberless,
And yet by man was disobey'd.

O praise, O praise, HIS matchless Love,
WHO, peace for rebels to provide,
Resign'd a Throne all thrones above,
And bore their sins, yet SINLESS died.

O praise, O praise His boundless Grace,
Who aids endeavour, soothes distress,
And guards from guilt that might efface
Thoughts of His Power, Love, Holiness.

His Grace, Love, Holiness, and Power,
Of mercies are the ceaseless spring ;
Praise, endless as the gifts THEY shower,
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT sing. Amen.

Rebus creatis nil egens.

82 Our GOD, in His celestial seat,
In glory and in power complete,
To make that power and glory known,
Lays the round world's foundation-stone.

The elements before unmade,
Are now in beauteous order laid :
And wondrous harmony they raise
To celebrate their MAKER's praise.

But e'en while thus the world comes forth,
In all the beauty of its birth,
His Mind hath in itself unfurl'd
Another and a nobler world.

Its Builder is His only SON ;
In grace and love it is begun ;
'Tis carried on through every age
By His own word, the Gospel page.

In Heaven at length, when time is o'er,
'T will stand complete, to move no more,
Made meet for such a bless'd abode,
Meet for the dwelling-place of GOD.

O GOD, the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Preserve, direct, maintain, in love
The world below, the world above. Amen.

Auctor beate sæculi.

3 JESU, CREATOR of the world !
Of all mankind REDEEMER blest !
True GOD of GOD; in WHOM we see
The FATHER'S Image clear express'd !

Thee, SAVIOUR, love alone constrain'd
To make our mortal flesh THINE own ;
And as a second Adam come,
For the first Adam to atone.

That self-same Love, which made the sky,
Which made the sea, and stars, and earth,
Took pity on our misery,
And broke the bondage of our birth.

O JESU ! in THY Heart divine
May that same love for ever flow ;
For ever mercy to mankind
From that exhaustless fountain flow !

For this THY sacred Heart was pierc'd,
And both with Blood and Water ran ;
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
And be the hope and strength of man.

To GOD the FATHER, and the SON,
All praise, and power, and glory be ;
With THEE, O HOLY COMFORTER,
Henceforth to all eternity. Amen.

84 In THINE Image THOU didst make us,
Great CREATOR, GOD of Love :
When we fell, THY mercy sent us
Blest redemption from above :
For THY Love, oh, may we be
THINE to all eternity !

SAVIOUR, THOU for us Incarnate,
Suffering pangs no tongue can tell,
By THY Cross mankind hast rescued
From the power of sin and hell :
For THY Love, oh, may we be
THINE to all eternity !

By THY SPIRIT new created
Unto holiness and peace,
May THY Light and Truth instruct us,
Lead us on from grace to grace :
For THY Love, oh, may we be
THINE to all eternity !

Praise to THEE, our Great CREATOR,
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
God the bless'd life-giving SPIRIT,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE:
May THY perfect Image be
Ours to all eternity ! Amen.

Alleluia ! dulce carmen.

85 Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy, celestial lay,
Alleluia is the glory
Of the choirs in Heavenly day,
Which the Angels sing, abiding
In the house of GOD for aye.

Alleluia, joyful mother
Of the bless'd, Jerusalem,
Alleluia is the anthem
That full well befitteth them,
While to sadness Babel's rivers
Exiles on the earth condemn.

Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chaunt for evermore :
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er :
*For the holy time is coming
That would have us sin deplore.*

Wherefore supplicate we praising
 THEE, O blessed TRINITY,
 We at length may keep our Easter
 In THY Home beyond the sky ;
 There to THEE our Alleluia
 Singing everlastingly. Amen.

SEXAGESIMA.

Te læta mundi Conditor.

86 THOU, great CREATOR, art possess'd,
 And THOU alone, of endless rest :
 To Angels only it belongs
 To lift to THEE their ceaseless songs.

But we must toil and toil again
 With ceaseless woe and endless pain :
 How then can we, in exile drear,
 Lift the glad song of glory here ?

O THOU, WHO wilt forgiving be
 To all who truly turn to THEE,
 Grant us to mourn the hapless cause
 Of all our woe, THY broken laws !

Then to such salutary grief
 Let faith and hope bring due relief,
 And we, too, shall be soon possess'd
 Of ceaseless songs, and endless rest.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, be glory done :
 Let equal praise to EACH be given,
 By all on earth, by all in Heaven. Amen.

87 Almighty GOD, THY word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of Heaven descend,
And plenteous fruits abound.

Let not the foe of CHRIST and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

Where'er the precious seed is sown,
THY quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
All honour by the Church be done,
And by the Heavenly host. Amen.

QUINQUAGESIMA.

88 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher Infinite,
JESUS, hear and save.

WHO, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave Creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
JESUS, hear and save.

Mighty MONARCH, SAVIOUR mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
JESUS, hear and save.

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
LORD of lords and KING of kings,
JESUS, hear and save.

WHO shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us, when we cry,
JESUS, hear and save. Amen.

89 LORD, we raise our cry to THEE,
Like the blind beside the way :
Make our darken'd souls to see
Glories of THY perfect Day.
O LORD ! rebuke our sullen night,
And give THYSELF unto our sight !

LORD ! we ask for brighter rays
Than this dim and earthly sun,
For the Light that still shall blaze
When the stars their course have run ;
The Light that gilds THY blest Abode,
The Glory of the LAMB of GOD !

LORD ! our souls' blest Light, to THEE
We poor sinners lift our prayer ;
Hear this day our Litany—
Hear, and in THY Mercy spare !
O HOLY ONE ! O BLESSED THREE !
Blest be THY Name eternally ! Amen.

Vos ante Christi tempora.

90 O ye, who follow'd CHRIST in love,
While yet HE dwelt in realms above,
First children of ALMIGHTY grace,
First fathers of the faithful race !

Oh, how can words of equal worth
The wonders of your faith set forth !
Or tell of all your panting sighs
Which Hope uplifted to the skies !

In dreary exile here below,
Ye found the world an empty show ;
On true delights you fix'd your love,
Not here below, but there above.

The heart, O GOD, that loves THEE well,
Still longs with THEE in peace to dwell :
Forbid, O LORD, our souls to roam,
And fix them on our future home.

Praise to the FATHER, and the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE ;
Eternal praise to EACH be given,
By all on earth, and all in Heaven. Amen.

Quicumque Christum quæritis.

91 All ye who seek, in hope and love,
For your dear LORD, look up above !
Where trac'd upon the azure sky,
Faith may a glorious form descry.

Hail, THOU, the Gentiles' mighty LORD
All hail, O Israel's KING ador'd !
To Abraham sworn in ages past,
And to his seed while earth shall last.

To THEE the prophets witness bear ;
Of THEE the FATHER doth declare,
That all who would His glory see
Must hear and must believe in THEE.

To JESUS from the proud conceal'd,
But evermore to babes reveal'd,
All glory with the FATHER be,
And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen.

 LENT.

(ASH WEDNESDAY.)

Ex more docti mystico.

92 Now with the slow revolving year,
Again the Fast we greet ;
Which in its mystic circle moves
Of forty days complete :

That Fast, by Law and Prophets taught,
By JESUS CHRIST restor'd;
JESUS, of seasons and of times
The Maker and the Lord.

Henceforth more sparing let us be
Of food, of words, of sleep;
Henceforth beneath a stricter guard
The roving senses keep.

And let us shun whatever things
Distract the careless heart;
And let us shut the soul against
The tyrant Tempter's art;

And weep before the JUDGE, and strive
His vengeance to appease;
Saying to HIM, with contrite voice,
Upon our bended knees :

“ Much have we sinn'd, O LORD, and still
We sin each day we live;
Yet pour THY pity from on high,
And of THY grace forgive.

“ Remember that we still are THINE,
Though of a fallen frame;
And take not from us in THY wrath
The glory of THY Name.

“ Undo past evil; grant us, LORD,
More grace to do aright:
So may we now and ever find
Acceptance in THY sight.”

Blest TRINITY in UNITY,
Vouchsafe us, in THY love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

Solemne nos jejunii.

93 The solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep ;
And see within the temple how
Both priest and people weep.

But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
GOD asketh not of thee ;
Thy stubborn soul HE bids thee bend
In true humility.

Oh ! let us then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our GOD,
And pray to HIM to grant relief,
And stay th' uplifted rod.

O righteous JUDGE, if THOU wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

Bless'd THREE IN ONE, with grief sincere,
To Thee we humbly pray
That fruits of mercy may appear,
To bless our fasting day. Amen.

Audi, benigne Conditor.

94 THOU, loving MAKER of mankind,
Before THY throne we pray and weep ;
Oh, strengthen us with grace divine
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

SEARCHER of hearts ! THOU dost our ills
Discern, and all our weakness know :
Again to THEE with tears we turn ;
Again to us THY mercy show.

Much have we sinn'd ; but we confess
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore :
Oh, for the praise of THY great Name,
Our fainting souls to health restore !

And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to controul,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul.

Hear us, O TRINITY thrice blest,
SOLE UNITY, to THEE we cry :
Vouchsafe us from our fasts below,
To reap immortal fruit on high. Amen.

95 FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day ;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed ;
Prowling beasts about THY way ;
Stones THY pillow ; earth THY bed.

Shall not we THY sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with THEE to suffer pain ?

And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

So shall we have peace divine ;
Holier gladness ours shall be ;
Round us, too, shall Angels shine,
Such as ministered to THEE.

Keep, O keep us, SAVIOUR dear,
Ever constant by THY side ;
That with THEE we may appear
At th' eternal Easter-tide. Amen.

96 THOU, WHO for forty days and nights
O'er-master'd all the might
*Of Satan, and the fiercest pangs
Of famished appetite—*

O SAVIOUR, leave us not alone
To wrestle with our sin,
But aid us in these holy hours
Of solemn discipline.

Let not the Tempter tempt us, LORD,
Beyond our strength to bear,
Though in the desert of our woe
He wildly shriek, "Despair."
Let not our humble confidence
Be in THY promise stirr'd,
Nor clouds of dark mistrust spring up
Between us and THY word.

Nor let us yet be lifted up
By him, the Prince of air,
To scale presumption's dizzy height,
And left to perish there :
Nor on the Temple's pinnacle,
In our self-righteous pride,
Be set for THEE to frown upon,
And demons to deride.

And oh ! when pleasure, power, and pomp
Around our vision swim,
And through the soft enchanting mist
He bids us worship him,
Assist us from the revelling sense
The sorcerer's spell to break,
And tread the Arch-apostate down,
REDEEMER, for THY sake. Amen.

97 O LORD, turn not THY Face away from
them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life with tears
and bitter cry :
THY mercy-gates are open wide to them
that mourn their sin,
Oh ! shut them not against us, LORD, but
let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault, for surely
THOU canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are, THOU
knowest very well :
Wherefore to beg and to entreat, with tears
we come to THEE,
As children that have done amiss fall at
their father's knee.

And need we then, O LORD, repeat the
blessing which we crave,
When THOU dost know before we speak,
the thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O LORD, mercy we seek : this is the
total sum ;
For mercy, LORD, is all our prayer : oh ! let
THY mercy come. Amen.

98 WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at Heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home :
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of JESUS that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

'Twas HE who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the FATHER'S child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me HIS grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the FATHER'S courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of THY righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous LORD:
THINE all the merits, mine the great reward;
THINE the sharp thorns, and mine the golden
crown;

Mine the life won, and THINE the life laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear LORD, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. Amen.

- 99** SAVIOUR, when in dust to THEE
Low we bend the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all THY Pains and Woe,
Suffered once for men below :—
Bending from THY Throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.
- By THY Birth, and early Years,
By THY human Grievs and Fears,
By THY Fasting and Distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By THY Victory in the hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power ;
JESUS, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.
- By the Sympathy that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By THY bitter Tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode ;
By the troubled Sigh that told
Treason lurk'd within THY fold :
JESUS, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.
- By THINE hour of whelming fear,
By THINE agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By THY Wounds, THY Crown of thorn
Cross and Passion, Pangs and Cries,
By THY perfect Sacrifice ;—
*JESUS, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.*

By THY deep expiring Groan,
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
 By THY Triumph o'er the grave,
 By THY Power from death to save ;—
 Mighty GOD, ascended LORD,
 To THY Throne in Heaven restored,
 PRINCE and SAVIOUR, hear the cry
 Of our solemn litany. Amen.

Nil laudibus nostris eges.

00 Our praises, LORD, THOU dost not need,
 But we THY children are,
 And THOU art pleas'd Thy grace to yield
 To long-persisting prayer.

THY dark decrees are like the night,
 When silence reigns around :
 THY love is like the beauteous morn,
 With glowing sunbeams crown'd.

THY wonders, LORD, oppress the mind,
 And make the tongue to cease ;
 But love still burns within the heart,
 And will not hold its peace.

Oh, let it then break forth to THEE,
 Our FATHER and our LORD,
 Our only Consolation now,
 Our future great Reward.

Yea, thither tend our eager hearts,
 Though weak the flesh may be ;
 O JESU, be THYSELF our Guide,
 And draw our souls to THEE. Amen.

O Sol salutis intimis.

MATTINS.

101 The darkness fleets, and joyful earth
 Welcomes the new-born day ;
 JESU, true Sun of human souls,
 Shed in our souls THY ray.

THOU, WHO dost give th' accepted time,
 Give tears to purify,
 Give flames of love to burn our hearts,
 As victims unto THEE.

That fountain whence our sins have flow'd,
 Shall soon in tears distil,
 If but THY penitential grace
 Subdue the stubborn will.

ETERNAL TRINITY, to THEE,
 Let earth's vast fabric bend ;
 While evermore for souls renew'd
 New hymns of praise ascend. Amen.

Ultricibus nos undique.

102 While THINE avenging arrows, LORD,
 Encompass us around,
 What hand but That which caus'd the smart,
 Can cure the deadly wound ?

Depart, vain world, for how canst thou
 Relieve the festering sore ?
 Thy comfort is but vanity,
 And irritates it more.

We tremble, LORD, beneath THY rod,
But we do not despair ;
We see the good Physician's Hand
In all HE bids us bear.

But oh ! so fierce the contest burns,
Good LORD, no more delay ;
Oh ! yield not to their deadly foes
THY people for a prey.

Our prayer is heard : our foes depart,
And we once more take breath :
THY Death, O CHRIST, relieves the soul
From all its fears of death.

All praise and glory be ascrib'd
To GOD, WHO reigns above,
WHO scourges those whom HE receives,
And chastens them in love. Amen.

103 LORD, in this THY mercy's day
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy JESU, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

LORD, on us THY SPIRIT pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By THY night of agony,
 By THY supplicating cry,
 By THY willingness to die,

By THY tears of bitter woe
 For Jerusalem below,
 Let us not THY love forego.

Grant us 'neath THY wings a place,
 Lest we lose this day of grace
 Ere we shall behold THY face. Amen.



(FIRST SUNDAY.)

MATTINS.

- 104 Ere GOD on Sodom stretch'd HIS flaming
 Hand,
 He had a care to send just Lot away ;
 So mostly still, when HE will scourge a
 land,
 Whom HE best loves, HE puts out of
 the way.
- Early set forth on THY eternal race ;
 Th' ascent is steep and craggy ; thou
 must climb ;
 GOD, at all times, has promised sinners
 grace,
 If they repent ;—but HE ne'er promised
 time.

Cheat not thyself, as most, who *then* prepare
For death, when life is almost turned to fume ;
One thief was saved, that no man need despair,
And but one thief, that no one might presume.

TO GOD the FATHER, and to GOD the SON,
TO GOD, the HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
Be praise from all on earth and all in Heaven,
As was and is and ever shall be given. Amen.

(SECOND SUNDAY.)

105 Oh, help us, LORD; each hour of need
THY heavenly Succour give ;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, LORD, the more.

Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

If wanderers from THY fold we call,
Imploring at THY Feet
The crumbs that from THY table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

But be it, LORD of Mercy, all,
 So THOU wilt grant but this :
 The crumbs that from THY table
 Are light and life and bliss.

Oh, help us, JESUS, from on high
 We know no help but THEE ;
 Oh, help us so to live and die
 As THINE in Heaven to be.

(THIRD SUNDAY.)

106 VIRGIN-BORN, we bow before THE
 Blessed was the womb that bore
 Mary, Mother meek and mild,
 Blessed was she in her CHILD.

Blessed was the breast that fed THE
 Blessed was the hand that led THE
 Blessed was the parent's eye
 That watch'd THY slumbering inf

Blessed she by all creation,
 Who brought forth the world's SAL
 And blessed they, for ever bless'd
 Who love THEE most and serv
 best!

VIRGIN-BORN we bow before THE
 Blessed was the womb that bore
 Mary, Mother meek and mild,
 Blessed was she in her CHILD!

PASSION-TIDE.

*(PASSION SUNDAY, FIFTH IN LENT.)**Vexilla Regis prodeunt.*

107 Forth flames the Standard of our KING,
Bright gleams the mystic Sign,
When Life bore death of suffering
And Death wrought life divine.

The stabs of the accursed spear
Brought forth the healing flood,
To cleanse sin's stains, so dark and drear,
With water and with blood.

Fulfill'd is each prophetic word,
Each faith inspirèd strain,
Telling the nations of that LORD,
Who by the Cross should reign.

O ever-honour'd glorious Tree !
Than purple throne more fair ;
Of all on earth, 'twas granted thee
His holy Limbs to bear.

Hail, Cross of CHRIST! man's only hope!
While now we gaze and pray,
O LORD, th' exhaustless fountain ope,
And wash our sins away.

Source of all good, great THREE in ONE,
All souls give praise to THEE ;
Add THOU to what the Cross hath done,
Our crown of victory. Amen.

Prome vocem, mens, canoram.

- 108 Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing aloud in mournful strain
Of the sorrows, most amazing,
And the agonizing pain,
Which our SAVIOUR
Sinless bore, for sinners slain.
- HE the ruthless scourge enduring,
Ransom for our sins to pay,
Sinners by HIS own stripes curing,
Raising those who wounded lay.
Bore our sorrows,
And remov'd our sins away.
- HE to liberty restor'd us
By the very bonds HE bare,
And HIS nail-pierc'd Limbs afford us
Each a stream of mercy rare ;
Nail'd, HE draws us
To the Cross, and keeps us there.
- When HIS painful Life was ended,
Then the spear transfix'd HIS Side,
Blood and water thence descended,
Pouring forth a double tide :
This to cleanse us,
That to heal us, is applied.
- JESU, may THY promis'd blessing
Comfort to our souls afford !
May we, now THY love possessing
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise THEE,
As our ever-glorious LORD! Amen.

Sævo dolorum turbine.

09 O'erwhelm'd in depths of woe,
Upon the Tree of scorn
Hangs the REDEEMER of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See! how the nails those Hands
And Feet so tender rend;
See! down His Face, and Neck, and
Breast,
His sacred Blood descend.

Hark; with what awful cry
His Spirit takes Its flight!
That cry, it pierc'd His mother's heart,
And whelm'd her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro:
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake;
The veil is rent in two.

The Sun withdraws his light;
The mid-day heav'ns grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe
Their MAKER'S Death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth and hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
And bathe those Feet in tears.

Come, fall before HIS Cross
WHO shed for us HIS Blood;
WHO died, the Victim of pure love,
To make us sons of GOD.

JESU! all praise to THEE,
Our joy and endless rest!
Be THOU our Guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest. Amen.

Aspice ut Verbum Patris a supernis.

110

See from on high, array'd in truth and grace
The FATHER'S WORD descend!
Burning to heal the wounds of Adam's race,
And our long evils end!

Pitying the miseries which with the Fall
In Paradise began,
Prostrate upon the earth, the LORD of all
Entreats for ruin'd man.

Oh, bitter then was our REDEEMER's lot,
While whelm'd in griefs unknown,
"FATHER," HE cries, "remove this cup; yet not
MY will, but THINE be done."

While, a dread anguish pressing down HIS Heart,
HE faints upon the ground;
And from each bursting pore the blood-drops
start,
Moistening the earth around.

But quickly from high Heaven an Angel came
To soothe the SAVIOUR'S woes;
And, strength returning to HIS languid frame,
Up from the ground HE rose.

Praise to the FATHER; praise, O SON! to THEE,
To WHOM a Name is given
Above all names; praise to the SPIRIT be,
From all in earth and Heaven. Amen.

111 Would'st thou learn the depths of sin,
All its bitterness and pain,
What it cost thy GOD to win
Sinners to HIMSELF again?
Come, poor sinner, come with me,
Visit sad Gethsemanè.

Would'st thou know CHRIST'S wondrous
love?
Seek it not beside the Throne,
List not Angels' praise above,
Come, and hear the heavy groan
Uttered by thy GOD for thee,
Sinner—in Gethsemanè.

When HIS tears and bloody sweat,
When HIS passion and HIS prayer,
When HIS pangs on Olivet
Wake within thee thoughts of care—
Think what tender love for thee
Drew HIM to Gethsemanè.

Hate the sin that cost so dear,
Love the GOD that loved thee so,
Weep, but weeping watch and fear,
Lest that fountain freshly flow,
That so freely once for thee,
Gush'd in sad Gethsemanè. Amen

Mærentes oculi, spargite lachrymas.

112 Now let us sit and weep,
And fill our hearts with woe,
Pond'ring the shame and torments deep
Which GOD did undergo.

See! how the multitude,
With swords and staves, draw nigh;
See! how they smite with buffets rude
That Head of Majesty.

How, bound with cruel cord,
CHRIST to the scourge is given:
And ruffians lift their hands, unaw'd,
Against the LORD of Heaven.

Hear it, ye people, hear!
Our good and gracious GOD
Stands silent 'neath the lash severe
With shoulders drench'd in blood.

O scene for tears! but now
The sinful race contrive
A torment new: deep in HIS Brow
The jagged thorns they drive.

Then roughly dragg'd to death,
CHRIST on the Cross is slain;
And to HIS GOD, with parting breath,
Gives back HIS Soul again.

To HIM WHO so much bore
To gain for sinners grace,
Be praise and glory evermore,
From the whole human race. Amen.

Jam toto subditus vesper eat polo.

113 Come, darkness, spread o'er Heav'n thy
pall,
And hide, O Sun, thy face;
While we that bitter Death recall,
With all its dire disgrace.

And thou, with tearful cheek, wast there;
But with a heart of steel,
Mary, thou didst HIS moanings hear,
And all HIS torments feel.

HE hung before thee crucified;
HIS Flesh with scourgings rent;
HIS bloody gashes gaping wide;
HIS Strength and Spirit spent.

Thou HIS dishonour'd Countenance
And racking thirst, didst see;
By turns the gall, the sponge, the lance,
Were agony to thee.

Yet still erect in majesty
Thou didst the sight sustain;—
Oh, more than martyr! not to die
Amid such cruel pain!

Praise to the blessed THREE IN ONE;
Oh, may that strength be mine,
Which, sorrowing o'er her only SON,
Did in the Virgin shine! Amen.

Aspice infami Deus ipse ligno.

114

See! where in shame the GOD of glory hangs,
All bath'd in HIS own Blood:
See! how the nails pierce with a thousand pangs
Those Hands so good.

Th' ALL HOLY, as a minister of ill,
Between two thieves they place!
Oh, deed unjust! yet such the cruel will
Of Israel's race.

Pale grows HIS Face, and fix'd HIS languid Eye;
HIS weary Head HE bends;
And rich in merits, forth with one loud cry
HIS Spirit sends.

O heart more hard than iron! not to weep
At this; thy sin it was
That wrought HIS Death; of all these torments
deep
Thou art the cause.

aise, honour, glory be through endless time
To th' everlasting GOD ;
HO wip'd away our deadly stains of crime
In HIS own Blood. Amen.

15 Draw near, thou lowly Christian,
And kneel beneath the Tree,
Where hangs thy LORD and SAVIOUR,
Shedding HIS Blood for thee ;
Hear how HE speaks in voices seven,
And make thy prayer the while to Heaven.

Luke
ii, 34. Nailed on the Cross in anguish
Of Soul and Body too,
HE pleads, "Forgive them, FATHER,
Who know not what they do."
JESU! this selfish heart convert
To pray for those that seek my hurt.

Luke
ii, 43. Next, royal grace conferring,
HE speaks, "To thee, I say,
Thou shalt be with ME verily
In Paradise to-day."
LORD, with the thief remember me,
When in THY Kingdom THOU shalt be.

John
1, 26, Now Friend and Mother cheering,
To her, "Behold thy Son ;"
And then, "Behold thy Mother,"
To that belovèd one.
JESU! to this my heart prepare,
For homeless ones with THEE to care.

S. Matthew
xxvii, 46. HIS wrath for sin declaring
The FATHER light denies ;
“ My GOD, my GOD, why hast THOU
Forsaken ME ? ” HE cries.
JESU ! in death’s lone hour be near
My sins to chase, my soul to cheer.

S. John
xix, 28. Hear, in the sultry darkness,
The word of suffering burst ;
Wounded and faint HE crieth
With parchèd throat, “ I thirst.”
Dear LORD, THOU thirstest for my soul ;
THY fount of grace will make me whole.

S. John
xix, 30. The sponge upon the hyssop
The Holy Writ fulfilled ;
Then, “ It is finished ! ” saith HE,
Each act as GOD hath willed.
JESU ! that I THY work complete,
O make me for THY service meet.

S. Luke
xxiii, 46. Then bows HE, loudly crying
(Most trustful in the end),
“ Into THY Hands, O FATHER,
My Spirit I commend.”
Sinful and weak, O LORD, may I
Still on THY love in death rely.

Go boldly onward, Christian,
Counting earth’s gain but loss,
For love of all THOU bearest
Beneath the precious Cross.
To JESUS looking, run thy race,
Then rest in death, on JESUS’ grace. Amen.

116 His trial o'er, and now beneath
His own Cross faintly bending,
JESUS, true Isaac, to His Death
Is wearily ascending.

And now His Hands and Feet pierced
through,
Upon the Cross they raise HIM,
Where even now, in distant view,
The eye of Faith surveys HIM.

Oh, wondrous love! which God most High
Toward man was pleased to cherish;
His sinless SON HE gave to die,
That sinners might not perish.

Our sin's pollution to remove
His Blood was asked and given;
So mighty was the SAVIOUR's love!
So vast the wrath of Heaven!

Yes, 'tis the Cross that breaks the rod
And chain of condemnation,
And makes a league 'twixt man and God
For our entire salvation.

O praise the FATHER, praise the SON,
The LAMB for sinners given,
And HOLY GHOST, through WHOM alone
Our hearts are raised to Heaven. Amen.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

- 117 By the Cross, sad vigil keeping,
Stood the Mother, doleful, weeping,
Where HE hung, the dying LORD :
For her soul of joy bereavèd,
Smit with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Felt the sharp, the piercing sword.
Oh, how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that Mother blessèd
Of the SOLE BEGOTTEN ONE!
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the Crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious SON.
Who, on CHRIST's fond Mother looking,
Such extreme affliction brooking,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on CHRIST's fond Mother thinking,
With her SON in sorrow sinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?
For HIS people's sins rejected,
She her JESUS unprotected,
Saw with thorns, with scourges rent;
Saw her SON from judgment taken,
Her BELOV'D, in death forsaken,
'Till HIS Spirit forth HE sent.
With THY Mother's deep devotion,
Make me feel her strong emotion,
FOUNT of love, REDEEMER kind!
That my heart, fresh ardour proving,
Thee my GOD and SAVIOUR loving,
May with THEE acceptance find! Amen.

118 O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er THEE,
The glow of life decays,
Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.
Lo! now THY Strength and Vigour
Are failing in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaveth THEE of Life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
JESU, all Grace supplying,
Turn, turn THY Face on me.
O JESU! by THY Passion,
Hear now my suppliant cry,
Who ever in compassion
To contrite souls art nigh.
Beneath THY Cross abiding,
The weary seeketh rest,
And in THY Love confiding,
Implores THY Presence blest.
O SAVIOUR undefilèd,
Remain with us we pray,
Who, for our sins revilèd,
Didst take their guilt away.
And when our strength all faileth
In death's dark hour of pain,
Do THOU, Whose Death availeth,
Revive our souls again. Amen.

PALM SUNDAY, NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

Gloria, laus, et honor.

119

Glory and praise to THEE, REDEEMER blest!

To WHOM their glad hosannas children
pour'd;

Hail, Israel's KING! hail, David's SON confess'd!

Who comest in the Name of Israel's LORD.

THY praise in Heav'n the Host angelic sings;

On earth mankind, with all created things.

Glory and praise, &c.

THEE once with palms the Jews went forth to
meet;

THEE now with prayers and holy hymns we
greet.

Glory and praise, &c.

THEE on THY way to die they crown'd with
praise,

To THEE, now King on high, our song we raise.

Glory and praise, &c.

THEE their poor homage pleas'd, O gracious
KING!

Ours too accept, the best that we can bring.

Glory and praise, &c. Amen.

120 Why doth my SAVIOUR weep

At sight of Sion's bowers?

Shows it not fair from yonder steep,

Her gorgeous crown of towers?

Mark well HIS holy pains:
 'T is not in pride or scorn
 That Israel's KING with sorrow stains
 His own triumphal morn.

"If thou hadst known, e'en thou,
 "At least in this thy day
 "The message of thy peace!—but now
 "'T is pass'd for aye away:
 "Now foes shall trench thee round,
 "And lay thee low with earth,
 "And dash thy children to the ground,
 "Thy glory and thy mirth."

And doth the SAVIOUR weep
 Over HIS people's sin,
 Because we will not let HIM keep
 The souls HE died to win?
 Ye hearts, that love the LORD,
 If at this sight ye burn,
 See that in thought, in deed, in word,
 Ye hate what made HIM mourn. Amen.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi.

121 Sing we that Blest Body broken
 Our weak souls' mysterious Food;
 And the words our KING hath spoken,
 Gifting us with His own Blood,
 His true Presence to betoken,
 And our holy brotherhood.

Born for us, and for us given,
Of a Virgin undefil'd,
Scattering precious seed from Heaven,
Sojourn'd HE in this world's wild;
On that much-remember'd even,
HE HIS wondrous course fulfill'd.

Meekly to the law complying,
HE had finish'd its commands:
And to them at supper lying
Gave HIMSELF with HIS own Hands;
A memorial of HIS dying,
Thenceforth unto all the lands.

GOD the WORD by one word maketh
Very bread HIS Flesh to be;
And whoso that Cup partaketh
Tastes the Fount of Calvary:
While the carnal mind forsaketh,
Faith receives, the Mystery.

Unto that HIS Presence veiled
Draw we nigh, with heads bow'd low:
All that Paschal rites entail'd
Yields to higher blessings now;
Earthly touch and sight have fail'd—
Faith adores, nor questions how.

Power ascribe we, praise and blessing,
Both to FATHER and to SON:
HOLY SPIRIT, THEE addressing,
One with THEM, as LORD alone:
This right faith we hold, confessing
Persons THREE in Substance ONE. Amen.

Noctis recolitur cæna novissima.

122 Upon that hallow'd night
CHRIST with HIS brethren ate,
Obedient to the olden law,
The Pasch before HIM set.

Which done, HIS precious SELF,
The true Celestial Food,
Alike on each, alike on all,
HIS sacred Hands bestow'd.

HE gave HIS Flesh ; HE gave
HIS precious Blood : and said,
“ Receive and drink ye all of This,
For your salvation shed.”

Thus did the LORD appoint
This Sacrifice sublime,
And made HIS Priests its ministers
Through all the bounds of time.

Farewell to types ! Henceforth
We feed on Angels' food :
The guilty slave—oh, wonder !—eats
The BODY of his GOD !

O Blessed THREE IN ONE !
Visit our hearts, we pray ;
And lead us on, through THINE own paths,
To THY eternal Day. Amen.

GOOD FRIDAY.

THE REPROACHES.

123 O MY people, what have I done to thee?
 or wherein have I wearied thee?
 Answer ME. Because I brought thee out of the
 land of Egypt, thou hast prepared a Cross for
 THY SAVIOUR. (*Micah vi.*)

*Holy GOD, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Im-
 mortal, have mercy upon us.*

Because I led thee through the wilderness forty
 years, and fed thee with manna, and brought thee
 into a land exceeding good, thou hast prepared a
 Cross for thy SAVIOUR.

*Holy GOD, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Im-
 mortal, have mercy upon us.*

What could I have done more for thee, that I
 have not done? I planted thee indeed MY choicest
 vine, and thou hast turned for ME into exceeding
 bitterness: thou gavest vinegar to quench MY
 thirst, and piercedst with a lance the Side of thy
 SAVIOUR. (*Micah v, 2.*)

*Holy GOD, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Im-
 mortal, have mercy upon us.*

For thy sake I scourged Egypt with its first-
 born: and thou deliveredst ME to be scourged.

*O MY people, what have I done to thee, or
 wherein have I wearied thee? answer ME.*

I brought thee out of Egypt, overwhelming Pharaoh in the Red Sea: and thou gavest ME up to the chief priests.

O MY people, what have I done to thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? answer ME.

I opened the sea before thee: and thou openedst MY Side with a spear.

O MY people, what have I done to thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? answer ME.

I went before thee in a pillar of cloud: and thou leddest ME before Pilate's judgment seat.

O MY people, what have I done to thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? answer ME.

I fed thee with manna in the wilderness: and thou smotest ME with blows and scourges.

O MY people, what have I done to thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? answer ME.

I gave thee to drink of the Water of Salvation from the Rock: and thou gavest ME gall and vinegar.

O MY people, what have I done to thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? answer ME.

For thy sake I smote the Kings of the Canaanites: and thou smotest MY Head with a reed.

O MY people, what have I done to thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? answer ME.

I gave thee a royal sceptre: and thou gavest
My Head a crown of thorns.

*O My people, what have I done to thee, or
wherein have I wearied thee? answer ME.*

I exalted thee with great power: and thou
hangedst ME upon the Cross.

*O My people, what have I done to thee, or
wherein have I wearied thee? answer ME.*

THOU art worthy, O LORD, to receive glory, for
THOU wast slain, and hast redeemed us to GOD by
THY Blood, for THOU becamest obedient unto
death—even the death of the Cross.

EASTER EVEN.

124 All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and Satan's spite;
Death shall be despoil'd to-morrow
Of the prey He grasps to-night;
Yet once more, to seal HIS doom,
CHRIST must sleep within the tomb.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder Cross HE bore;
How did Soul and Body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the Serpent's head.

Close and still the cell that holds HIM,
 While in brief repose HE lies;
 Deep the slumber that enfolds HIM,
 Veil'd awhile from mortal eyes:
 Slumber such as needs must be
 After hard-won victory.

• All night long with plaintive voicing
 Chaunt HIS requiem soft and low;
 Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
 From to-morrow's harps shall flow;
 Death and Hell at length are slain,
 CHRIST hath triumph'd, CHRIST doth reign. Amen.

125 RESTING from HIS Work to-day,
 In the tomb our SAVIOUR lay;
 Still He sleeps, from Head to Feet
 Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
 In the rocky tomb alone,
 Hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen,
 Watching long, the Magdalene;
 Early, ere the break of day,
 Sorrowful she took her way
 To the holy garden glade,
 Where her buried LORD was laid. .

So with Thee, till life shall end,
 I would solemn vigil spend;
 Let me hew THEE, LORD, a shrine
 In this stony heart of mine;
 Where in pure embalmed cell,
 None but THOU may ever dwell!

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around:
And in patient watch remain,
Till my Lord appear again. Amen.

126 Now, LORD, THY Soul, for ever blest,
Hath gone among the dead,
And to his peaceful place of rest
The dying thief hath led.

And all for us—that when, ere long,
We shall resign our breath,
We may not fear to go among
The unseen shades of death.

In death's dark vale I soon must be,
But I will nothing fear;
THY rod and staff will comfort me;
THOU hast THYSELF been there. Amen.

127 Hail, all hail, THOU LORD of Glory!
THEE Our Father, THEE we own!
Abram heard not of our story,
Israel ne'er our name hath known:
But, REDEEMER, THOU hast sought us,
THOU hast heard THY children's wail,
THOU with THY dear Blood hast bought us:
Hail, THOU mighty Victor, hail! Amen.

EASTER.

128 HE is risen! HE is risen,
Tell it with a joyful voice;
HE hath burst HIS three days' prison,
Let the whole wide world rejoice:
Death is conquer'd, man is free,
CHRIST hath won the victory!

Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds of darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping—
Brightly breaks their Easter Sun:
Blood can wash all sins away,
CHRIST hath conquered Hell to-day.

Come, ye sad and fearful hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All HIS woes are over now,
And the Passion that HE bore:
Sin and pain can vex no more.

Come, with high and holy gladness
Chaunt our LORD's triumphal lay;
Not one touch of twilight sadness
Dims yon glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple east:
Brighter far our Easter feast.

HE is risen! HE is risen!
HE hath oped th' eternal gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state:
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

THREE in ONE, let all adore THEE,
 Saints on earth and saints in Heaven;
 Every creature bow before THEE,
 WHO hast all their being given!
 WHO by grace dost us restore:
 Praise to THEE for evermore! Amen.

Fortis tegente brachio.

- 129 Protected by th' Almighty Hand,
 We travers'd safe the sever'd main;
 No more we see th' Egyptian land,
 No more we feel the tyrant's chain.
- Oh! then to GOD, with one accord,
 Be joyful thanks and homage paid,
 And let us come before the LORD,
 In robes of innocence array'd.
- Yea, let us at HIS Table meet,
 And banquet at HIS Feast of love:
 So shall our soul with transport beat,
 And GOD's own Presences sweetly prove.
- CHRIST is our Paschal Lamb to-day,
 To HIM the Christian looks for food,
 Nor will th' avenging Angel slay
 Those who are sprinkled with HIS Blood.
- O VICTIM worthy of the sky,
 Beneath WHOSE power Death van-
 quish'd fell!
- WHO sav'd mankind from misery,
 And burst the dungeon-gates of Hell!

Oh, praise the FATHER, and the SON,
WHO bids us welcome to the skies,
And HOLY GHOST, by WHOM alone
We share the SAVIOUR's victories. Amen.

Aurora cælum purpurat.

130 The dawn was purpling o'er the sky,
With alleluias rang the air ;
Earth held a glorious jubilee ;
Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce despair ;
When HE WHOM stone, and seal, and
guard
Had safely to the tomb consign'd,
Triumphant rose, and buried Death
Deep in the grave HE left behind.

"Calm all your grief, and still your tears ;"
Hark ! the descending Angel cries ;
"For CHRIST is risen from the dead,
And Death is slain, no more to rise."

O JESU, from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray ; so shalt THOU be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in THEE.

Now to the FATHER, and the SON
WHO rose from death, be glory given ;
With THEE, O HOLY COMFORTER,
Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.
Amen.

Ad regias Agni dapes.

131 Now at the LAMB's high royal feast
In robes of saintly white we sing,
Through the Red Sea in safety brought,
By JESUS, our immortal King.

O depth of love! for us HE drinks
The chalice of HIS agony;
For us, a Victim on the Cross,
HE meekly lays HIM down to die.

And as th' avenging Angel pass'd
Of old the blood-besprinkled door;
As the cleft sea a passage gave,
Then clos'd to overwhelm th' Egyptians o'er;

So CHRIST, our Paschal Sacrifice,
Has brought us safe all perils through,
While for unleaven'd bread, we need
But heart sincere and purpose true.

Hail, purest VICTIM Heav'n could find,
The powers of Hell to overthrow!
WHO didst the chains of Death destroy,
WHO didst the prize of Life bestow.

Hail, victor CHRIST! hail, risen King!
To THEE alone belongs the crown;
WHO hast the heavenly gates unbarr'd,
And dragg'd the Prince of Darkness
down.

O JESU! from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray; so shalt THOU be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in THEE.

Now to the FATHER, and the SON
WHO rose from death, be glory given,
With THEE, O HOLY COMFORTER,
Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven. Amen.

132 *Tristes erant Apostoli.*

When CHRIST by HIS own servants slain,
Had died upon the bitter Cross,
Th' Apostles, of their joy bereft,
Were weeping their dear SAVIOUR's loss:

Meanwhile an Angel at the tomb
To holy women hath foretold,
"The faithful flock shall soon with joy
Their LORD in Galilee behold."

Who as they run the news to bring,
Lo, straightway CHRIST HIMSELF they meet
All radiant with heavenly light,
And falling, clasp His sacred Feet.

To Galilee's lone mountain heights
The Apostolic band retire;
There, blest with their dear SAVIOUR's sight,
They taste in full their soul's desire.

O JESU, from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray; so shalt THOU be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in THEE.

Now to the FATHER, and the SON
WHO rose from death, be glory given;
With THEE, O HOLY COMFORTER,
Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven. Amen.

133 ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to GOD a hymn of gladness,
Sing to GOD a hymn of praise;
He, Who on the Cross a Victim
For the world's salvation bled,
JESUS CHRIST, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

CHRIST is risen, CHRIST the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At HIS second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

CHRIST is risen, we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of THY Face;

That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by Angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, LORD, with THEE.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glory be to GOD on high:
Alleluia to the SAVIOUR,
Who has gained the victory;
Alleluia to the SPIRIT,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty. Amen.

134 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
JESUS lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! for us HE died:
Then, alone to JESUS living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our SAVIOUR giving.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! to HIM the Throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where HE is gone,
Rest and reign with HIM in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

135 ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The triumph of the LORD is won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
And JESUS hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

On that third morn HE rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

HE closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

LORD, by the stripes which wounded THEE,
From death's dread sting THY servants free,
That we may live, and sing to THEE.

Alleluia! Amen.

136 ON the Cross we saw HIM dying,
Death had claimed HIM for its own:
In the grave we left HIM lying,
Covered by the sealèd stone.

But that fainting ONE is stronger
Than the powers of death and hell;
In the grave HE lies no longer
Than HIS Spirit sees it well.

While the saints on earth are weeping,
While their heart within them dies,
Happy souls in GOD's safe keeping
Welcome HIM in Paradise.

And they hear the wondrous story
Of HIS lowly life of care,
And the death that leads to glory,
Which HIS ransomed are to share.

Ere the third day's sun is burning
Over sea and hill and plain,
From the unseen land returning,
JESUS comes to earth again.

HE with Hell's dark power has striven,
HE has conquered in the strife;
Now to HIM the keys are given
That unlock the gates of life.

Death no longer can alarm us,
Christ has robbed it of its sting,
In the grave no power can harm us,
There HE reigns, the Victor King.

We shall live, for JESUS liveth,
We shall live, although we die,
Endless life through death HE giveth
In unfading worlds on high. Amen.

MATTINS.

137 O come, and with the early morn
Rise and lift up your voice:
In the great victory of the LAMB
Let all the world rejoice.

HE, by HIS Own most Precious Blood,
Hath washed our sins away.
The veil is rent, the courts of Heaven
Their endless joys display.

The seed, entrusted to the ground,
Dies not, nor fruitless lies:
From JESUS' slumber in the dust
What glorious harvests rise!

Through HIM shall all the sleeping dead
Burst forth again to life,
To share with HIM the crowns of light,
Who shared with HIM the strife.

Praise, therefore, to the FATHER be,
And to the Eternal SON,
WHO, quickened by the SPIRIT, hath
O'er Death the triumph won. Alleluia! Amen.

138 CHRIST is become our Paschal Lamb,
For us condemned to die;
Those washed in HIS Atoning Blood,
The Avenger passes by.

Hail! Sacred VICTIM, by Whose Death
Death hath been overcome;
Who by THY Burial hast dispersed
The darkness of the tomb.

HE that was dead now lives again:
The prison doors are riven;
Triumphant o'er our ghostly foe,
HE opes the gates of Heaven.

O grant us, LORD, with THEE to die,
With THEE again to rise!
To spurn the things of earth, and seek
The treasures of the skies.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Alleluia! Amen.

Paschale mundo gaudium.

139 Now daily shines the Sun more fair,
Recalling that blest time,
When CHRIST on HIS Apostles shone,
In radiant light sublime.

They in HIS Body see HIS Wounds
Like stars divinely glow ;
Then forth, as HIS true Witnesses,
Throughout the world they go.

O CHRIST! THOU KING most merciful,
Our inmost heart possess ;
So may we, with due songs of praise,
THY Name for ever bless.

Keep us, O JESU, from the death
Of sin ; and deign to be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all new-born in THEE.

Praise to the FATHER, and the SON
WHO from the dead arose ;
Praise to the blessed PARACLETE,
While age on ages flows. Amen.

Rex sempiternæ cœlitum.

140 O THOU, the Heaven's eternal KING,
LORD of the starry spheres !
WHO with the FATHER equal art
From everlasting years :

All praise to THY most holy Name,
WHO, when the world began,
Yoking the soul with clay, didst form
In THINE own Image, Man.

And praise to THEE, WHO, when the Foe
Had marr'd THY work sublime,
Clothing THYSELF in flesh, didst mould
Our race a second time :

When from the tomb new-born, as from
A Virgin born before,
THOU didst reverse our fallen state,
And life to man restore.

ETERNAL SHEPHERD, WHO THY flock
In THY pure Font dost lave,
Where souls are cleans'd, and all their guilt
Buried as in a grave ;

JESU, WHO on the Cross wast nail'd
Our countless debt to pay ;
JESU, WHO lavishly didst pour
THY Blood for us away :

Oh, from the wretched death of sin
Keep us ; so shalt THOU be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all new-born in THEE.

To GOD the FATHER, and the SON
WHO rose, be glory given ;
With THEE, ALMIGHTY PARACLETE,
By all in earth and Heaven. Amen.

ROGATION DAYS.

141 FATHER of mercies, GOD of love,
Whose gifts all creatures share!
The rolling seasons as they move,
Proclaim THY constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hides the grain,
THY goodness marks its secret birth,
And sends the early rain.

The seasons, Gracious LORD, are THINE!
The Spring-tide knows THY call;
THOU mak'st the Summer sun to shine,
The Summer dew to fall.

O ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook THY bounteous care;
But what our FATHER'S Hand imparts,
Still own in praise and prayer.

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
Our showers more genial fall,
When all our hearts and lives are THINE,
And THOU adored in all. Amen.

142 LORD, in THY Name THY servants plead,
And THOU hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, THINE the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
 We trusted, LORD, with THEE :
 And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
 We wait on THY decree.

The former and the latter rain,
 The Summer sun and air,
 The green ear, and and the golden grain,
 All THINE, are ours by prayer.

THINE too by right, and ours by grace,
 The wondrous growth unseen,
 The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
 The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
 By sun and moon below,
 That THEE in THY new heaven and earth
 We never may forego.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.



143 TILL its holy hours are past,
 Watch we in our three days' fast;
 HE who came for man to die,
 Is not yet gone up on high :
While HE still vouchsafes to stay,
Let us watch, and let us pray.

None but THOU, O LORD, canst know
 All that to THY love we owe,
 We who cast THY yoke aside,
 Who reward THY love with pride,
 And that love itself forget—
 Oh, forgive us all that debt.

Many foes are round about,
 Foes within, and foes without ;
 Our temptations thou didst share,
 THOU didst once our weakness bear :
 By those trials we would plead,
 Into no temptation lead !

Pain and sorrow we would flee,
 If THY Holy will it be ;
 But whate'er our lot below,
 Save us from eternal woe :
 All THY promises fulfil,
 And deliver us from ill !

LORD, THOU canst, if so THOU wilt,
 Heal our griefs, and cleanse our guilt ;
 For the power is THINE to save,
 And to ransom from the grave :
 And our trust is all in THEE,
 Undivided Trinity! Amen.

ASCENSION.

Jesu, nostra Redemptio.

144 O JESU, our Redemption,
 Lov'd and desired with tears!
 GOD, of all worlds Creator!
 MAN, in the close of years!

What wondrous pity mov'd THEE
 To make our cause THINE own :
 And suffer death and torments
 For sinners to atone.

O THOU, Who, piercing Hades,
 THY captives didst unchain !
 WHO gloriously ascendedst
 THY Father's Throne again !

Subdue our many evils
 By mercy all divine ;
 And comfort with THY Presence
 The hearts that for THEE pine.

Be THOU our joy, O JESU,
 In WHOM our prize we see ;
 Always, through all the ages,
 In THEE our glory be. Amen.

145 THE SAVIOUR stood on Olivet ;
 His earthly task was o'er ;
 And wherefore should HE linger yet
 On this world's dreary shore ?
 HE rais'd on high HIS Hands divine ;
 HE bless'd His faithful train ;
 Oh ! when shall Adam's guilty line
 Such blessings hear again ?

Then slowly tow'rd's th' expecting sky,
 The sky's CREATOR rose ;
 Angelic watchers, ranged on high,
 Bade Heaven's bright gates uncloze.

And in HE came, the LORD of might,
Eternal and Supreme ;
WHOSE presence e'en those realms of light
Illum'd with brighter beam.

O THOU, WHO thus exalted art,
On WHOM our souls rely,
Grant to us now, in heart and mind,
To dwell with THEE on high !
And when at length, redeem'd by THEE,
The just that sleep shall rise ;
With theirs our happy portion be,
A home beyond the skies. Amen.

Opus peregesti Tuum.

146

REDEEMER, now THY work is done !
Death owns THY power, the prize is won !
And now once more we see THEE rise,
Returning to THY native skies.

A radiant cloud is now THY seat,
And earth lies stretch'd beneath THY Feet ;
While myriads, in their bright array,
Attend THEE homeward on THY way.

Beside the everlasting gates
The Angel-host enraptured waits :
*HE comes, HE comes, and GOD's High Throne
Receives at length the HOLY ONE.*

There, JESU, THOU hast never ceas'd
To be our Friend, our great High Priest,
Pleading in our behalf THY Blood,
That holy, reconciling flood.

And thence the Church, THY chosen Bride,
With spiritual gifts supplied,
Through all her members draws from THEE
Her hidden life of sanctity.

And thence, when perils close around,
THOU makest us maintain our ground ;
'T is THY Right Arm subdues our foes,
THY Hand the victor's prize bestows.

All praise to JESUS CHRIST be given,
The Conq'ror, WHO returns to Heaven ;
With praise exalt, ye heavenly host,
THE FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

Æterne Rex altissime.

147 O THOU eternal King most High,
 Who didst the world redeem ;
And conquering Death and Hell, receive
 A dignity supreme !

THOU, through the starry orbs, this day
 Didst to THY Throne ascend ;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
 And glory without end.

There, seated in THY majesty,
To THEE submissive bow
The Heav'n of Heav'ns, the spacious earth,
The depths of hell below.

With trembling there the Angels see
The chang'd estate of men ;
The flesh which sinn'd, by Flesh redeem'd;
Man in the GODHEAD reign.

There, waiting for THY faithful souls,
Be THOU to us, O LORD,
Our peerless joy while here we stay,
In Heav'n our great reward.

Renew our strength ; our sins forgive ;
Our miseries efface ;
And lift our souls aloft to THEE,
By THY celestial grace.

So when THOU shinest on the clouds,
With THY angelic train,
May we be sav'd from vengeance due,
And our lost crowns regain.

Glory to JESUS, WHO returns
Triumphantly to Heaven :
Praise to the FATHER evermore,
And HOLY GHOST be given. Amen.

Felix dies mortalibus.

148 Oh, 't was a day both bright and good,
To us poor mortals given,
When JESUS open'd by HIS Blood
The long-clos'd doors of heaven\

For JESUS is HIS people's Head,
Where HE is, we shall be ;
If we are by HIS SPIRIT led,
HIS glory we shall see.

Though HE is now gone far from hence,
In SPIRIT HE is near :
And by HIS blessed influence
The fainting soul can cheer.

But oh! that day to wicked men,
What terrors 't will disclose—
That day when HE shall come again
To rid HIM of HIS foes.

The JUDGE, by sinners slain, that day
HIS office shall resume,
And strike HIS judges with dismay
At their tremendous doom.

HIS Soul to death He freely gave
To set the guilty free :
Those men, whom JESUS will not save,
What must their portion be!

To CHRIST, the future Judge, be praise
From all the Angel host ;
Like worship to the FATHER raise,
And to the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

149 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies ;
And round THY Throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise :

But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd,
LORD, send THY promised COMFORTER,
And lead us to our rest.

THOU art gone up on high,
But THOU didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto THY crown:
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to THEE.

THOU art gone up on high;
But THOU shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in THY train.
Oh! by THY saving Power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At THY right Hand on high.

JESU, Eternal SON,
To THEE all glory be,
With FATHER, SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Through all eternity. Amen.

150 O CHRIST, our hope, our hearts' desire,
Redemption's only Spring;
Creator of the world art THOU,
Its SAVIOUR and its KING.

How vast the Mercy and the Love
Which laid our sins on THEE,
And led THEE to a cruel death
To set THY people free!

But now the bonds of death are burst,
The Ransom has been paid;
And THOU art on THY FATHER'S Throne,
In glorious robes array'd.

Oh, may THY mighty Love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
Oh, may we come before THY Throne,
And find acceptance there!

O CHRIST, be THOU our present joy,
Our future great reward:
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the LORD! Amen.

Nobis Olympo redditus.

151 O CHRIST, WHO hast prepar'd a place
For us around THY THRONE of Grace,
We pray THEE, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

SOURCE of all good, THOU, gracious LORD,
Art our exceeding great reward;
How transient is our present pain;
How boundless our eternal gain!

With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see THEE as THOU art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

THY never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of THINE endless love,
Send down THY HOLY GHOST to be
The raiser of our souls to THEE.

O future JUDGE, Eternal LORD,
THY Name be hallow'd and ador'd!
To GOD the FATHER, King of Heav'n,
And HOLY GHOST, like praise be giv'n.

WHITSUN-TIDE.

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

152 Come, O CREATOR, SPIRIT blest!
And in our souls take up THY rest;
Come with THY grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which THOU hast made.

Great PARACLETE, to THEE we cry:
O highest gift of GOD most High!
O Fount of Life! O Fire of Love!
And sweet Anointing from above!

THOU in THY sevenfold gifts art known;
THEE Finger of GOD's Hand we own;
The Promise of the FATHER, THOU;
WHO dost the tongue with pow'r endow.

Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love ;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us THY true peace instead ;
So shall we not, with THEE for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Oh, may THY grace on us bestow
The FATHER and the SON to know,
And THEE, through endless times, confess'd
Of BOTH th' ETERNAL SPIRIT blest !

All glory, while the ages run,
Be to the FATHER, and the SON
WHO rose from death ; the same to THEE,
O HOLY GHOST, eternally. Amen.

Beati nobis gaudia.

153 Again the slowly circling year
Brings round the blessed hour,
When on the Saints the COMFORTER
Came down in grace and power.

In fashion of a fiery tongue
The MIGHTY GODHEAD came ;
Their lips with eloquence HE strung,
And fill'd their hearts with flame.

Straightway with divers tongues they speak,
Instinct with grace divine ;
While wond'ring crowds the cause mistake,
And deem them drunk with wine.

GOD of all grace! to THEE we pray,
To THEE adoring bend ;
Into our hearts this sacred day,
THY SPIRIT's fulness send.

THOU, WHO in ages past didst pour
THY graces from above,
THY grace in us, where lost, restore,
And stablsh peace and love.

All glory to the FATHER be ;
And to the SON WHO rose ;
Glory, O HOLY GHOST, to THEE,
While age on ages flows.

Jam Christus astra ascenderit.

154 Above the starry spheres,
To where HE was before,
CHRIST had gone up, soon from on high
The FATHER's Gift to pour:

And now had fully come,
On mystic cycle borne
Of seven times seven revolving days,
The Pentecostal morn.

When, as th' Apostles knelt
At the third hour in prayer,
A sudden rushing sound proclaim'd
The GOD of Glory near.

Forthwith a tongue of fire
Alights on every brow ;
Each breast receives the FATHER's light
The WORD's enkindling glow.

The HOLY GHOST on all
Is mightily outpour'd,
Who straight in divers tongues declare
The wonders of the LORD.

While strangers of all climes
Flock round from far and near,
And with amazement, each at once,
Their native accents hear.

But Judah faithless still
Denies the Hand Divine,
And madly jeers the Saints of CHRIST,
As drunk with new-made wine ;

Till Peter in the midst
Stood up and spake aloud ;
And their perfidious falsity
By Joel's witness show'd.

Praise to the FATHER be !
Praise to the SON WHO rose !
Praise, HOLY PARACLETE, to THEE !
While age on ages flows. Amen.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

- 156 HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of Light,
From THY clear celestial height,
THY pure beaming radiance give:
Come, THOU Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure,
Come, THOU light of all that live!
- THOU, of all consolers Best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
THOU, in toil, art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.
- Light Immortal, Light Divine,
Visit THOU these hearts of THINE,
And our inmost being fill:
If thou take THY grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turn'd to ill.
- Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour THY dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen; warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.
- THOU, on those who evermore
THEE confess and THEE adore,
In THY sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die:
Give them life with THEE on high;
Give them joys which never end. Amen.

157 THOU WHO camest from above,
Bringing light, and shedding love,
Gracious SPIRIT, Love Divine,
Let THY Light around us shine.
THOU WHO once didst change our state,
Making us regenerate,
Help us Evermore to be
Faithful subjects unto THEE.
Where THOU art not, none can do
What is holy, just, and true;
They whose hearts THY Wisdom leads,
Think good thoughts and do good deeds.
We have often grieved THEE sore;
Never let us grieve THEE more:
THOU the feeble canst protect;
THOU the wandering canst direct.
We are dark—be THOU our Light;
We are blind—be THOU our Sight:
Be our Comfort in distress;
Guide us through the wilderness.
Praise the blessed THREE in ONE;
Praise the FATHER and the SON;
To the HOLY GHOST arise
Praise from all beneath the skies. Amen.

TRINITY.

O luce qui tua lates.

158 O THOU WHO dwellest bright on high,
THOU ever-blessed TRINITY;
THEE we confess, in THEE believe,
To THEE with pious heart we cleave.

O FATHER, by THY saints ador'd,
O SON of GOD, our blessed LORD,
O HOLY SPIRIT, WHO dost join
FATHER and SON with love divine!

We see the FATHER in the SON,
And with the FATHER CHRIST is ONE;
The HOLY GHOST, the PARACLETE,
In BOTH resides, in BOTH complete.

For GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST, are ONE:
All THREE one blessed truth approve,
All THREE compose one holy love.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And HOLY GHOST, be glory done;
ONE GOD ALMIGHTY we adore
With heart and voice for evermore. Amen.

Summæ Parens clementiæ.

159 PARENT of all, WHOSE love display'd
Still rules the world THY bounty made,
Fain would we raise the hymn to THEE,
In substance ONE, in person THREE.

Fain would we chaunt to THEE the song
Which through the ages all along
Is chaunted by THY heavenly train,
And earth resounds to Heaven again.

Taught by THY word, this festal day
 Our homage of true faith we pay:
 Oh ! in that faith preserve us still,
 And shield us evermore from ill ;

That still our lips THY praise may show,
 And with THY holy Church below,
 Above with THY angelic Host,
 Sing FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

Te Deum Patrem colimus.

160 FATHER of all, to THEE we raise
 The tribute of our grateful praise,
 WHO for our double life hast given
 Bread from the earth, and Bread from
 Heaven.

THOU too, O JESUS, be ador'd,
 The only SON, th' Almighty LORD,
 WHO, our Salvation to become,
 Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb:

WHO, on the Cross a Victim made,
 The ransom of the world hast paid ;
 Through WHOM alone on guilty men
 The hope of life has dawn'd again.

And THOU, by WHOSE Almighty aid
 The spotless, pure and holy Maid
 Brought forth INCARNATE DEITY,
 ETERNAL SPIRIT, praise to THEE!

THREE PERSONS, but ONE GOD, WHOSE grace
Both forms and saves our human race,
With joyful hearts and lips to THEE
We hymn this mighty mystery.

To GOD the FATHER, with the SON
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Laud, honour, glory, majesty,
Now and henceforth for ever be. Amen.

161

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to THEE ;
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, merciful and mighty,
GOD in THREE PERSONS, Blessed TRINITY !

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, all the saints adore THEE,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before THEE,
Which wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, though the darkness hide THEE,
Though the eye of sinful man THY glory may
not see,
Only THOU art holy, there is none beside THEE,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY,
All THY works shall praise THY Name in earth
and sky and sea :

*HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, merciful and mighty,
GOD in THREE PERSONS, Blessed TRINITY. Amen.*

162 THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
 Ruler of the earth and sea,
 Hear us, while we lift to THEE,
 Holy chaunt and psalm.

LIGHT of lights, with morning shine,
 Lift on us THY Light divine,
 And let Charity benign
 Breathe on us her balm.

LIGHT of lights, when falls the even,
 Let it close on sin forgiven ;
 Fold us in the peace of Heaven,
 Shed a vesper calm.

THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
 Dimly here we worship THEE :
 With the saints hereafter we
 Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

163 FATHER of all, WHOSE wondrous grace
 Moved THEE to save our guilty race,
 Before THY Throne we sinners bend,
 To us THY pard'ning love extend.

Almighty SON, Incarnate WORD,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, LORD,
 Before THY Throne we sinners bend,
 To us THY saving grace extend.

Eternal SPIRIT, by WHOSE Breath
 Mankind are raised from sin and death,
 Before THY Throne we sinners bend,
 To us THY quick'ning power extend.

Thrice holy FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
Mysterious GODHEAD, THREE in ONE,
Before THY Throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life to all extend.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And HOLY GHOST, be glory done ;
Let equal praise to EACH be given
By all on earth, and all in Heaven. Amen.

164 Lead us, Heavenly FATHER, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but THEE ;
Yet possessing every blessing
If our GOD our FATHER be.

SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness THOU dost know ;
THOU didst tread this earth before us,
THOU didst feel its keenest woe :
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert THOU didst go.

SPIRIT of our GOD, descending
Fill our hearts with Heavenly joy,
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy. Amen.

- 165 Meet and right it is to sing,
 In every time and place,
 Glory to our HEAVENLY KING,
 The GOD of Truth and Grace:
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join,
 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD,
 Eternal praise be THINE!
- THEE the first-born sons of light,
 In choral symphonies,
 Praise in day without a night,
 And never, never cease.
 Angels and Archangels, all
 Praise the Mystic THREE in ONE;
 Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
 O'erwhelm'd before THY Throne.
- FATHER, GOD, THY love we praise,
 Who gave THY SON to die;
 JESUS, full of Truth and Grace,
 Alike we glorify;
 SPIRIT, COMFORTER Divine,
 Praise by all to THEE be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is changed for Heaven.

Amen.

Ter sancte, ter potens Deus.

- 166 Thrice HOLY GOD of wondrous might,
 O TRINITY of love divine,
 To THEE belongs unclouded light,
 And everlasting joys are THINE.

About THY Throne dark clouds abound,
About THEE shine such dazzling rays
That Angels as they stand around,
Are fain to tremble as they gaze.

Thy new-born people, gracious LORD,
Confess THEE in THINE own great Name;
By hope they taste the rich reward,
Which Faith already dares to claim.

FATHER, may we THY laws fulfil!
Bless'd SON, may we THY precepts learn!
And THOU, bless'd SPIRIT, guide our will,
Our feet into THY pathway turn.

Yea, FATHER, may THY will be done,
And may we thus THY Name adore,
Together with THY blessed SON,
And HOLY GHOST for evermore! Amen.

AFTER TRINITY.

167 Glory be to GOD on high,
GOD WHOSE Glory fills the sky:
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-belov'd of Heaven.

SOVEREIGN FATHER, Heavenly KING,
THEE we now presume to sing;
Hail, by all THY works ador'd,
Hail, the Everlasting LORD!

CHRIST, our LORD and GOD we own,
CHRIST, the FATHER's only SON,
LAMB of GOD, for sinners slain,
SAVIOUR of offending man.

Bow THINE Ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, THOU!
JESUS, in THY Name we pray,
Take, oh! take our sins away.

Powerful Advocate with GOD,
Justify us by THY Blood;
Bow THINE Ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, THOU!

Hear, for THOU, O CHRIST, alone
Art with THY great FATHER One;
One the HOLY GHOST with THEE;
ONE Supreme Eternal THREE. Amen.



168 HOLY JESUS, SAVIOUR bless'd,
As, by passion strong possess'd,
Through this world of sin we stray,
THOU to guide us art the Way.

HOLY JESUS, when the night
Of error blinds our clouded sight,
Round the cheering day to throw,
SAVIOUR, then the Truth art THOU.

HOLY JESUS, when our pow'r
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
THOU to aid us art the Life.

Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the FATHER come,
Who the FATHER's presence see,
JESUS, he must come by THEE.

Channel of the FATHER's Grace,
Image of the FATHER's Face,
SAVIOUR bless'd, Incarnate SON,
With the FATHER THOU art ONE.

Glory to the FATHER be,
Glory, only SON, to THEE;
And, of equal power confess'd,
Glory to the SPIRIT bless'd. Amen.

Rerum Creator omnium.

169 Creator of mankind,
THY promis'd help we claim,
That so our life THOU may'st not find
Unworthy of our name.

If THOU THY grace deny
We cannot rightly strive;
In THEE alone to sin we die,
In THEE alone we live.

Our goings, LORD, uphold
Till this dark vale be pass'd,
Till in THY fear for ever bold,
We reach THY rest at last.
O happy, peaceful rest,
Prepar'd for saints above!
Where they with all THY joys are bless'd,
And drink THY streams of love.
O TRINITY divine,
To THEE our hearts we raise:
May we THY ransom'd people join,
And share their songs of praise!

170 HOLY JESUS, in WHOSE Name
THOU hast bid THY servants claim
Of the FATHER's love, to grant
All the good they wish or want:
Trusting in THY Name alone,
Draw me near THY FATHER's throne.
HOLY JESUS, at WHOSE Name,
Through this universal frame,
By th' ALMIGHTY SIRE's decree
All its dwellers bow the knee:
To THY FATHER's Name we join,
In co-equal worship, THINE.
SON of MAN, to Whom is given,
With the MAJESTY of Heaven,
Partner THOU of man's estate,
For mankind to mediate:
Hear us, when with THEE we plead
For THY flock to intercede!

SON of GOD, to WHOM of right,
 Partner of THY FATHER's might,
 "Sole, adorable, and true,"
 Empire o'er the world is due:
 Hear us, when on THEE we call
 For THY blessing, LORD of all!

SAVIOUR of the world, to THEE
 Ever bows the Church her knee;
 THEE, her only Advocate,
 THEE, exalted to THY state,
 With the HOLY GHOST most High
 In the FATHER's Majesty. Amen.

O quam juvat, fratres, Deus.

171 O LORD, how joyful 't is to see
 The brethren join in love to THEE!
 On THEE alone their heart relies,
 Their only strength THY grace supplies.

How sweet, within THY holy place,
 With one accord, to sing THY grace,
 Besieging THINE attentive Ear
 With all the force of fervent prayer!

Oh, may we love the house of GOD,
 Of peace and joy the blest abode!
 Oh, may no angry strife destroy
 That sacred peace, that holy joy!

The world without may rage, but we
 Will only cling more close to THEE,
 With hearts to THEE more wholly given,
 More wean'd from earth, more fix'd on
 Heaven.

LORD, shower upon us from above
 The sacred gift of mutual love:
 Each other's wants may we supply,
 And reign together in the sky! Amen.

Dignas quis, O Deus, Tibi.

172 Oh, how can worthy praises, LORD,
 To THEE by man be given?
 From WHOM alone true light proceeds
 To show the way to Heaven.

The faith we need to serve THEE well,
 THOU dost THYSELF supply—
 That faith which sanctifies the heart,
 And lifts the soul on high.

No pompous rites can e'er atone
 For want of grace within:
 The secret prayer, the lowly sigh,
 THY favour best can win.

For then the heart and lips can join
 To yield THY meed of praise,
 And with a free and cheerful voice
 Salvation's song can raise.

O THOU, WHO dost the proud abhor,
 And humble souls approve,
 That we in holy faith may grow,
 Our sinful pride remove.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Our praises shall ascend,
 For on the Blood of CHRIST alone
 Our faithful hearts depend. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

- 173 O most Merciful!
O most Bountiful!
GOD the FATHER ALMIGHTY!
By the REDEEMER'S
Sweet intercession,
Hear us, help us, when we cry! Amen.
-

Jactamur heu! quot fluctibus.

- 174 When storms and tempests o'er us roll,
Our hope is in the skies;
To THEE, O GOD, our anxious soul
And earnest prayers arise.
THOU, FATHER, dost THINE aid afford,
Before the prayer is made;
In all our weakness, gracious LORD,
THY strength is full display'd.
The suff'rings that our souls oppress,
THY mightier Hand shall cure,
And THINE avenging Arm redress
The wrongs we now endure.
Oh, then what full success shall smile
On all our labours past!
Who would not gladly weep awhile
To reap such joys at last!
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One MIGHTY GOD of Heaven,
All glory by the Angel host,
And saints on earth, be given. Amen.

- 175 Accept, O LORD, THY servants' thanks,
For THY enliv'ning word,
By THY most HOLY SPIRIT taught,
By holy Prophets heard :
That word in THY recording Book
From age to age descends ;
Her teaching here THY Church begins,
And here her teaching ends.
- Whate'er of truth the soul can need
To clear her darkling sight,
Whate'er to check the wand'ring feet
And guide their course aright ;
Whate'er of fear the bad to daunt,
Of hope the good to cheer—
All that may profit man, O LORD,
THY bounty gives us here.
- Join'd with our household's little church,
And in our lonely hours,
And in th' assembly of THY saints,
That sacred word be ours,
To read and hear, to mark and learn,
And inwardly digest ;
And HE, WHO gave the word, may HE
On those who learn it rest !
- Thence on our hearts may lively Faith
Celestial comfort pour,
With patience, light'ner of our ills,
And hope that looks before :
That we, with THY united Church,
May lift our souls above,
And with one mind and mouth proclaim
THY glory, GOD of love! Amen.

176 When cold our hearts, and far from THEE
Our wand'ring spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
"LORD, teach us how to pray!"

Too vile to venture near THY Throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice—THY SPIRIT'S groan,
"LORD, teach us how to pray!"

We know not how to seek THY Face
Unless THOU lead the way;
We have no words, unless THY grace,
LORD, teach us how to pray.

Here every thought and fond desire
We on THINE altar lay,
And when our souls have caught THY fire,
"LORD, teach us how to pray!" Amen.

177 THY Glory, LORD, o'er all the earth,
Like morning's light, doth shine,
Where mountains heave their giant birth,
Where rolls that sea of THINE:
That glorious sea that mirrors THEE
More wonderful and vast,
WHOSE Throne was rear'd, eternally
In clouds and darkness cast.

THY Glory, LORD, though THOU art great,
Is not THY power alone,
Though Seraphs in THY service wait,
And burn before THY Throne.

THY Glory, LORD, is not the sword
Of vengeance on THY Thigh,
Nor thunders that await THY word
To rend the shrivell'd sky.

THY Glory, LORD, is not the light
That crowns THINE awful Head,
Nor e'en the amber lustre bright
Around THY Presence shed:
For there the hymn of Cherubim,
And lyres that flame above,
Proclaim it, to THY Glory, dim,
The glory of THY Love! Amen.

178 *Humano generi perniciēs gravis.*

By the first Adam's fatal sin
Came death upon the human race;
In the NEW ADAM doth new life begin,
And everlasting grace.

For scarce the FATHER heard from Heaven
The cry of HIS expiring SON,
When in that cry our sins were all forgiven,
And boundless pardon won.

Henceforth whoso in HIS dear Blood
Washeth, shall lose his every stain;
And in immortal roseate beauty rob'd,
An Angel's likeness gain.

Only run thou with courage on
Straight to the goal set in the skies;
HE WHO assists thy course, will give thee soon,
The everlasting prize.

FATHER supreme, vouchsafe that we
For whom THINE ONLY SON was slain,
And whom the HOLY GHOST doth sanctify,
May Heavenly joys attain. Amen.

179 Oh! who like THEE, so calm, so bright,
THOU HOLY CHILD, THOU Light of Light?
Oh! who like THEE, did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?
Oh! who like THEE, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, so lovely—yet so high,
So glorious in humility!

Through all THY life's unchanging years,
A Man of sorrows, and of tears,
The Cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon THY bending Shoulders weigh'd;
And death, that sets the pris'ner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to THEE;
Yet love through all THY torture glow'd,
And mercy with THY Life-blood flow'd.

O wondrous LORD, my soul would be,
Still more and more conform'd to THEE,
Would lose the pride, the taint, of sin,
That burns these fever'd veins within,
And learn of THEE, the lowly ONE,
And like THEE, all my journey run
Above the world and all its mirth,
Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

Oh! in THY light be mine to go
 Illuming all my way of woe;
 And give me ever on the road
 To trace THY footsteps, O my GOD:
 My passions lull, my spirit calm,
 And make this lion-heart a lamb;
 And give me all my life to be
 A sacrifice to love and THEE. Amen.

Salutis humanæ Sator.

180 O THOU pure Light of souls that love,
 True Joy of every human breast,
 Sower of Life's immortal seed,
 Our MAKER and REDEEMER blest!

What wondrous pity THEE o'ercame,
 To make our guilty load THINE own,
 And Sinless, suffer death and shame,
 For our transgressions to atone!

JESU, may pity THEE compel
 To heal the wounds of which we die;
 And take us in THY Light to dwell,
 Who for THY blissful Presence sigh.

Be THOU our guide, be THOU our goal;
 Be THOU our pathway to the skies;
 Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
 In death our everlasting prize. Amen.

Te principem summo, Deus.

181 Oh! 'tis our duty, first of all,
To love the LORD most High;
And next we learn to keep the law
Of holy charity.

O LORD, our fellowship regard,
In THY great Name begun;
In number, though we many be,
Yet all our hearts are one.

And faith is ours, and truth sincere,
And grace, and holy joy;
Oh, then, may no unholy strife
This sacred love destroy!

But teach us, LORD, more strictly still
This holy rule to keep,
With saints rejoicing to rejoice,
With weeping saints to weep.

TRIUNE JEHOVAH! to THY Name
Be endless glory given,
WHO fashionest, with holy love,
The hearts of THINE for Heaven.
Amen.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

182 My GOD, I love THEE, not because
I hope for Heav'n thereby;
Not because they, who love THEE not,
Must burn eternally.

THOU, O my SAVIOUR, THOU didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

And griefs and torments numberless;
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself—and all for me
Who was THINE enemy.

Then why, O blessed JESU CHRIST!
Should I not love THEE well;
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward:
But as THYSELF hast loved me,
O ever-loving LORD?

E'en so I love THEE, and will love,
And in THY praise will sing;
Solely because THOU art my GOD,
And my eternal KING. Amen.

183 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I'll stay, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with GOD.

Truly blessed is the station
Low before HIS Cross to lie,
While I see Divine compassion
Floating in HIS languid Eye.

LORD, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thoughtful heart on THEE,
Till I taste THY full salvation,
And unveil'd THY glory see.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit
To the blessed THREE IN ONE,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

O Christe, Qui noster poli.

184 O JESU, WHO art gone before
To THY bless'd realms of light,
Oh! thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight!

Make us to those delights aspire,
Which spring from love to THEE,
Which pass the carnal heart's desire,
Which Faith alone can see;

When to HIS saints as their reward
HIMSELF JEHOVAH gives,
And thus its all-sufficient LORD
The faithful soul receives.

To guide us to THY glories, LORD,
 To lift us to the sky,
 Oh, may THY HOLY GHOST be pour'd
 Upon us from on high!

Praise to the FATHER and the SON
 Who dwells aloft in Heaven;
 And to the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
 Let equal praise be given. Amen.

Sensus quis horror percutit.

185 What terrors shake my trembling soul!
 Behold, the skies are riven,
 And CHRIST appears in clouds of light,
 Amid the hosts of Heaven!

The trumpet sounds, the opening graves
 Obey the dread command,
 And angels force the risen dead
 Around their JUDGE to stand.

Now all who left the world for CHRIST,
 By CHRIST are raised on high;
 Yea, all who lov'd their lowly God,
 And shar'd His poverty.

But lo, the Cross, which once the Jew
 And Gentile dar'd despise,
 The saints' delight, the sinners' scorn,
 Shines brightly in the skies!

That Cross those wicked men behold,
But find no mercy there :
It only serves to seal their fate
And heighten their despair.

LORD, may we never to such guilt,
Or to such downfall come !
Oh, save us from the sinners' path,
And from the sinners' doom !

O future JUDGE, to THY great Name
All glory we afford !
The FATHER, and the HOLY GHOST
Be equally ador'd. Amen.

186 Alas ! which way I turn, I err,
My thoughts are vile within :
Ah ! how shall earth's poor voyager
Escape the paths of sin ?

LORD, I have wandered, and to THEE
Have been a faithless son ;
But, FATHER, still a father be,
And spare THINE erring one.

Through HIS dear love, by WHOM alone
We may THY children be,
And by the sorrows HE hath known
My soul from sorrow free.

And smile, O FATHER, through the gloom
That wraps my suppliant hour,
Nor quench the glowing soul's perfume,
Nor break this drooping flower. Amen.

87 The abyss of many a former sin
Encloses me, and bars me in :
Like billows my transgressions roll :
Be THOU the Pilot of my soul :
And to Salvation's harbour bring,
THOU SAVIOUR and THOU glorious KING!

My FATHER's heritage abused,
Wasted by lust, by sin misused ;
To shame and want and mis'ry brought,
The slave of many a fruitless thought,
I cry to THEE, WHO lovest men,
Oh, pity and receive again !

In hunger now,—no more possess'd
Of that my portion bright and bless'd,
The exile and the alien see
Who yet would fain return to THEE :
And save me, LORD, who seek to raise
To THY dear love the hymn of praise.

With that blest thief my prayer I make,
Remember for THY mercy's sake !
With that poor publican I cry,
Be merciful, O GOD most high !
With that lost prodigal I fain
Back to my home would turn again.

Mourn, mourn, my soul, with utmost care,
And raise to CHRIST the contrite prayer ;
O THOU, WHO freely wast made poor,
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with THY boundless grace.

Amen.

Lux alma, Jesu, mentium.

188 LIGHT of the soul, O SAVIOUR blest!
Soon as THY presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight,

SON of the FATHER, LORD most High,
How glad is he who feels THEE nigh!
How sweet in Heav'n THY beam doth glow,
Denied to eye of flesh below!

O Light of Light celestial!
O Charity ineffable!
Come in THY hidden Majesty,
Fill us with love, fill us with THEE.

To JESUS, from the proud conceal'd,
But evermore to babes reveal'd,
All glory with the FATHER be,
And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen.

189 O say not thou art left of God,
Because HIS tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read: this earth HE trod
To teach thee HE was ever nigh.

HE sees, beneath the fig tree green,
Nathaniel con his sacred lore;
Shouldst thou the closet seek, unseen
HE enters through th' unopen'd door.

And when thou liest, by slumber bound,
Outwearied in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with Saints around,
HE stands above thee through the night.

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
HE joins, although HE holds their eyes;
Or shouldst thou feel some fever's force,
HE takes thy hand, HE bids thee rise.

Or, on a voyage, when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
HE walks the wave, HE wings the sail,
The shore is gain'd, and thou art free.

190 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day HIS sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow ME.

JESUS calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Christian, love ME more.

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still HE calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love ME more than these.

JESUS calls us—by THY mercies,
SAVIOUR, may we hear THY call,
Give our hearts to THY obedience,
Serve and love THEE best of all!

Amen.

191 Alike in happiness or woe,
LORD, may we follow THEE;
And tread the path THYSELF didst go,
Whate'er that path may be!

With earnest zeal 't was THY delight
To do THY FATHER'S Will:
Oh, may such zeal our souls excite,
His Precepts to fulfil!

If in some dark affliction's day
Our path through sorrow run,
May we, like THEE, have grace to say,
"THY Will, O LORD, be done."

In THEE a sacred burning love
In all THY Course did shine;
Oh, may such love within us prove
That we, O LORD, are THINE!

Supported by Almighty Grace,
We'll tread THY Heavenly Road,
And carefully THY Footsteps trace,
Which lead to THINE Abode.

All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to THEE,
While endless ages run. Amen.

192 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then in battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

Hymns of glory and of praise,
FATHER, unto THEE we raise:
HOLY JESU, praise to THEE,
With the SPIRIT, ever be! Amen.

193 O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to THEE;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good LORD, remember me!

When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
THY pardon grant, THY peace impart;
Good LORD, remember me!

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day!
Good LORD, remember me!

If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This body frail should be,
Grant patience, rest, and sure relief ;
Good LORD, remember me !

And oh ! when in the hour of death
I wait THY just decree,
JESU, receive my parting breath ;
Good LORD, remember me ! Amen.

194 "Count not," the LORD'S Apostle saith,
Who knew afflictions' sting,
"The fiery trial of your faith
As an unwonted thing."
Yea, rather CHRIST HIMSELF would teach
His people, ere HE went,
That they were mark'd for grief, by each
'Thrice-blessèd Sacrament.

When we, endued with power on high,
Began to live afresh,
We vowed our wills to mortify,
And crucify the flesh :
To count all earthly gain as loss,
All earthly honour shame ;
And we were strengthen'd with the Cross,
That we might bear the same.

Doth not the Altar call our thought
To HIS expiring Breath ?
The Woes that our salvation bought,
The Love as strong as death !

HIS precious Body makes not whole
Till broken on the wood ;
The Chalice could not cleanse our soul,
Except it were HIS Blood.

A Master suffering on the Tree,
A servant at his ease !
Far, O THOU LORD of Calvary,
Such thoughts and hopes as these !
In us and by us every day
THY holy Will be done,
Till THOU shalt call our soul away,
Eternal THREE IN ONE. Amen.

195

How can I seek THY presence, O my GOD ?
How can I hope that THOU wilt pardon me ?
THOU knowest all the paths of sin I trod,
In my long wandering away from THEE.

I was THY child, THOU madest me THINE own,
The holy sign was marked upon my brow ;
By daily gifts THY Love to me was shown ;
Is there a hope that THOU dost love me now ?

I wearied of the pleasures of THY home,
So freely, fondly given day by day ;
I dreamed it would be happier to roam,
Where I could follow my own wilful way.

I took my health and strength, my powers of mind,
And all I had, which all had come from THEE ;
I thought not of the love I left behind,
I only cared to think that I was free.

Where is the freedom that I thought to win—
The hopes of pleasure that before me shone?
I left my home to be the slave of sin;
True liberty and happiness are gone.

I am in want, I have spent all; and now,
Those wasted years can never more be mine:
My father, I have learned that only THOU
Canst help me from THY store of love divine.

THOU art my only hope. I have no claim
Upon THY mercy; I am so defiled;
But I will dare to call THEE by THY Name;
I am a prodigal, but still THY child.

My FATHER, I have sinned, and now I lie
In bitter shame, and all my sin deplore;
I only long to serve THEE till I die,
And never leave THEE, never pain THEE more.

My Father, for the sake of HIM Who died—
Pardon me—wash me clean from guilty stain,
And let me never wander from THY side,
Or fail in faithfulness and love again. Amen.

196 O wilt THOU pardon, LORD,
A sinner such as I,
Although THY book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye?

So deep are they engraved,
So terrible their fear:
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear?

My soul, make all things known
 To HIM WHO all things sees:
 That so the LAMB may yet atone
 For thine iniquities.

O THOU Physician bless'd,
 Make clean my guilty soul!
 And me, by many a sin oppress'd,
 Restore, and keep me whole!
 I know not how to praise
 THY Mercy and THY Love:
 But deign THY servant to upraise,
 And I shall learn above!

197

SAVIOUR most loving, bending before THEE,
 Sinful and mourning, THY mercy we crave;
 Leave us not hopeless, LORD, we implore THEE;
 THOU hast redeemed us; hear then and save.

Fountain, where sinners find ever flowing.
 Streams that wash all their defilement away;
 To those pure waters thankfully going,
 We would for mercy and cleansing pray.

Gentle Physician, mortal ills healing,
 Bending in love o'er each sin-stricken soul;
 Come, all THY care and goodness revealing,
 Strengthen our weakness and make us whole.

Shepherd most careful, warn us when straying;
 Guide us in paths where THINE own Feet have
 trod;
 Led by THY call, THY dear Voice obeying,
Bring us in peace to the fold of GOD.

Light where the path is shadowed and dreary,
Friend of the hearts that in loneliness pine;
Help of the poor, and strength of the weary,
Where is the love that is like to THINE?

LORD, THOU dost love us, for THY Love sought us,
When we were wandering in deserts alone;
LORD, THOU dost love us, for THY Blood bought
us,

- And THOU wilt never forget THINE own.

LORD, we would trust THEE, doubting THEE never,
Help us in faith on THY word to recline;
LORD, we would love THEE, keep us for ever
Near to that tenderest Heart of THINE.

LORD, we would follow where THOU dost call us,
Patient in sorrow and valiant in fight;
May we be true whatever befall us,
Journeying on to the land of light!

There, LORD, with gladness laying before THEE
Each heavy cross we have carried so long;
Crown'd with THY blessing we shall adore THEE,
Singing for ever the triumph song. Amen.

198

HOLY JESU! I have crowned THEE
With a crown of piercing thorn,
And have stood with those around THEE
WHO have loaded THEE with scorn.

Oh! how oft with sin I've scourged THEE,
Buffeted THY sacred Face!
Up dark Calvary's hill I've urged THEE
To THY death of deep disgrace.

I have made the Blood flow streaming
From THY sacred Hands and Feet;
No one act of love redeeming
All my cruelty complete.

I have nailed THEE, faint and bleeding,
To the Tree, the shameful Tree,
All THY Pangs and Woes unheeding,
Pitying not THY Misery.

JESU! grant me true contrition
For these bitter sins of mine;
Tears that know no intermission,
Penitence, and grace divine.

Give me, LORD, THINE absolution
From the sins I now deplore,
And the steadfast resolution
Never to offend THEE more.

By THY Cross, THY bitter Passion,
By THY Suff'rings all for me,
By THY great, THY sweet Compassion,
Hear, O LORD, my litany. Amen.

[99 Before the door of every heart
Oppressed with sin and care,
A loving SAVIOUR stands and knocks,
Entreating entrance there.

The frost has chill'd those bleeding W
That tell us of HIS Love,
All borne that we might dwell with H
In happy homes above.

How weary are those tender Feet!
How sad that loving Face!
How numbed those Hands that long
Us in a fond embrace!

O heart of mine, and can'st thou bid
THY loving SAVIOUR wait
Mid winter's cold and frost and snow,
Still knocking at thy gate?

O open wide the door to HIM,
A lodging sweet prepare.

200 Pilgrim, are you heavy laden?
Is your pathway dreary?
Has the long and rugged road
Made you sad and weary?
Lean on JESUS, lean on JESUS,
From your load HE'll free you;
To your toilsome journey's end
Safely HE will see you.

Do the winds blow bleak and chilly?
Do the storm-clouds lower?
Is your path beset with foes,
Mighty in their power?—
Trust in JESUS, trust in JESUS,
See! HE stands beside you,
With HIS Arm outstretched to save:
How can harm betide you?

Are the friends you loved so truly,
Friends, alas! no longer,
When their love should deeper be,
Truer still and stronger?—
JESUS loves you, JESUS loves you,
And HE longs to take you
To that sacred Heart of HIS;
HE will not forsake you.

Fear not, halt not, faithful pilgrim;
JESUS doth befriend you;
And, by loving angel guards,
Will from harm defend you.
When the toilsome march is over,
Then come rest and gladness,
With an end to pain and toil,
Trial, woe, and sadness.

201

Still as our days, our strength shall be,
While still, good LORD, we trust in THEE;
While on THY promise we depend,
Our Saviour, Brother, Father, Friend,
Our great High Priest, to WHOM were known
Temptations, troubles, like our own;
Who can be touch'd with mortal care,
For THOU didst all our sorrows bear.

O LAMB of God, the world on THEE
Hath laid her deep infirmity;
And in the Cross that weigh'd THEE down,
The bitter scourge, the thorny crown,
THOU all her griefs and all her fears
Didst bear, through all THINE earthly years,
The GUILTLESS for the guilty one,
For man the EVERLASTING SON.

O SAVIOUR mine, how great the Love
That brought THEE from THY Throne above;
That Love what Seraph's lyre can tell?
That wondrous Love, unspeakable!
So infinite, so all divine,
Unlike all other love but THINE!
Like none, O JESU, none but THEE,
THOU bleeding LAMB of Calvary!

Give me, THOU glorious LAMB of GOD,
Daily to walk where THOU hast trod,
And in adoring rapture grow,
As in THY lowly steps I go.

Give me to ponder, more and more,
THY word's and THY example's lore:
That walking here, my GOD, with THEE,
Still as my days my strength may be. Amen

202

Whence shall my tears begin ?
What fresh fruits shall I bear
Of earnest sorrow for my sin ?
Or how my woes declare ?
O THOU, the merciful and gracious One,
Forgive the foul transgressions I have done.
If Adam's righteous doom,
Because he dared transgress
THY one decree, lost Eden's bloom
And Eden's loveliness ;
What recompense, O LORD, may I expect,
Who all my life THY quickening laws neglect ?
My guilt for vengeance cries ;
But yet THOU pardonest all,
And whom THOU lov'st THOU dost chastise,
And mourn'st for them that fall :
THOU, as a Father, mark'st our tears and pain,
And welcomest the prodigal again.
I lie before THY door,
Oh, turn me not away !
Nor in mine old age give me o'er
To Satan for a prey !
But ere the end of life and term of grace,
THOU Merciful, my many sins efface !
The Priest beheld, and pass'd
The way he had to go ;
A careless glance the Levite cast,
And left me in my woe :
But THOU, O JESU, Mary's SON, console,
Draw nigh and succour me, and make me whole.

THOU, spotless LAMB divine,
 WHO takest sins away,
 Remove, remove, the load that mine
 Upon my conscience lay:
 And of THY tender mercy, grant THOU
 To find remission of iniquity. Amen.

203 Star of the soul, my SAVIOUR'S Cross
 No cloud THY glorious light can h
 THOU shin'st unshaken, while I toss,
 In darkest night, o'er billows wide.
 I look to THEE, I look to THEE,
 Whatever gulfs would overwhelm,
 And THY unclouded Presence see
 Above the storm, and o'er the helm

Star of the soul, my SAVIOUR'S Cross,
 Which from the deep baptismal wa
 I saw arise, when all at loss
 Repentance found nought else to s:
 Oh! seen by faith at such an hour,
 My only hope, my only guide,
 Star of the soul, how blest the power
 That set THEE o'er life's raging tid

Star of the soul, in storms of fear
 That in my heart their tumult keep
 O Cross of CHRIST! THOU still art n
 In mercy beaming o'er the deep.
 Though sin its bitter waters toss,
 Unbrighten'd by a hope beside,
 Star of the soul, my SAVIOUR'S Cross,
 No cloud THY glorious light can h

104 JESU, Name all names above,
 JESU, best and dearest,
 JESU, Fount of perfect love;
 Holiest, tenderest, nearest:
 JESU, Source of grace completest,
 JESU purest, JESU sweetest,
 JESU, Well of power Divine,
 Make me, keep me, seal me THINE!

JESU, open me the gate
 That of old he entered,
 Who, in that most lost estate,
 Wholly on THEE ventured;
 THOU, WHOSE Wounds are ever pleading,
 And THY Passion interceding,
 From my misery let me rise
 To a home in Paradise!

THOU didst call the prodigal:
 THOU didst pardon Mary:
 THOU WHOSE words can never fall,
 Love can never vary:
 LORD, to heal my lost condition,
 Give—for THOU canst give—contrition;
 THOU canst pardon all mine ill,
 If THOU wilt: O say, “I will!”

Woe, that I have turned aside
 After fleshly pleasure!
 Woe, that I have never tried
 For the heavenly Treasure!
 Treasure, safe in homes supernal!
 Incorruptible, eternal!
 Treasure no less price hath won
 Than the Passion of the SON!

JESU, crowned with thorns for me,
 Scourged for my transgression,
 Witnessing, through agony,
 That THY good confession!
 JESU, clad in purple raiment,
 For my evils making payment;
 Let not all THY woe and pain,
 Let not Calvary, be in vain!

When I reach Death's bitter sea,
 And its waves roll higher,
 Help the more forsaking me
 As the storm draws nigher:
 JESU, leave me not to languish,
 Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish!
 Tell me—"Verily I say,
 Thou shalt be with ME to-day." Amen.

205 JESU, in the manger born,
 'Mid the stabled herd forlorn:
 JESU, once a babe at rest
 On THY Virgin Mother's breast;
 JESU, with THY sacred Head
 Pillowed where the oxen fed;
 JESU, SAVIOUR, look on me,
 Born in dreary earth like THEE.
 Miserere, Domine.*

JESU, in the temple shown
 By THY Mother, poor and lone;
 JESU, Child of fears and loves,
 With the bleeding turtle-doves;

* LORD, have mercy.

JESU, in a father's arms
Borne from Herod's vain alarms ;
JESU, SAVIOUR, look on me,
By THINE early misery.

Miserere, Domine.

JESU, with the shelly bowl
Sprinkling o'er THY stainless Soul ;
JESU, LAMB of GOD, for aye,
Bearing all our sins away ;
JESU, up the mountain led,
Where the howling beasts are bred ;
JESU, tempted once like me,
Give me too THY victory.

Miserere, Domine.

JESU, by THY Power Divine
Changing water into wine ;
JESU, giving life again
To the widow's son at Nain ;
JESU, man's own brother prov'd,
Weeping for THY friend belov'd ;
JESU, let my worship be,
Mary's spikenard box to THEE.

Miserere, Domine.

JESU, in that solemn hall,
Holding love's last festival ;
JESU, in the garden lone,
Where the Paschal moonbeams shone ;
JESU, pouring out THY breath,
Soul and Spirit unto death ;
JESU, SAVIOUR, pity me
When I cannot watch with THEE.

Miserere, Domine.

JESU, in the purple weed,
 Thorny crown, and scornful reed ;
 JESU, fainting on the way,
 'Neath the Cross that on THEE lay ;
 JESU, with THY tender Eye
 Straining for its hour to die ;
 JESU, bid THY servant be
 Yet in Paradise with THEE.
 Miserere, Domine.

JESU, scarred but strong to save,
 Rising deathless from the grave ;
 JESU, in the garden seen
 By adoring Magdalene ;
 JESU, going up on high,
 Leading THY Captivity ;
 JESU, SAVIOUR, let me be
 Evermore in Heaven with THEE.
 Miserere, Domine.

206 O perfect GOD and perfect Man,
 'Tis not for us to know
 How THY pure Soul and Body felt
 Temptation, pain, and woe.

Our faith is weak ; O LIGHT of light,
 Clear THOU our clouded view,
 That, SON of Man and SON of GOD,
 We give THEE honour due.

O SON of Man, THYSELF hast proved
 Our trials and our tears,
 Life's thankless toil and scant repose,
 Death's agonies and fears.

Incarnate GOD, in glory raised
THOU sittest on THY Throne,
Thence by THY pleadings and THY grace,
Still succouring THINE own.

207 ROCK OF AGES, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in THEE;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From THY wounded Side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil THY law's demands;
Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
THOU must save, and THOU alone.

In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to THY Cross I cling:
Naked, come to THEE for dress:
Helpless, look to THEE for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly:
Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes are closed in death,
When I wake in worlds unknown,
See THEE on THY judgment throne,
ROCK OF AGES, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in THEE.

208 JESUS, LORD, we kneel before THEE,
Bend from Heaven THY gracious Ear,
While our waiting souls adore THEE,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
By THY mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD!

Taught by THINE unerring SPIRIT,
Boldly we draw nigh to GOD,
Only in THY spotless Merit,
Only through THY precious Blood :
By THY mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD!

From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By THY mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD!

When Temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By THY mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD!

In the weary night of sickness,
In the throes of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By THY mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD!

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls on THEE relying,
Find THEE still our hope and stay!
By THY mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD!

JESU, may THY promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford!
May we, now THY Love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise THEE,
THEE, our ever glorious LORD!

209 When our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious SON of Mary, hear.

THOU our throbbing flesh hast worn,
THOU our mortal griefs hast borne,
THOU hast shed the human tear:
Gracious SON of Mary, hear.

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious SON of Mary, hear.

THOU hast bow'd the dying Head,
THOU the Blood of life hast shed,
THOU hast fill'd a mortal bier:
Gracious SON of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious SON of Mary, hear.

THOU the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not THINE own,
THOU hast deign'd their load to bear;
Gracious SON of Mary, hear. Amen.

210 LORD, have mercy, and remove us
Early to THY place of rest,
Where the Heavens are calm above us
And as calm each sainted breast.

HOLIEST, hear us: by the anguish
On the Cross THOU didst endure,
Let no more our sad hearts languish
In this weary world obscure.

GRACIOUS—yet if our repentance
Be not perfect and sincere,
LORD, suspend THY fatal sentence,
Leave us still in sadness here.

Leave us, SAVIOUR, till our spirit
From each earthly taint is free,
Fit THY kingdom to inherit,
Fit to take its rest with THEE.

211 ETERNAL GOD, we look to THEE,
To THEE for help we fly;
Thine Eye alone our wants can see,
THY Hand alone supply.

LORD, let THY fear within us dwell,
THY love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel,
That fear all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let THY Grace supply:
The good unasked in mercy grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

This Grace on THY redeemed confer,
FATHER, co-equal SON,
And HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER,
Eternal THREE in ONE. Amen.

112 LORD, have mercy when we strive
To save, through THEE, our souls alive!
When the pamper'd flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long,
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherish'd sin,
And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
Oh! then have mercy, LORD.

LORD, have mercy, when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill;
When all other hope is gone,
When our course is almost done,
When the dim, advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come,
Oh! then have mercy, LORD.

And our sadden'd spirits dwell
On the open gates of hell,
Oh! then have mercy LORD. A

213

LORD, when we bend before THY Th
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore :
Our humbled spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a healing ray from THEE
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign,
And not a wish our bosoms share
That is not wholly THINE.
In meek submission to THY will
Let every prayer arise :

214

Where high the Heavenly Temple stands,
The House of GOD, not made with hands,
A Great HIGH PRIEST our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

HE WHO for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Our SAVIOUR still, in Heaven above,
Pursues his mighty work of love.

The Same That suffer'd here below
Feels sympathy with human woe,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His prayers, His agonies.

In ev'ry pang that rends the heart
The MAN OF SORROWS had a part;
Touch'd with the feeling of our grief,
HE to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the Throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And seek the aid of Heavenly Power
To aid us in the evil hour.

Praise we the FATHER; praise the SON,
Our woes and weakness WHO hath known;
Let equal praise to SPIRIT Bless'd
By men and angels be address'd. Amen.

215 LIGHT of the anxious heart,
JESUS, THY suplicants cheer,
Bid THOU the gloom of guilt depart,
And shed THY sweetness here.

Happy the man whose breast
THOU makest THINE abode ;
Sweet light that with the pure will rest,
For they shall see their GOD.

BRIGHTNESS of GOD above,
LIGHT of the world below,
Within our hearts implant THY love,
That we that love may know.

To lowly minds revealed,
Our SAVIOUR we adore,
Like tribute to the FATHER yield,
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

216 LORD, be our Guardian and our Guide,
And hear us when we call ;
Let not our slippery footsteps slide,
Uphold us lest we fall.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path we tread ;
Oh, save us from the snares of hell,
THOU Quickener of the dead !

And if we tempted are to sin,
If outward things are strong,
Do THOU, O LORD, keep watch within,
And shield our souls from wrong.

Still let us ever watch and pray,
And feel that we are frail ;
That if the Tempter cross our way,
He never may prevail. Amen.

217 Rest of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
SAVIOUR and Friend;
Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
SAVIOUR and Friend;
When my feet stumble,
I 'll to THEE cry;
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high,
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
SAVIOUR and Friend.
Ever confessing
THEE, I will raise
Unto THEE blessing,
Glory and praise;
All my endeavour,
World without end,
THINE to be ever,
SAVIOUR and Friend. Amen.

218 FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.
We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to THEE,
Our FATHER, and our GOD.

If called, like Abraham's child, to clim
The hill of sacrifice,
Some Angel may be there in time—
Deliverance shall arise.
Or if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

CHRIST by no flowery pathway came,
And we, HIS followers here,
Must do THY Will, and praise THY Name
In hope, and love, and fear.
And till in Heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, now
Accept our feeble praise. Amen.

219 JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to THY Bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:

Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on THEE ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on THEE is stayed,
 All my help from THEE I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of THY wing. Amen.

220 O HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of Grace,
 Eternal Fount of Love,
 Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
 With fire from Heaven above.

As THOU in bond of love dost join
 The FATHER and the SON,
 So fill us all with mutual love,
 And knit our hearts in one.

All glory to the FATHER be,
 All glory to the SON,
 All glory to the HOLY GHOST,
 While endless ages run. Amen.

221 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labours have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my SAVIOUR stand;
And all I love in CHRIST below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O CHRIST, do THOU my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see THEE and adore,
With all THY saints above. Amen.

222 My GOD, how wonderful THOU art,
THY majesty how bright,
How beautiful THY mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.

How dread are THINE eternal years,
O everlasting LORD;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of THEE must be,
THINE endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

Oh, I would fear THEE, Living GOD,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship THEE with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

And yet would love THEE too, O LORD,
Almighty as THOU art,
For THOU hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like THEE,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as THOU hast done
With me THY sinful child.

FATHER of JESUS, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before THY Throne to lie,
And ever gaze on THEE! Amen.

223

O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness !
Bow down before HIM, HIS glory proclaim,
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore HIM: the LORD is HIS name.

Low at HIS feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
High on HIS Heart HE will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerful-
ness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter HIS courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou would'st reckon as
thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness—
These are the offerings to lay on HIS shrine.

These, though we bring them in trembling and
fearfulness,
HE will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling and hope for our fear.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before HIM, HIS glory proclaim,
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore HIM, the LORD is HIS Name!
Amen.

224 LORD, as to THY dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let THY life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like THEE, to do our FATHER's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as THINE.

If joy shall at THY bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
" FATHER, THY will be done."

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven ;
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow THEE to Heaven ! Amen.

225

O Cross, which only canst allay
The fear by night, the storm by day,
Beneath thine arms what happy rest
For all the faint, the sore-distrest !

No more the tree accurs'd, abhorr'd,
Since hung on thee Creation's LORD :
How bright, how fair thy branches shine,
Sweet throne of Mary's CHILD Divine !

Joy of the Saints, and chiefest good
Abide in thee, transcendent Wood :
Stained with the Blood of GOD, thy peer
Not Lebanon itself can rear.

JESU, THINE Arms on that dear Tree
Were spread abroad for love of me ;
There THOU didst bear disgrace and thirst,
That so the last should be the first :

That so the last, through Adam's sin,
Be first, through THEE, to enter in
Where daily THINE own feast is kept,
And souls by chastisement are swept.

All praise to JESUS CHRIST be done,
With FATHER and with SPIRIT One ;
He by HIS Cross vouchsafe us grace
To gain the Crown, to see HIS face. Amen.

226 Glory be to JESUS,
WHO, in bitter pains,
Poured for us the Life-blood
From HIS sacred Veins !

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood we find,
Bless'd be HIS compassion
Infinitely kind.

Bless'd through endless ages
Be the precious Stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem !

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the Blood of JESUS
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan, in confusion,
Terror-struck departs ;

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

227

LAMB without spot, to THEE we kneel,
Before THY Throne of grace low bending;
Man art THOU, and for man canst feel;
In mercy to our cry attending,
Grant us THY peace.

When sorrow bends the spirit down,
From earthly hope and solace turning,
Though the hard world upon us frown,
In pity o'er THY children yearning,
Grant us THY peace.

When conscience wrings the anguished heart,
Vainly in grief and fear lamenting,
What hand but THINE can heal the smart?
In THY long-suffering love relenting,
Grant us THY peace.

When those whom most we cherish here,
At the cold touch of Death are shrinking;
Let Faith, with vision bright and clear,
View in THINE arms her loved ones sinking:
Grant us THY peace.

And when our last dread hour draws nigh,
And life's bright day-beam fast is paling,
SAVIOUR, receive the parting sigh—
When life and eye and heart are failing,
Grant us THY peace. Amen.

228 I need THEE, precious JESU,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The Blood of CHRIST most Precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need THEE, blessèd JESU,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of JESUS,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need THEE, blessèd JESU,
I need a friend like THEE;
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the Heart of JESUS
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

I need THEE, blessèd JESU,
And hope to see THEE soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on THY Throne!
There, with THY Blood-bought children
My joy shall ever be,
To sing THY praise, LORD JESU,
To gaze, my LORD, on THEE. Amen.

229 SOUL of JESUS, make me pure,
Flesh of JESUS, be my cure,
Fill me, O most precious Blood,
Wash me, O Thou mingled Flood,
Let THY Passion banish fear,
And my prayer, sweet SAVIOUR, hear.

In THY Wounds O let me hide,
Keep me ever by THY Side,
Save me from the foeman's power,
Call me in death's bitter hour,
Bid me come, and praising THEE
Ever with THY bless'd ones be. Amen.

230 Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my FATHER's Breast,
Fainting I cry, Bless'd SPIRIT, come
And speed me to my rest.

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee, I press—
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

GOD of my life, be near,
On THEE my hopes I cast,
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

231

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive THY Church's supplication,
LORD GOD Almighty.

See round THINE ark the hungry billows curling,
See how THY foes their banners are unfurling,
LORD, while their darts envenom'd they are
hurling,
THOU canst preserve us.

LORD, THOU canst help when earthly armour
faileth,
LORD, THOU canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
LORD, o'er THY Rock nor death nor hell pre-
vaileth.

Grant us THY peace, LORD.

Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in THY Church, where brothers are
engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
Send us, O SAVIOUR.

Grant us THY help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them THY truth that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, or, after we have striven,
Peace in THY Heaven. Amen.

232 Praise, my soul, the KING of Heaven,
To HIS Feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore HIS praises sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting KING.

Praise HIM for HIS grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise HIM still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in HIS faithfulness.

Father-like, HE tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame HE knows;
In HIS hands HE gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

Angels, in the height adore HIM!
Ye behold HIM face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before HIM!
Gathered in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the GOD of grace.

Amen.

233 Praise the LORD! ye Heavens adore HIM;
Praise HIM, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before HIM;
Praise HIM, all ye stars and light.

Praise the LORD! for HE hath spoken:
Worlds HIS mighty Voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance HE hath made.

Praise the LORD! for HE is glorious;
Never shall HIS Promise fail;
CHRIST hath made HIS Saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the GOD of our salvation;
Hosts on high, HIS Power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify HIS Name.

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
LORD, we offer to THY Name;
Young and old, THY praise expressing,
Join the SAVIOUR to proclaim.

As THY Saints in Heaven adore THEE,
We would bow before THY Throne;
As THINE Angels serve before THEE,
So on earth THY Will be done. Amen.

234 Soldiers of the Cross, arise,
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky,
Let it float there wide unfurl'd,
Bear it onward, lift it high.

'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the SAVIOUR's herald go,
Let the voice of Hope be heard.
Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry Truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the Saving Sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.
Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort trouble, banish grief;
With the SPIRIT's sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurl'd,
Bear it bravely still abroad;
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the LORD.
Praise with songs of holy glee,
Saints of earth and heavenly Host,
Godhead One in Persons Three,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Amen.

235 Hail the sign, the sign of JESUS,
Bright and royal Tree !
Standard of the Monarch, planted
First on Calvary !
Hail the sign all signs excelling,
Hail the sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the sign hell's power quelling,
Cross of CHRIST, all hail !

Lo, the Cross of CHRIST, my Master,
On my brow I trace ;
May it keep my mind unsullied,
Doubt and fear displace.
Hail the sign, &c.

Lo, upon my lips I mark it,
Sign of JESUS slain ;
Christian lips should never utter
Words impure or vain.
Hail the sign, &c.

Lo, I sign the Cross of JESUS
Meekly on my breast ;
May it guard my heart when living,
Dying, be its rest.
Hail the sign, &c.

In the Name of GOD the FATHER,
Name of GOD the SON,
Name of GOD the Blessèd SPIRIT,
Ever THREE in ONE,
Hail the sign, &c. Amen.

236 O JESU, THOU art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear,
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep HIM standing there.

O JESU, THOU art knocking:
And lo! that Hand is scarr'd,
And thorns THY Brow encircle,
And tears THY Face have marr'd:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
Oh sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

O JESU, THOU art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat ME so?"
O LORD, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear SAVIOUR, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.

237 As through this wilderness I stray,
Be THOU my Light, be THOU my Way;
No foes, no evil need I fear,
If THOU, my LORD, my GOD, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my strength in hours of woe,
SAVIOUR, THY timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Teach me, where'er THY steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, to follow THEE;
O let THY Hand support me still,
And lead me to THY holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace. Amen.

- 238 Weary souls that wander wide
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to JESUS crucified,
 Fly to those dear Wounds of HIS,
 Sink into the purple Flood,
 Rise unto the life of GOD;
 Find in CHRIST the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown;
 By HIS pain HE gives you ease,
 Life by HIS expiring groan:
 Rise, exalted by HIS fall:
 Find in CHRIST your all in all.
 O believe the record true,
 GOD to you HIS SON hath given!
 Ye may now be happy too;
 Find on earth the life of Heaven:
 Live the life of Heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.

This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
GOD's first gracious promise this,
GOD's great gift to all mankind;
Bless'd in CHRIST your SAVIOUR be;
Bless'd to all eternity!

239

O come to the merciful SAVIOUR that calls you,
O come to the LORD WHO forgives and forgets!
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls
you,
There's a bright home above where the sun
never sets.

O come, then, to JESUS, WHOSE Arms are ex-
tended
To fold HIS dear children in closest embrace:
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And JESUS will show you HIS heavenly Face.

Then come to your SAVIOUR, WHOSE Mercy
grows brighter
The longer you look at the depth of HIS Love:
And fear not! 'tis JESUS, and life's cares grow
lighter
As you think of your home and the glory
above.

Have you sinned as none else in the world have
before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in
guilt?

O fear not! O fear not! the mother that bore
you
Loves you less than the SAVIOUR WHOSE Blood
you have spilt.

O come, then, to JESUS, and say how you love
HIM,
And ask HIM to keep you henceforth in His
grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move
HIM,
And your sins will drop off in His tender
embrace.

Then come to His Feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our LORD to be true to His
Name.

O come, then, to JESUS, and drink of His foun-
tains,
For who has not need of His mercy and love:
Believe me that earth's fairest valleys and moun-
tains
Are dull to the land that awaits you above.

240 O JESU, LORD of Truth and Grace,
A penitent to THEE I come:
Upon me turn THY loving Face,
A prodigal now welcome home.
Out of the deep I call to THEE:
LORD, in THY pity, succour me.

Despair has almost taken hold
 Of my weak heart, worn down with sin :
 A wandering sheep without the fold—
 O LORD, come forth and take me in.
 Out of the deep, &c.

Much have I err'd and gone astray,
 All heedless of THY warning Voice ;
 I've left the strait and narrow way,
 The world's broad path has been my
 choice.
 Out of the deep, &c.

For now, good LORD, once more THY Face
 I fain would seek with contrite heart :
 In mercy grant THY pardoning grace,
 And penitence sincere impart.
 Out of the deep, &c. Amen.

241 Cling to the MIGHTY ONE—
 Cling in thy grief ;
 Cling to the HOLY ONE,
 HE gives relief ;
 Cling to the GRACIOUS ONE—
 Cling in thy pain ;
 Cling to the FAITHFUL ONE,
 HE will sustain.

Cling to the LIVING ONE—
 Cling in thy woe ;
 Cling to the LOVING ONE,
 Through all below ;

Cling to the PARDONING ONE,
HE speaketh peace!
Cling to the HEALING ONE,
Anguish shall cease.

Cling to the BLEEDING ONE—
Cling to HIS Side;
Cling to the RISEN ONE,
In HIM abide.
Cling to the COMING ONE,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the REIGNING ONE,
Joy lights thine eyes.

242 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
“Come to ME,” saith ONE, “and coming,
Be at rest.”

Hath HE marks to lead me to HIM,
If HE be my Guide?
“In HIS Feet and Hands are Woundprints
And HIS Side.”

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That HIS Brow adorns?
“Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of Thorns!”

If I find HIM, if I follow,
What HIS wages here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to HIM,
 What hath HE at last ?
 “ Sorrow vanquished, labour ending,
 Jordan past ! ”

If I ask HIM to receive me,
 Will HE say me Nay ?
 “ Not till earth, and not till Heaven
 Pass away ! ”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is HE sure to bless ?
 “ Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
 Answer, Yes ! ”

243 Nearer, my GOD, to THEE,
 Nearer to THEE;
 E'en though it be a Cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my GOD, to THEE,
 Nearer to THEE.

Though, like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone:
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my GOD, to THEE,
 Nearer to THEE.

There let my way appear
Steps unto Heaven,
All that THOU sendest me
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my GOD, to THEE,
Nearer to THEE.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with THY praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my GOD, to THEE,
Nearer to THEE. Amen.

244 Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around ?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss ;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin ?
Christian, never tremble ;
Never be down-cast ;
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten fast.

Christian, dost thou hear them,
 How they speak thee fair?
 "Always fast and vigil?
 Always watch and prayer?"
 Christian, answer boldly,
 "While I breathe I pray:"
 Peace shall follow battle,
 Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
 O My servant true;
 Thou art very weary,
 I was weary too;
 But that toil shall make thee
 Some day all MINE own,
 And the end of sorrow
 Shall be near My Throne." Amen.

NOTE.—This Hymn ought to have been inserted amongst those for Lent.

245 When at THY footstool, LORD, I bend
 And plead with THEE for mercy there,
 Think of the sinners' dying Friend,
 And for HIS sake receive my prayer.

O think not of my shame and guilt,
 My thousand stains of deepest dye;
 Think of the Blood which JESUS spilt,
 And let that Blood my pardon buy.

Think, LORD, how I am still THINE own,
 The trembling creature of THY Hand;
 Think how my heart to sin is prone,
 And what temptations round me stand.

O think upon THY holy word,
And every plighted promise there ;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how THY glory is to spare.

O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with THY grace divine ;
Think upon JESUS' woes and tears,
And let HIS Merits stand for mine.

THINE Eye, THINE Ear, they are not dull ;
THINE Arm can never shortened be ;
Behold me here ; my heart is full ;
Behold, and spare and succour me. Amen.

246

LORD JESUS CHRIST, true Man and GOD,
WHO borest anguish, scorn, the rod,
And died'st at last upon the tree
To bring THY FATHER'S grace to me ;
I pray THEE, through that bitter woe
Let me, a sinner, mercy know.

When comes the time of failing breath,
And I must wrestle, LORD, with death,
Then come, LORD JESUS, come with speed,
And help me in my hour of need ;
Lead me from this dark vale below,
And shorten THOU my pangs and woe.

All evil spirits drive away,
But let THY SPIRIT with me stay
Until my soul the body leave ;
Then in THY Hands my soul receive,
And let the earth my body keep
Till the last day shall break its sleep.

Joyful my resurrection be,
THOU in the Judgment plead for me,
And hide my sins, LORD, from THY Face,
And give me life, of THY dear grace!
I trust THEE utterly, my LORD,
For THOU hast promised in THY word.

Dear LORD, forgive me all my guilt,
Help me to wait until THOU wilt
That I depart; and let my faith
Be strong, and conquer e'en in death,
Firm resting on THY sacred word,
Until I sleep in THEE, my LORD.

247 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, &c.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where JESUS is,
To feel, to see HIM near:
Where loyal hearts, &c.

O Paradise! O Paradise!

I want to sin no more!

I want to be as pure on earth

As on thy spotless shore:

Where loyal hearts, &c.

O Paradise! O Paradise!

I greatly long to see

The special house my dearest LORD

Is furnishing for me:

Where loyal hearts, &c.

O Paradise! O Paradise!

I feel 'twill not be long;

Patience! I almost think I hear

Faint fragments of thy song:

Where loyal hearts, &c.

LORD JESU, KING of Paradise,

O keep me in THY love,

And guide me to that happy land

Of perfect rest above;

Where loyal hearts, and true,

Stand ever in the light,

All rapture, through and through,

In GOD's most holy sight. Amen.

248

Hark! hark my soul, angelic songs are swelling,
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave
beat shore,

How sweet the truth, those blessed strains are
telling,

Of that new life, where sin shall be no more.

Angels of JESUS! angels of light,

Singing to welcome, the pilgrims of the night.

Darker than night life's shadows close around us,
And like benighted men we miss our mark:
GOD hides HIMSELF, and grace has scarcely found
us,
Ere Death cuts off his victims in the dark.
Angels of JESUS, &c.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of JESUS sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind shepherd turn their weary steps to THEE.
Angels of JESUS, &c.

Rest comes at last, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be
past,
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come
at last.
Angels of JESUS, &c.

Cheer up, my soul! Faith's moonbeams softly
glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for
thee.
Angels of JESUS, &c.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with
weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of JESUS, &c. Amen.

249

'Tis but a film of flesh divides
Us from the Heavenly Place ;
'Tis Heaven to be where GOD resides,
And see HIM face to face.
Our GOD is everywhere around ;
But while we sojourn here,
Thick mists from earth the sense confound
And Heaven may not appear.
But could we lay the body by,
And wash our eye-sight clean,
Then look into the boundless sky,
How different 'twould be seen!
Where now is void and silent space
Were full and vocal then ;
Its habitants a heavenly race,
Though once our brother men.
Our brethren once, our brethren now,
Still knit by holy love ;
We praise and serve HIM here below,
They praise and serve above.

250

The saints on earth, and those above
But one communion make :
Joined to their LORD in bonds of love,
All of HIS Grace partake.
One Family, we dwell in HIM,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One Army of the Living GOD,
To HIS Command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
E'en now to their Eternal Home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

JESU, be THOU our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to Heaven. Amen.

251

Oh! who can tell what joys shall make
The peace, the bliss, the love of Heaven?
LORD, in THY Likeness let me wake
And rise in all THY Light, forgiven!
Else darker than this dreary earth
Our long undying years shall be:
And who shall bear his second birth
To worse than Time—Eternity?

LORD, in THY Likeness let me wake;
So shall my soul be satisfied
When from the mouldering tomb I break,
And see in clouds the LAMB THAT died.
As roamed the dove the deluge dark,
My spirit roams life's troubled sea;
But THOU shalt be the wanderer's Ark,
Who knows no rest till home with THEE. Amen.

252 The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The JUDGE is at the gate ;
The JUDGE WHO comes in mercy,
The JUDGE WHO comes with might,
WHO comes to end the evil,
WHO comes to crown the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

O home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn !
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around.

O happy, holy portion,
Refecation for the bless'd,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distress'd !
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of GOD's elect!
 O sweet and blessèd country
 Which eager hearts expect!
 JESU, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 WHO art, with GOD the FATHER,
 And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

253 The Church's one foundation
 Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD;
 She is HIS new creation
 By Water and the Word:
 From Heaven HE came and sought her
 To be HIS holy Bride,
 With HIS own Blood HE bought her,
 And for her life HE died.

She is from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One LORD, one Faith, one Birth;
 One holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy Food,
 And to one hope she presses
 With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore opprest,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest,

Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With GOD the THREE in ONE,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
LORD, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with THEE. Amen.

Hic breve vivitur.

254 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there*.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

And now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :

'Midst power that knows no limit
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the saints around :

There GOD our King and Portion,
In fulness of HIS grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

255 Jerusalem, thou city
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessèd are the people
That dwell within thy walls!

Thou art the golden Mansion
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of GOD's own chosen,
The palace of the KING.

There GOD for ever sitteth
HIMSELF of all the Crown ;
The LAMB the Light that shineth
And never goeth down.

Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest ;
They sing their GOD for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

Hither calm hope doth lead us,
Hither all longings tend ;
No short-lived toil shall daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

To CHRIST the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below,
To FATHER and to SPIRIT,
All things created bow.

256 Jerusalem the golden !
With milk and honey bless'd,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and mind oppress'd.

I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare !

And when I fain would sing them
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.

There is the Throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they beneath their LEADER
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The joy of the elect,
O dear and future vision
Which eager hearts expect,

E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled
And strive and pant and yearn:

And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain;
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

O Land that seest no sorrow!
O State that fear'st no strife!
O princely bowers! O Land of flowers!
O realm and Home of Life!

(FOR CLOSE OF EVENING WORSHIP.)

257

SAVIOUR, again to THY dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless THEE ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait THY word of peace.

Grant us THY peace, upon our homeward way;
With THEE began, with THEE shall end the day;
Guard THOU the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in *this* house have called upon THY Name.

Grant us THY peace, LORD, through the c
night,

Turn THOU for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep THY childrer
For dark and light are both alike to THEE

Grant us THY peace throughout our earth
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife
Then, when THY voice shall bid our conflict
Call us, O LORD, to THINE eternal peace.

258

(FIRST SUNDAY.)

SAVIOUR of men, our Hope and Rest,
As round the yearly seasons run,
Train'd by THY Church, each solemn fe
We hail THEE, GOD'S INCARNATE SOI

Week after week, THY Advent told,
At length we hail THEE Virgin-born,
While Angels to the Shepherds' fold
Announce with chaunts Redempti
morn.

When guided by THY new-form'd Star,
Their gifts the Eastern sages bring,
In THEE, the Gentiles' Light from far,
We hail Judea's promis'd King.

We hail THEE, to the Temple brought,
The Temple's glory and its LORD :
THY conflict in the desert fought,
We hail THEE King o'er fiends abhor'd

Dark scenes of sorrow come: and lo!

In Salem's courts, in Kedron's vale,
On that sad hill of shame and woe,
THEE Sufferer for our sins we hail.

Loos'd from the tomb that held THEE dead,
Ascended to THY seat on high
And thence THY HOLY SPIRIT shed,
We hail THEE crown'd with majesty.

All hail, O SAVIOUR! as we store
THY acts in mind, each solemn feast,
Still more we love THEE, and adore
In THEE the FATHER'S Form express'd. Amen.

259

We saw THEE not when THOU didst come,
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld THY cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth:
But we believe THY footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, THOU SON of GOD.

We saw THEE not when thou didst tread,
In mortal guise this sinful earth,
Nor heard THY voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth:
But we believe that THOU didst come
And leave for us THY glorious Home.

We were not with THEE on the wave,
When THOU the stormy sea didst bind,
Nor saw the health THY blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind:
*But we believe the FOUNT of light
Could give the darken'd eye-ball sight.*

We did not see THEE lifted high,
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard THY meek imploring cry,
“Forgive, they know not what they do:”
Yet we believe this deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the Sun.

We stood not by the empty Tomb,
Where late THY sacred Body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met THEE in the open way:
But we believe that Angels said
“Why seek the Living ’midst the dead?”

We did not mark the chosen few,
When THOU didst through the clouds ascend
First lift to Heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend:
But we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that THOU dost reign on high,
And thence THY faithful people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness:
Yet we believe that THOU art there,
And sing THY praise, and lift our prayer. Amen

260

O Love, how deep! how broad! how high
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the SON of GOD, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

HE sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
HIMSELF, and to this lost world came.

Nor willed HE only to appear ;
HIS pleasure was to tarry here ;
And GOD-and-MAN with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.

For us HE was baptized, and bore
HIS holy fast, and hungered sore ;
For us temptation sharp HE knew ;
For us the tempter overthrew.

For us HE prayed, for us HE taught,
For us HIS daily works HE wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not HIMSELF but us.

For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
HE bore the shameful Cross and death ;
For us at length gave up HIS Breath.

For us HE rose from death again,
For us HE went on high to reign,
For us HE sent HIS SPIRIT here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

To HIM WHOSE boundless Love has won
Salvation for us through HIS SON,
To GOD the FATHER, glory be,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

(FOURTH SUNDAY.)

EVENSONG.

Horres superbos nec tuam.

261 O GOD, the hateful pride of man
Shall not usurp THY praise :
Yet arrogance too oft presumes
Her shameless front to raise.

Too oft, through man's ingratitude,
THY blessings cease to flow ;
And thus upon the wither'd heart
No fruits of love can grow.

But we, like faithful servants bent
To know their Master's will,
Will never turn our eyes away
From THY celestial hill.

And oh ! if THOU delay to send
The long expected aid,
Yet Hope remains, an anchor strong,
On which our souls are stay'd.

The FATHER, and the ETERNAL SON,
Our praises shall employ ;
WHO sent the HOLY GHOST to be
A pledge of future joy. Amen.

(FIFTH SUNDAY.)

EVENSONG.

O fortis, O clemens Deus.

62 O GOD of our salvation, LORD,
O wondrous power and love,
May Faith, salvation's holy seed,
Be sent us from above!

'Tis Faith that gives us strength to fight,
That we our foes may quell;
And with the shield of Faith we quench
The fiery darts of hell.

By Faith we make our prayers to THEE
In that most holy Name,
On Which, for mercy and for peace
Hope rests her steadfast claim.

For that Name's sake assist us, LORD,
To run our heavenward race;
And oh, may no unholy life
Our holy faith disgrace!

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be praise and glory given;
Who pour into the hearts of men
True light and heat from Heaven.
Amen.

(SEVENTH SUNDAY.)

EVENSONG.

- 263 If e'er I fall beneath THY rod,
 As through life's snares I go,
 Save me from David's lot, O GOD!
 And choose THYSELF the woe.
- How shall I face THY plagues which sc
 And haunt, and stun, until
 The heart or sinks in mute despair,
 Or names a random ill.
- If else—then guide in David's path,
 Who chose the holier pain;
 Satan and man are tools of wrath,
 An Angel's scourge is gain.

(TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY.)

MATTINS.

Ecce sedes hic Tonantis.

- 264 This is the abode where GOD doth dw
 This is the gate of Heaven,
 The shrine of the Invisible,
 The Priest, the Victim given,
 Our God HIMSELF content to die
 So boundless in HIS charity.
- O holy seat, O holy fane,
 Where dwells th' OMNIPOTENT,
 Whom the broad world cannot contai
 Nor Heaven's high firmament.
- HE visits earth's poor sky-roof'd cell,
 And here HE deigns in love to dwell.

Here, where th' unearthly GUEST descends
In hearts of innocence,
And sacred Love her wing extends
Of holiest influence—
HE 'mid HIS children loves to be
In lowly, loving majesty.

Let no unhallow'd thought be here
Within this sacred door;
Let nought polluted dare draw near,
Nor tread the awful floor,
Or lo! th' Avenger is at hand
And dreadful at the door doth stand.

To THEE, ne'er Ending, ne'er Begun,
THRICE HOLY TRINITY,
FATHER, and SON, and SPIRIT—ONE,
For ever Glory be;
Anointing for THY dwelling-place
The living shrines of Heavenly grace. Amen.

EVENSONG.

265 How shall a child of GOD fulfil,
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,
And raise on high his baptism-light,
Like Aaron's seed in ritual white,
A holy-temper'd Nazarite?

First let him shun the haunts of vice,
Sin-feast, or heathen sacrifice;
Fearing the board of wealthy pride,
Or heretic, self-trusting guide,
Or where th' adult'rer's smiles preside.

Next as he threads the maze of men,
 Aye must he lift his witness, when
 A sin is spoke in Heav'n's dread face,
 And none at hand of higher grace
 The Cross to carry in his place.

But if he hears and sits him still,
 First he will lose his hate of ill ;
 Next, fear of sinning, after, hate ;
 Small sins his heart then desecrate,
 And last, despair persuades to great.

(SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT.)

266 As o'er the past my memory strays,
 Why heaves the secret sigh ?
 'Tis that I mourn departed days,
 Still unprepar'd to die.

The world and worldly things below'd,
 My anxious thoughts employ'd ;
 While time unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
 Presents a fearful void.

Yet, HOLY FATHER, wild despair
 Chase from this lab'ring breast ;
 THY grace it is which prompts the pray'r,
 THY grace can do the rest.

My life's best remnant all be THINE ;
 And when THY sure decree
Bids me this fleeting rest resign—
 Oh, speed my soul to THEE! Amen.

67 GOD of the spirits of mankind,
As o'er the fading form inclin'd,
We watch a brother's fleeting breath,
Fix in our minds the thoughts of Death.

Oft as the bell with solemn toll
Informs us of a parting soul,
Teach us to think how short the space
Ere ours must quit its resting-place!

When to the earth the corpse we trust,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Remind us of the coming day,
When ours must join its native clay!

And when we hear the awful word
That speaks of doom, and life restor'd,
Prompt each to ponder, "What shall be
That doom, that future life to me?"

GOD of our life, WHOSE records give
THY flock instruction how to live,
That, through THY SON our sins forgiv'n,
Our death may be the gate of Heav'n:

Oh, may each act when others die
Prove to ourselves a warning cry,
Advance us on our Heav'nward road,
And fit us more to meet our GOD! Amen.

68 Days and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead,
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

Soon our souls to GOD, WHO gave ther
Swiftly will have sped away;
Able now by grace to save them—
Oh, that while we can we may !

JESU, Infinite REDEEMER,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came—

Whence we came and whither wending
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

As the tree falls, so must it lie ;
As the man lives, so will he die.
As the man dies, so must he be
Through all the length of Eternity.

269 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O wash me in THY precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :

Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in THY precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in THY precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in THY precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And HE shall come again,
WHO died that we might live, WHO lives
That we with HIM may reign:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in THY precious Blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

COMMEMORATION OF APOSTLES.

Supreme quales Arbiter.

270 What feeble instruments, O LORD,
 Fulfil THY wondrous plan !
 How mean the channels which convey
 THY grace to sinful man !

Yes, frail the vessels, but within
 The heavenly torch is laid,
 Which only waits THY word, to burst
 Like lightning through the shade.

A feeble band, but led by CHRIST,
 Hell's bulwarks they o'erthrow :
 So fell, at Israel's trump alone,
 The walls of Israel's foe.

O JESU, may THY trumpet-clang
 Our sluggish souls excite !
 May our thick darkness be dispell'd,
 By THY celestial light !

And now to GOD, the THREE in ONE,
 Be praise and glory given,
 WHO calleth us, from sin's dark night,
 To share the beams of Heaven. Amen

271 *Exultet orbis gaudiis.*

Let the round world with songs rejoice ;
 Let Heaven return the joyful voice ;
 All mindful of th' Apostles' fame,
 Earth, sky, their SOVEREIGN's praise proclaim

THOU, at WHOSE word they bore the light
Of Gospel truth o'er heathen night,
Oh, still to us that light impart,
To glad our eye and cheer our heart !

THOU, at WHOSE will to them was given
The key that shuts and opens Heaven,
Our chains unbind, our loss repair,
Oh, grant us grace to enter there !

THOU, at WHOSE will they preach'd the word,
Which cur'd disease, which health conferr'd,
To us its healing powers prolong,
The weak support, confirm the strong :

That when THY SON again shall come,
And speak the world's unerring doom,
HE may with them pronounce us bless'd,
And place us in THY endless rest.

To THEE, O FATHER ; SON, to THEE ;
To THEE, bless'd SPIRIT, glory be !
So was it aye for ages past,
So shall through endless ages last. Amen.

Æterna Christi munera.

72 LORD, WHO didst bless THY chosen band,
And forth commission'd send
To spread THY Name from land to land—
To THEE our hymns ascend.

The Princes of THY Church were they,
Chiefs unsubdued in fight,
Soldiers on earth, of Heaven's array,
The world's unerring light.

Theirs the firm faith of holy birth,
The hope that looks above,
And trampling on the powers of earth
Their SAVIOUR'S perfect love.

In them the Heavens exulting own
The FATHER'S might reveal'd,
THY triumph gain'd, begotten SON,
THY SPIRIT'S influence seal'd.

Then to THY FATHER, and to THEE,
And to THY SPIRIT bless'd,
All praise for these THY servants be
By all THY Church address'd. Am.

COMMEMORATION OF EVANGELI

Sine sub alto vertice.

273 The law on Sinai's fiery height
'Mid thunderings was given;
The lightning-flash, the trumpet-clar
Bespoke the GOD of Heaven.

But now, a veil of human flesh

This Gospel Law your faithful hands
 And faithful lips reveal'd,
 Commended by your holy lives,
 And by your life-blood seal'd.

And oh, may these your words of life,
 Which GOD's own Hand hath traced,
 By HIM be written on our hearts,
 And never be effaced ! Amen.

Christi perennes nuntii.

74 Heralds of CHRIST to every age,
 Who open wide the Gospel page,
 Unfolding all the wondrous plan
 Of Love Divine to sinful man ;
 The myst'ries which beneath the Law
 The holy Prophets dimly saw,
 Have ye beheld in open day,
 For CHRIST removes these shades away.
 The woes HE bore, the words HE taught,
 The wondrous miracles HE wrought,
 All this ye wrote as GOD decreed,
 That all posterity might read.

The HOLY SPIRIT was your guide,
 On HIM your faithful minds relied :
 Oh, may that SPIRIT still be given
 To teach our hearts the laws of Heaven !

Oh, praise the FATHER, praise the SON,
 WHO victory o'er the grave hath won,
 And to the SPIRIT praise be given
 By all on earth and all in Heaven.

275 From hidden source arising,
A mighty river ran,
Through Eden's pleasant garden,
Where GOD created man.

Thence, parted into branches,
In four great streams it roll'd,
To water fields and vineyards,
To wash down sands of gold.

And so, from highest Heaven,
The LORD, the holy Dove,
In fourfold manner sends us
The tale of JESUS' Love—

The tale whose words are golden,
The tale whose flood divine
Makes glad the LORD's own garden
With plenteous corn and wine.

Four are the sacred voices,
The story is but one;
In fourfold wise they praise HIM,
The Sole-Begotten SON.

A man is Matthew's emblem,
And Mark's the lion's might,
The ox is Luke's fit token,
And John's the eagle's flight.

True Man, Saint Matthew speaks HIM
Mark gives the VICTOR laud,
Luke tells of HIS oblation,
And John proclaims HIM GOD.

To HIM, the KING and VICTIM,
 The GOD, whom Mary bore;
 With FATHER and with SPIRIT,
 Be praise for evermore. Amen.

COMMÉMORATION OF MARTYRS.

Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia.

276 The triumphs of the martyr'd saints
 The joyous lay demand;
 The heart delights in song to dwell
 On that victorious band:
 Those whom the senseless world abhorr'd,
 Who cast the world aside,
 Deem'd fruitless, worthless, for the sake
 Of CHRIST, their LORD and Guide.

For THEE they brav'd the tyrant's rage,
 The scourge's cruel smart;
 The wild beast's claw their bodies tore,
 But vanquish'd not the heart.
 Like lambs before the sword they fell,
 Nor cry, nor plaint express'd;
 For patience kept the conscious mind,
 And arm'd the fearless breast.

What tongue can tell the crown prepar'd
 To wreath the martyr's head?
 What voice the robe of white to clothe
 His limbs with torture red?
 Vouchsafe us, LORD, if such THY will,
 Clear skies and seasons calm:
 If not, the martyr's cross to bear,
 And win the martyr's palm. Amen.

277 *Invicte martyr unicum.*

GREAT GOD, WHOSE strength THY martyrs
steel'd

To follow THY unrivall'd SON,
By WHOM they brav'd the battle field,
By WHOM the palm of conquest won;

THY strength, by sin assail'd, we pray
To shield us in our mortal strife,
To drive the taint of guilt away,
To guard us from the ills of life.

The chains by THEE were loos'd, that held
THY martyr'd Saints in thrall below:
Oh, be it ours, by THEE upheld,
Away the world's vile bonds to throw!

Oh, be it ours, like them, to win
The vesture white, the branching palm;
And free from sorrow as from sin,
To chaunt to THEE the holy psalm.—

To THEE, above THY heavenly host,
O FATHER, on THY Glory's Throne;
And join'd with THEE, the HOLY GHOST,
And, Virgin-born, th' INCARNATE SON!

—
Amen.

Deus tuorum militum.

278 O THOU, of all THY warriors LORD, THYSELF the crown, the sure reward! Set us from sinful fetters free, Who sing THY Martyr's victory.

In selfish pleasures' worldly round
The taste of bitter gall he found;
But sweet to him was THY blest Name,
And thus to heavenly joys he came.

Right manfully his cross he bore,
And ran his race of torments sore:
For THEE he pour'd his life away;
With THEE he lives in endless day.

We then before THEE bending low,
Entreat THEE, LORD, THY love to show
On this the day THY martyr died,
Who in THY saints art glorified!

Now to the FATHER, and the SON,
Be glory while the ages run;
The same, O HOLY GHOST, to THEE,
Through ages of eternity. Amen.

279 Oh, what, if we are CHRIST's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyr'd saints, baptized in blood,
CHRIST's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the Bosom of their GOD
They rest in perfect Love.

LORD, may that grace be ours,
Ever like them to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!

Enough, if THOU at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath THY Feet,
Where saints and angels live.

Give to the FATHER praise,
Praise to the Only SON,
And praise the Blessed SPIRIT's Name,
Eternal THREE in ONE. Amen.

280 O! who are they so pure and bright,
Before the Throne arrayed in white?
They stand serene, and calmly fair,
As conscious of high welcome there.

See from afar a lengthening band
Of lowly penitents, that stand
With Angels gladdening their abode;
But who are these so near to GOD?

That starry crown around their brow,
It tells their sacred glory now;
Bless'd virgin souls, who faultless come
From Font of Grace, or Martyrdom!

These, these are they, the undefiled,
The child-like Saint, the Saint-like child,
Marked with CHRIST's Cross, or earth's
dark frown,
But wearing there that starry crown.

O help us, SAVIOUR, by THY Grace,
Near THEE to win that Heavenly place,
Now following where THY footsteps trod;
Blameless and harmless sons of GOD!

Amen.

281 Let our choir new anthems raise;
Wake the song of gladness;
GOD HIMSELF to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Open'd Heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
To put on th' immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh! the glorious morrow!
Who shall venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it?
Who will grasp the Land of Life?
Warriors, up and win it! Amen.

S. ANDREW.

282 JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day, HIS sweet voice sound
Saying, "Christian, follow ME."

As of old S. Andrew heard it,
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kin
Leaving all for HIS dear sake :

JESUS calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us
Saying, "Christian, love ME more

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still HE calls, in cares and pleasure
"Christian, love ME more than thee

JESUS calls us—by THY mercies,
SAVIOUR, may we hear THY call,
Give our hearts to THY obedience,
Serve and love THEE best of all.

JESU! praise to THEE be given
By the world THOU didst redeem
With the FATHER and the SPIRIT,
LORD of Majesty Supreme. AMEN

S. THOMAS.

283 O THOU, WHO didst with love untold
 THY doubting servant cheer,
 And bade the eye of sense behold
 What faith should have made clear;

Grant us, like him, with heart-felt awe,
 To own THEE GOD and LORD,
 And from his hour of darkness draw
 A fuller faith's reward.

And while that wondrous record now
 Of unbelief we hear,
 Oh, let us ever lowlier bow
 In self-distrusting fear;

And pray that we may never dare
 THY SPIRIT so to grieve,
 But at the last their blessing share
 Who see not, yet believe. Amen.

CONVERSION OF S. PAUL.

Quos in hostes, Saule, tendis?

284 'Gainst what foemen art thou rushing?
 Saul, what madness drives thee on?
 Innocents in fury crushing,
 Children of the SINLESS ONE:
 Oh, how shortly
 Shall HE make HIS vengeance known!

500 Hymns
Friend to CHRIST, no longer foe.

Breathing slaughter, chains preparing
Oh, how fierce his anger burn'd!
Now that he has lost his daring,
And the Gospel truth has learn'd,
The destroyer
Now into a lamb is turn'd.

CHRIST, THY power is man's salvati
And THY love is here made know
He who wrought such desolation
That THY cause might be o'erthro
Now converted,
Makes that sacred cause his own.

Praise the FATHER, GOD of Heaven
HIM WHO reigns supreme on high
Praise the SON for sinners given
Both to suffer and to die:
Praise the SPIRIT,

But when there meets him on the road
The Voice of his upbraiding God,
These words at once his wrath remove,
Exchang'd for faith and holy love.

Now meek and gentle, foe no more,
He tends the flock he smote before,
In captive bonds the captor led,
The haughty victor bows his head.

O THOU, WHO with a word hast strewn
The lofty trees of Lebanon,
THOU WHOSE all-pow'rful grace hath bow'd
The haughty spirit of the proud,

THOU, Shepherd, lift THINE Hand to crush
All foes that on THY sheepfold rush ;
And turn us back, whene'er we stray,
And lead us on THINE own good way.

And now to GOD, the THREE in ONE,
Be highest praise and glory done,
WHO calleth us from sin's dark night,
To walk in HIS eternal light. Amen.

-
- 86 Why, SAVIOUR, dost THOU come
Descending from the sky?
Canst THOU have left THY Heavenly
Home
Again for man to die?
Or see we drawing near
The dreadful day of doom,
When THOU the Avenger shalt appear
The guilty to consume?

On milder vengeance bent,
 THOU comest from above
 To bid the harden'd heart relent,
 And slaughter change to love.

The spoiler fallen lies
 Before THY glorious ray,
 A shepherd of the flock to rise—
 The flock he sought to slay.

From all the Heavenly host,
 And all on earth below,
 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Let endless praises flow. Amen.

PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN.

Fumant Sabæis templa vaporibus.

287 Sweet incense breathes around
 The coming GOD to greet;
 And Sion, through her sacred bound,
 Awakes her GOD to meet.
 Arise ye, then, ye wakeful choirs,
 And early light your altar-fires.

Let Faith, with glistening eye,
 Trim up her torch so bright;
 And flame-encircled Charity
 Breathe out her glowing light;
 And white rob'd Innocence be there,
 To pour its sweetest incense-prayer.

Why love to linger here?
These guilty days prolong?
More blessed far yon dying Seer;
Be ours his parting song!
And HE, WHOM here by faith we see,
Shall our Eternal Portion be.

To GOD, the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be;
To the ETERNAL THREE in ONE,
To all eternity!
Bless'd TRINITY, to THEE we raise
Our joyous hearts in ceaseless praise.
Amen.

Qui sacris hodie sistitur aris.

288 Who now in helpless infancy
By HIS own altar lies,
The Ensign to the nations HE,
Descended from the skies,
The Glory HE of Israel's line,
Of all the world the Light divine!

Above, around, their hymns of joy
The viewless Angels sing,
And throngs unseen by human eye,
Adore the INFANT KING.
The wondering parents catch the lays,
And inly breathe unconscious praise.

HYMNS.

Scarce can the raptur'd spirit bear
The Heaven-inspired thought:
And Hope, that many a live-long year
The lingering SAVIOUR sought,
Transported with the wondrous view,
Can scarce believe the vision true.

THOU, WHOM in trancèd ecstasy
The Prophets dimly scann'd,
Art now beheld by mortal eye,
And borne by mortal hand:
And when THOU shalt again appear,
Shalt waken every ear to hear.

LORD, when THOU art ascended high,
And from THY temple gone,
Let Faith her eagle wings supply,
And watch THEE to THY Throne;
Her mystic touch still feel THEE here,
And in each heart THINE altar rear.

To the ETERNAL FATHER be
Eternal praise above:
Eternal glory, LORD, to THEE,
PLEDGE of that FATHER's love.
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT bless'd,
Coequal glory be address'd. Amen.

Templi sacratas pande, Sion, fores.

289 O Sion! open wide thy gates;
Let figures disappear;
A Priest and Victim both in One,
The TRUTH HIMSELF is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed,—
Behold the FATHER'S SON!
HIMSELF to HIS own Altar comes
For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden DEITY,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born BABE, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last
His LORD so long desir'd,
And hails, with Anna, ISRAEL'S HOPE,
With sudden rapture fir'd.

But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent WORD;
And pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise ador'd.

Praise to the FATHER, and the SON;
Praise to the SPIRIT be:
Praise to the blessed THREE in ONE
Through all eternity. Amen.

S. MATTHIAS.

990 Bishop of the souls of men,
When the foeman's step is nigh,
When the wolf lays wait by night
For the lambs unceasingly,
Watch, O LORD, about us keep,
Guard us, Shepherd of the sheep.

When the hireling flees away,
 Caring only for his gold,
 And the gate unguarded stands
 At the entrance to the fold,
 Stand, O LORD, THY flock before,
 THOU the Guardian, THOU the Door.
 LORD, WHOSE guiding finger ruled
 In the casting of the lot,
 That THY Church might fill the post
 Of the lost Iscariot,
 In all trouble ever thus
 Stand, good MASTER, nigh to us.
 Be his mansion desolate,
 In his place another dwell,
 Witness of THY risen life,
 Speaking, whence the traitor fell:
 Judas fails, Matthias choose,
 This one take THOU—that refuse.
 When the Saints their orders take
 In the new Jerusalem,
 And Matthias stands elect,
 Give us part and lot with him,
 Where in THINE own dwelling-place
 We may witness face to face. Amen.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY.

Hæc illa sollemnis dies.

291 This is the day, the solemn day,
 Which GOD appointed to convey
 Such news as made our sorrows cease;
 Glad news of mercy and of peace.

Our parents' guilt, our parents' fall,
 To certain death consign'd us all:
 From certain death mankind to save,
 HIS only SON th' ALMIGHTY gave.

Yes, HE WHO was th' ETERNAL'S SON
 Ere time had yet its course begun,
 Our life of pain and weakness bore,
 Nor did the Virgin's womb abhor.

He took on HIM our mortal state
 That He might bear the sinner's fate;
 That so HIS Blood, in ransom given,
 Might take away the wrath of Heaven.

Yes, HE, the Infinite Great GOD
 In human flesh awhile abode:
 That we might high in glory dwell,
 HE came as our IMMANUEL.

REDEEMER of the world, to THEE
 All praise and glory render'd be;
 And to the FATHER, King of Heaven,
 And HOLY GHOST, all praise be given. Amen.

Pulsum supernis sedibus.

292 Long time the fallen human race,
 In sinful darkness laid,
 And ignorant of the way to life,
 In hopeless wand'rings stray'd.
 But now their KING on earth descends
 To teach the way to Heaven,
 To fetch poor exiles back to GOD,
 HIMSELF to exile given.

HE comes to wand'ers here below
HIS succour to afford,
HIMSELF the Way, HIMSELF the Light,
HIMSELF their great Reward.

Eternal GOD, within the veil
Of human flesh confin'd,
Oh, may THY truth its beams unfold
To every faithful mind!

REDEEMER of the world, to THEE
All glory we afford;
The FATHER and the HOLY GHOST
Be equally ador'd. Amen.

293 O THOU, to whose all-seeing Eye
Earth's mysteries are clear,
WHO, bright as noon-day, canst descry
What we deem darkest here;
Make us in lowly faith rejoice
With her, who on this day
First heard the Angel's wondrous voice,
And heard but to obey.

For though on duty's narrow path
Dark clouds awhile may rest,
One light the weary spirit hath—
To know THY way is best;
And say, "Whate'er betide, yet still
Behold THY servant, LORD:
Be it to me, through good and ill,
According to THY word." Amen.

294 Ave Maria! blessèd Maid!
 Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
 Who can express the love
 That nurtured thee, so pure and sweet,
 Making thy heart a shelter meet
 For JESUS' Holy Dove!

Ave Maria! Mother bless'd,
 To whom, caressing and caress'd,
 Clings the Eternal Child;
 Favour'd beyond archangels' dream,
 When first on thee with tenderest gleam
 The new-born SAVIOUR smil'd.

Thou wept'st, meek Maiden, Mother mild,
 Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,
 Thy very heart was riven;
 And yet, what mourning matron here
 Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
 By all on this side Heaven!

A SON that never did amiss,
 That never sham'd HIS Mother's kiss,
 Nor cross'd her fondest prayer:
 E'en from the Tree HE deign'd to bow
 For her HIS agonizèd brow,
 Her, HIS sole earthly care.

Ave Maria! thou whose name
 All but adoring love may claim,
 Yet may we reach thy shrine;
 For HE, thy SON and SAVIOUR, vows
 To crown all lowly lofty brows
 With love and joy like thine. Amen.

HYMNS.

NATIVITY OF S. JOHN THE
BAPTIST.

95 *Nuntius celso veniens Olympo.*

Oh, lot sublime! an Angel quits the skies,
His birth, his name, his glory to declare
Unto his priestly sire, who to the LORD
Now offers Israel's prayer.

Mistrustful of the promise from on high,
His speech forsakes him at the Angel's word;
But all fulfill'd, he then once more declares
The praises of the LORD.

And John, while yet encloister'd in the
womb,
The presence of his LORD and KING
inspir'd;
What time Elizabeth and Mary sang
With joy prophetic fir'd.

Immortal glory to the FATHER be,
With HIS ALMIGHTY SOLE-BEGOTTEN SO
And THEE, co-equal SPIRIT; ONE in THE
While endless ages run. Amen.

296 *Antra deserti teneris sub annis.*

In caves of the lone wilderness his youth
He hid, both shunning the rude throng o
And guarding the pure treasure of his s
From worldliness and sin.

There to his hardy limbs the camel gave
A garment coarse ; the rock a bed supplied ;
The stream his thirst, locusts and honey wild
His hunger satisfied.

Oh, bless'd beyond the Prophets of old time !
They of the SAVIOUR sang that was to be :
HIM present, to announce and show to all,
Was granted but to thee !

Through the wide earth was never mortal man
Born holier than John ; to whom was given
The guilty world's BAPTIZER to baptise,
And ope the door of Heaven.

Immortal glory to the FATHER be,
With HIS ALMIGHTY SOLE-BEGOTTEN SON,
And THEE, co-equal SPIRIT ; ONE in THREE ;
While endless ages run. Amen.

Nunc suis tandem novus e latebris.

297 Lo, from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong.
The voice that cries
Of CHRIST from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

“ Your GOD e'en now doth stand
Within Heaven's opening door,
His fan is in HIS Hand,
And HE will purge HIS floor :

The wheat HE claims
And with HIM stows,
The chaff HE throws
To deathless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads.
Make HIS way plain
Your KING before:
For evermore
HE comes to reign."

May THY dread Voice around,
THOU harbinger of light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

O GOD, with Love's sweet might,
WHO dost anoint and arm
CHRIST's soldier for the fight
With spells that shield from harm,
Thrice blessed THREE,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing THY praise
Eternally. Amen.

S. MARY MAGDALENE.

Pater superni luminis.

298 FATHER of Light, one glance of THINE,
WHOSE Eyes the Universe controul,
Fills Magdalene with holy love,
And melts the ice within her soul.

Her precious ointment forth she brings,
Upon those sacred Feet to pour ;
She washes them with burning tears,
And with her hair she wipes them o'er.

Impassion'd to the Cross she clings,
Nor fears beside the Tomb to stay ;
Of ruffian soldiers nought she recks,
For love has cast all fear away.

O CHRIST, THOU very Love itself,
Blest hope of man, through THEE for-
given !

So touch our spirits from above,
And purify our souls from Heaven.

To GOD the FATHER, and the SON,
With THEE, O SPIRIT, glory be ;
As ever was, and shall be so
Through ages of Eternity. Amen.

S. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

299 Two brothers freely cast their lot,
With David's royal SON :
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

CHRIST heard; and will'd that James
should fall
First prey of Satan's rage;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above
Before the CONQUEROR'S Throne;
Thus GOD grants pray'r; but in HIS love
Makes times and ways HIS own.

TRANSFIGURATION.

300 O wondrous type, O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which CHRIST upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun HE glows!

From age to age the tale declare
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The LORD holds converse high and sweet.

The Law and Prophets there have place,
Two chosen witnesses of grace;
The FATHER'S Voice from out the cloud
Proclaims HIS only SON aloud.

With shining Face and bright array,
 CHRIST deigns to manifest to-day
 What glory shall be theirs above
 Who joy in GOD with perfect love.

And faithful hearts are raised on high
 By this great vision's mystery,
 For which in joyful strains we raise
 The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

O FATHER, with the Eternal SON
 And HOLY SPIRIT, ever ONE,
 Vouchsafe to bring us, by THY Grace,
 To see THY Glory face to face. Amen.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

Æterne Rector siderum.

1 Almighty GOD, WHOSE sceptre sways
 The earth and starry sky,
 WHOSE will the world beneath obeys,
 Nor less the world on high :

In order meet, about THY Throne,
 Unnumber'd angels stand,
 Prepar'd where'er THOU wilt to run,
 And act by THY command.

Oh, from that host of Heavenly Powers
 Some friendly spirit send,
 To watch us in our lonely hours,
 And in our sleep defend ;

To guard us from our ghostly foe
The serpent's subtle wile,
Lest secret fraud our steps o'erthrow,
And specious arts beguile.

Still be THY care, O GOD, our shield;
Still may THY wisdom guide
Us, whom THY HOLY GHOST has seal'd,
For whom THY Son has died. Amen.

Te splendor et virtus Patris.

302 THEE, the FATHER's Power and Light,
JESUS, THEE, our heart's delight,
THEE, WHOSE Lips our life sustain,
Praise we 'mid Thy angel train.

Thousand thousand chiefs at hand
Round THY Throne embattled stand:
Sign of weal to their array,
Michael's hands the Cross display.

He, the ancient dragon fell
Smote and drove to nether hell;
He, both chief and rebel crew,
Victor, from Heaven's rampart threw.

Oh, against that Chief of pride
By us be Michael's banner tried;
And a crown of glory won
From the LAMB's imperial Throne!

Glory to the FATHER be,
Glory, only SON, to THEE,
Glory to the SPIRIT bless'd,
Now and evermore address'd.

Tibi, Christe, splendor Patris.

303 JESU, Brightness of the FATHER,
Life and strength of all who live !
In the presence of the Angels
Glory to THY Name we give ;
And THY wondrous praise rehearse,
Singing in alternate verse.

Blessèd LORD, by their protection
Shelter us from harm this day ;
Keep us pure in flesh and spirit ;
Save us from the enemy ;
And vouchsafe us, of THY grace,
In THY Paradise a place.

Glory to th' ALMIGHTY FATHER
Sing we now in anthems sweet ;
Glory to the great REDEEMER ;
Glory to the PARACLETE ;
THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Throughout all eternity.

304 Around the Throne of GOD a band
Of bright and glorious Angels stand ;
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around HIM, ready still
To sing HIS Praise and do HIS Will ;
And some, when HE commands them, go
To guard HIS servants here below.

Lord, give THINE Angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear,
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With Angels round THY Throne at last.

Praise GOD, from WHOM all blessings flow ;
Praise HIM, all creatures here below ;
Praise HIM above, angelic host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. A

305

They come, God's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear ;
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.

But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

Bless'd JESU, THOU WHOSE groans and tears
 Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
 When to the earth in sorrow weigh'd
 THOU didst not scorn THINE Angels' aid ;

An angel-guard to us supply
 When on the bed of death we lie ;
 And by THINE own Almighty Power
 Oh! shield us in the last dread hour.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
 From all above and all below,
 Let joyful praise unceasing flow.

ALL SAINTS.

Sponsa Christi, quæ per orbem.

306 Spouse of CHRIST, in arms contending,
 O'er each clime beneath the Sun,
 Blend with prayers for help ascending,
 Notes of praise for triumphs won.

As the Church to-day rejoices
 All her saints in one to join,
 So from earth let all our voices
 Rise in melody divine.

Mary leads the sacred story,
 Mary, with her heavenly CHILD,
 Sharer with HIM now in glory,
 Maid, and Mother undefil'd.

Angels next, in due gradation
Of their nine-fold ministry,
Hymn the FATHER of Creation,
Maker of the stars on high.

John, the herald-voice sonorous,
More than prophet own'd to be,
Patriarchs and Seers, in chorus
Swell th' Angelic harmony.

Near to CHRIST th' Apostles seated,
Trampling on the powers of hell,
By the promise now completed
Judge the tribes of Israel.

They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs, purpled in their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy for evermore.

Confessors and Gospel-preachers:
Priests and Levites numberless,
Prelates meek, and holy Teachers
Bear the palm of righteousness.

Virgin souls, by high profession
To the LAMB devoted here,
Strewing flowers in gay procession
At the Marriage-Feast appear.

All are bless'd together, praising
GOD's Eternal Majesty,
Thrice-repeated anthems raising
To the All-Holy Trinity.

So may we with hearts devoted
Serve our GOD in holiness;
So may we, by GOD promoted,
Share that heaven which they possess.

107

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before GOD'S Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly KING.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Cloth'd in GOD'S own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by Time's rude hand:
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their SAVIOUR'S honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the LAMB have gain'd.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the GOD they glorified;
Now their painful conflict o'er,
GOD has bid them weep no more.

These, th' ALMIGHTY contemplating
 Here as Priests before HIM stand
 Soul and body always waiting
 Day and night at HIS command.
 Now in GOD's most holy place,
 Bless'd they stand before HIS

Salutis æternæ Dator.

308 O JESU, Source of sanctity,
 In WHOM THY servants live,
 All glory for THY saints to THEE,
 SAVIOUR of men, we give.

All glory for THY angel train,
 Who Heaven's high temple thr
 All glory for those ancient men,
 Bards of prophetic song.

All glory for the Messenger
 Who came THY Face before;
 For the bless'd Maid all glory, he
 Who THEE Incarnate bore:

All glory for THY chosen band,
 To whom the charge was given
 To publish peace from land to lar
 And keep the keys of Heaven.

For THY meek priests, a goodly c
 For them, whose annals boast
 Youth, maiden mild, and hoary si
 The martyrs' noble host—

For these, for all THY saints, THY Name
We laud, and pray that we,
Strong in THY strength, may follow them
As they have follow'd THEE.

9 Hark! the sound of holy voices
Chanting, at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, LORD to THEE:
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepar'd the way of CHRIST,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
Widows who have watch'd to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the LORD of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the Blood of JESUS;
Tried they were and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, ston'd, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of CHRIST the LORD.

Marching with THY Cross their
They have triumph'd followin'
THEE, the Captain of salvation,
THEE, their SAVIOUR, and the
Gladly, LORD, with THEE they s
Gladly, LORD, with THEE they
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glor
Now they walk in golden light
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ev
And all truth and knowledge :
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blessèd Trinity.

GOD of GOD, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, EMMANUEL,
In WHOSE Body join'd together
All the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of THY fulness,
That we may for evermore
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the HOLY GHOST adore.

310 For all 'THY saints, O LORD,
Who strove in THEE to live
Who follow'd THEE, obey'd, a
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all THY saints, O Lord,
 Accept our thankful cry,
 Who counted THEE their great reward,
 And strove in THEE to die.

They all in life and death,
 With THEE, their LORD, in view,
 Learn'd from THY HOLY SPIRIT'S breath
 To suffer and to do.

For this THY Name we bless,
 And humbly beg, that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in THEE:

With them the FATHER, SON,
 And HOLY GHOST to praise,
 As in the ancient days was done,
 And shall through endless days. Amen.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Patris Æterni Soboles coæva.

11 O Word of GOD above,
 WHO fillest all in all,
 Hallow this house with THY sure Love,
 And bless our festival.

Grace in this Font is stor'd
 To cleanse each guilty child;
 The SPIRIT'S bless'd anointing pour'd
 Brightens the once-defiled.

For guilty souls that pine
Sure mercies here abound,
And healing grace, with oil and wine
For every secret wound.

GOD from HIS Throne afar
Comes in this House to dwell ;
And prayer, beyond the evening star
Builds here her citadel.

No wintry storm or shower
Shall harm this holy Home,
Nor, worse than they, the evil power
Which dwells within the gloom.

All might, all praise be THINE,
FATHER, WHOM all adore,
With SON, and COMFORTER divine,
Both now and evermore. Amen.

Oh, wedded in a prosperous hour !
 The FATHER'S Glory was thy dower ;
 The SPIRIT all HIS graces shed,
 Thou peerless Queen, upon thy head ;
 When CHRIST espous'd thee for HIS Bride,
 O City bright and glorified !

Thy gates a pearly lustre pour ;
 Thy gates are open evermore ;
 And thither evermore draw nigh
 All who for CHRIST have dar'd to die,
 Or, smit with love of their dear LORD,
 Have pains endur'd, and joys abhorr'd.

Thou too, O Church, which here we see,
 No easy task hath builded thee.
 Long did the chisels ring around !
 Long did the mallets' blows rebound !
 Long work'd the head, and toil'd the hand,
 Ere stood thy stones as now they stand !

To GOD the FATHER, glory due,
 Be paid by all the heavenly Host :
 And to HIS only SON most true ;
 With THEE, O mighty HOLY GHOST,
 To WHOM praise, pow'r, and blessings be
 Through ages of eternity. Amen.

Alto ex Olympi vertice.

- 313 From highest Heav'n, the FATHER'S SON
 Descending like that mystic stone
 Cut from a mountain without hands,
 Came down below, and fill'd all lands ;
 Uniting, midway in the sky,
 HIS House on earth, and House on high.

That House on high—it ever rings
With praises of the KING of kings :
For ever there, on harps divine,
They hymn th' eternal ONE and TRINE ;
We, here below, the strain prolong,
And faintly echo Sion's song.

O LORD of lords, Invisible !
With THY pure light this temple fill :
Hither, oft as invok'd, descend ;
Here to THY people's prayer attend ;
Here, through all hearts, for evermore,
THY SPIRIT'S quick'ning graces pour.

Here may the faithful, day by day,
In kneeling adoration pray ;
And here receive from THY dear Love
The blessings of that home above ;
Till, loosen'd from this mortal chain,
Its everlasting joys they gain.

To GOD the FATHER, glory due,
Be paid by all the heavenly host ;
And to HIS only SON most true ;
With THEE, O mighty HOLY GHOST,
To WHOM praise, power, and blessing be,
Through ages of eternity. Amen.

314 We love the place, O GOD,
Wherein THINE honour dwells ;
The joy of THINE abode
All earthly joy excels.

It is the House of prayer,
Wherein THY servants meet ;
And THOU, O LORD, art there
THY chosen flock to greet.

We love the sacred Font :
For there the HOLY DOVE
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.

We love THINE Altar, LORD ;
Oh, what on earth so dear ?
For there, in faith ador'd,
We find THY Presence near.

We love the Word of Life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
For mercies freely given ;
But oh ! we long to know
The triumph-song of Heaven.

LORD JESUS, give us grace
On earth to love THEE more,
In Heaven to see THY Face,
And with THY saints adore. Amen.

5 EMBER DAYS.

O KING of Salem, PRINCE of Peace,
Bid strife among THY subjects cease ;
One is our FATHER, One our LORD,
One body, SPIRIT, hope, reward :

One GOD and FATHER of us all,
On WHOM THY Church and people call;
Oh, may we one communion be,
One with each other, one with THEE!

Bless those whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things:
THY Bishops, Priests, and Deacons bless,
And clothe with zeal and righteousness.

Let many in the judgment day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear:
Save those who preach and those who hear

So may we join the song of love,
Which saints and angels sing above;
All honour, glory, praise to THEE,
Great TRINITY in UNITY. Amen.

316 The earth, O LORD, is one great field
Of all THY chosen seed:
The corn prepared its fruit to yield;
The labourers few indeed!

Therefore we come before THEE now,
By fasting and by prayer,
Beseeching of THY Love that THOU
Wouldst send more labourers there.

Endue the Bishops of THY flock
With wisdom and with grace,
Against false doctrine like a rock
To set their heart and face:

To all THY Priests THY Truth reveal,
And make THY judgments clear:
Make THOU THY Deacons full of zeal,
And humble and sincere:

Give to their flocks a lowly mind,
To hear and to obey;
That each and all may mercy find
At THINE appearing day! Amen.

317

All praise to THEE, WHO didst command
The Twelve THY word to preach,
And willing flocks from every land
Collect, baptise, and teach.

By them THY Church's fabric fair
We hail securely fram'd,
THY holy rites establish'd there,
And there THY Truth proclaim'd.

And still as they to other lands,
By THEE commission'd, went,
On other heads they laid their hands,
And on THY mission sent.

Transmitted thus from age to age
In one unbroken line,
Ours is each sacramental pledge
Of grace and strength Divine.

LORD, give us faithful hearts to keep
THY own appointed fold,
And with the shepherds of THY sheep
Secure communion hold.

To THEE, O FATHER, SON, to THEE ;
To THEE, O SPIRIT bless'd ;
All glory, in ONE GODHEAD, be
By all THY saints address'd. Amen.

INTROITS.

BEFORE THE HOLY COMMUNION.

ADVENT.

1

FIRST SUNDAY.

Unto THEE, O LORD, will I lift up my soul: my GOD I have put my trust in THEE. O let me not be confounded, neither let mine enemies triumph over me: for all they that hope in THEE, shall not be ashamed.

Show me THY ways, O LORD: and teach me THY paths.

Glory be to the FATHER, and to the SON: and to the HOLY GHOST;

As it as was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Unto THEE, O LORD, &c.

2

SECOND SUNDAY.

O people of Sion, behold the LORD cometh for the salvation of the Gentiles: and shall cause HIS glorious Voice to be heard, in the gladness of your heart.

Hear, O THOU Shepherd of Israel: THOU That leadest Joseph like a sheep.

Glory &c. O people of Sion &c.

3

THIRD SUNDAY.

Drop down, ye Heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness: let the earth open, and let them bring forth Salvation.

The Heavens declare the glory of GOD: and the firmament showeth HIS handy-work.

Glory &c. Drop down, ye Heavens &c.

4

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Thus saith the LORD, Keep ye judgment, and do justice: for MY Salvation is near to come, and MY Righteousness to be revealed.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and show us the light of HIS Countenance, and be merciful unto us.

Glory &c. Thus saith the LORD &c.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

5

FIRST CELEBRATION—MIDNIGHT.

The LORD hath said unto ME, THOU art MY SON: this day have I begotten THEE.

Why do the heathen rage: and the people imagine a vain thing?

Glory &c. The LORD hath said &c.

6

SECOND CELEBRATION—DAWN.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great Light: they that dwell in the land of the

shadow of death, upon them hath the Light shined.

LORD, THOU hast become gracious unto THY land: THOU hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

Glory &c. The people that walked &c.

7

THIRD CELEBRATION.

Unto us a CHILD is born, unto us a SON is given; and the government shall be upon HIS Shoulder: and HIS Name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, the MIGHTY GOD, the EVERLASTING FATHER, the PRINCE of PEACE.

O sing unto the LORD a new song: for HE hath done marvellous things.

Glory &c. Unto us a CHILD &c.

The three celebrations of the Blessed Eucharist on Christmas Day, are intended to correspond with the three-fold Birth or Generation of our LORD—in the Bosom of the FATHER, in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, and in the hearts of the faithful.

8

S. STEPHEN.

Princes did sit and speak against me; and the unrighteous have persecuted me: help me, O LORD, my GOD, for THY servant is occupied in THY statutes.

Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way: and walk in the law of the LORD.

Glory &c. Princes did sit &c.

9 S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

THOU, O GOD, hast taught me from my youth up until now, therefore will I tell of THY wondrous works in mine old age, when I am grey-headed: until I have showed THY strength unto this generation, and THY power to all them that are yet to come.

In THEE, O LORD, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion: deliver me in THY righteousness, and cause me to escape.

Glory &c. THOU, O GOD &c.

10 THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, O GOD, THOU hast perfected praise: because of THINE enemies.

O LORD our LORD: how excellent is THY Name in all the earth.

Glory &c. Out of the mouth &c.

11 SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

While all things were in quiet silence, and night was in the midst of her swift course: THINE ALMIGHTY WORD came down from Heaven, out of THY royal Throne.

The LORD is King, and hath put on glorious apparel: the LORD hath put on HIS apparel, and girded HIMSELF with strength.

Glory &c. When all things &c.

12 CIRCUMCISION.

GOD sent forth HIS SON, made of a woman, made under the Law, to redeem them that were under the Law: that we might receive the adoption of sons.

LORD, THOU art become gracious unto THY land: THOU hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

Glory &c. GOD sent forth HIS SON &c.

13 EPIPHANY.

Give unto the LORD, ye kindreds of the people, give unto the LORD glory and strength: come before HIM, and worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness. Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice: and let them say among the nations, The LORD reigneth.

O sing unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, all the whole earth.

Glory &c. Give unto the LORD &c.

14 FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

I saw the LORD sitting upon a Throne, high and lifted up: above it stood the Seraphim. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the LORD of Hosts: the whole earth is full of HIS glory.

O be joyful in the LORD, all ye lands: serve the LORD with gladness, and come before His presence with a song.

Glory &c. I saw the LORD &c.

15 SECOND SUNDAY.

What god is so great as our GOD? THOU art GOD, WHO doest wondrous things: THOU hast made known THY power among the people.

I cried unto GOD with my voice, even unto GOD with my voice: and He gave ear unto me.

Glory &c. What god is so great &c.

16 THIRD SUNDAY.

The LORD is great: our LORD is above all gods. Whatsoever the LORD pleased: that did HE in Heaven, and in earth, in the sea, and in all deep places.

Praise ye the Name of the LORD: praise HIM, O ye servants of the LORD.

Glory &c. The LORD is great &c.

17 FOURTH SUNDAY.

O LORD GOD of Hosts, who is like unto THEE? THOU rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them. The

heavens are THINE, the earth also is THINE; as for the world and the fulness thereof, THOU hast founded them: THOU hast created the north wind and the sea.

I will sing: of the mercies of the LORD for ever.

Glory &c. O LORD of Hosts &c.

18 FIFTH SUNDAY.

O LORD, THOU art my hiding-place and my shield: I hope in THY word. Depart from me, ye evil-doers: for I will keep the commandments of my GOD.

Blessed are the undefiled in the way: who walk in the law of the LORD.

Glory &c. O LORD, THOU art &c.

19 SIXTH SUNDAY.

Remember, O LORD, THY tender mercies, and THY loving kindnesses: which have been ever of old. Let not mine enemies triumph over me: deliver Israel, O GOD, out of all his troubles.

Unto THEE, O LORD, do I lift up my soul: O my GOD, I trust in THEE: let me not be ashamed.

Glory &c. Remember, O LORD &c.

20 SEPTUAGESIMA.

The sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of Hell came about me: in my distress I called upon the LORD, and HE heard my voice out of HIS holy temple.

I will love THEE, O LORD my Strength: the LORD is my Rock, my Fortress, and my Deliverer.

Glory &c. The sorrows of death &c.

21 SEXAGESIMA.

Awake, why sleepest THOU, O LORD: arise, cast us not off for ever. Wherefore hidest THOU THY Face: and forgettest our affliction? Our soul is bowed down to the dust: arise, O LORD, help us, and deliver us.

O GOD, we have heard with our ears, our fathers have told us: what THOU hast done in their time of old.

Glory &c. Awake, why &c.

22 QUINQUAGESIMA.

Be THOU, O GOD, my strong rock and house of defence, that THOU mayest save me: for THOU art my strong rock, and my castle; be THOU also my Guide and lead me for THY Name's sake.

In THEE, O LORD, have I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion, deliver me in THY righteousness.

Glory &c. Be THOU, O GOD &c.

23 ASH WEDNESDAY.

THOU, O LORD, hast mercy upon all, and hatest nothing that THOU hast made: THOU visitest not the sins of men, but sparest them, that they may amend; for THOU art the LORD our GOD.

Be merciful unto me, O GOD, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in THEE.

Glory &c. THOU, O LORD &c.

24 FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

HE shall call upon me, and I will hear HIM: I will deliver him and bring him to honour; with long life will I satisfy him.

Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High: shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Glory &c. HE shall call &c.

25 SECOND SUNDAY.

Make haste, O GOD, to deliver me, make haste to help me, O LORD: let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul.

Let them be turned backward and put to confusion: that desire my hurt.

Glory &c. Make haste &c.

26

THIRD SUNDAY.

Mine eyes are ever toward the LORD: for HE shall pluck my feet out of the net. Turn THEE unto me, and have mercy upon me: for I am desolate and afflicted.

Unto THEE, O LORD, do I lift up my soul: O my GOD, I trust in THEE, let me not be ashamed.

Glory &c. Mine eyes &c.

27

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Rejoice, O Jerusalem: and be glad with her all ye that love her. Rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her: that ye may suck and be satisfied from the breasts of her consolation.

I was glad when they said unto me: we will go into the house of the LORD.

Glory &c. Rejoice, O Jerusalem &c.

28

PASSION SUNDAY.—FIFTH
IN LENT.

Judge Me, O God, and plead My cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver Me from

the deceitful and unjust man ; for THOU art the GOD of My strength.

O send out THY Light and THY Truth : let them lead Me, let them bring Me unto THY holy hill, and to THY tabernacles.

Judge Me, O GOD &c.

29 PALM SUNDAY.—NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

Be THOU not far from Me, O LORD : O My Strength, haste THEE to help Me. Save Me from the lion's mouth : and My feebleness from the horns of the unicorns.

My GOD, My GOD, look upon Me ; why hast THOU forsaken Me : and art so far from My health, and from the words of My complaint ?

Be THOU not far &c.

30 MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK.

Plead THOU My cause, O LORD, with them that strive with Me : and fight THOU against them that fight against Me. Lay hand upon the shield and buckler : and stand up to help Me.

Draw out also the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute Me : say unto My Soul, I am THY Salvation.

Plead THOU &c.

31

TUESDAY.

As for us, we ought to glory in the our LORD JESUS CHRIST: in WHOM is tion, life, and resurrection; and by whom we are saved and set free.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us, and show us the light of His Countenance, and be merciful unto us.

As for us &c.

32

WEDNESDAY.

At the Name of JESUS let every knee bow, and things in Heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. Because HE became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross, for us, that we should be saved, and that we should be reconciled to GOD the FATHER.

Hear My prayer, O LORD: and let us come unto THEE.

At the Name &c.

33

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

HE fed them with the finest wheat flour, with honey out of the stony rock HE made them drink.

This was made a statute for Israel: of the GOD of Jacob.

HE fed them &c.

34 GOOD FRIDAY.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which is done unto Me: Wherewith the LORD hath afflicted Me: in the day of His fierce anger.

My GOD, My GOD, look upon Me; why hast THOU forsaken Me: and art so far from My health, and from the words of My complaint?

Is it nothing &c.

35 EASTER-EVEN.

The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away. He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness.

Out of the deep have I called unto THEE, O LORD: LORD, hear my voice.

The righteous perisheth &c.

36 EASTER-DAY.

CHRIST is risen from the dead, alleluia: death is swallowed up in victory, alleluia. O death, where is thy sting: O grave, where is thy victory? Alleluia, alleluia.

The LORD reigneth, HE is clothed with majesty: the LORD is clothed with strength, where-with HE hath girded HIMSELF.

Glory &c. Christ is risen &c.

alleluia.

O give thanks unto the LORD, and c
His Name: tell the people what things
done.

Glory &c. The LORD hath brought

38 TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK

Ye are buried with CHRIST in Baptism
in also ye are risen with HIM: through
the operation of GOD, WHO hath raised
from the dead. Alleluia, alleluia.

O give thanks unto the LORD, and c
His Name: tell the people what things
done.

Glory &c. Ye are buried &c.

Sing we merrily unto GOD our Strength: make
a cheerful noise unto the GOD of Jacob.

Glory &c. As new-born babes &c.

40 SECOND SUNDAY.

Come before the presence of the LORD with a
song, alleluia: O ye HIS people and the sheep
of HIS pasture. Go your way into HIS gates with
thanksgiving, and into HIS courts with praise:
alleluia, alleluia.

O be joyful in the LORD, all ye lands: serve
the LORD with gladness.

Glory &c. Come before &c.

41 THIRD SUNDAY.

Break forth into singing, and let it be heard,
alleluia: declare ye, tell this even to the end of
the earth, the LORD hath redeemed HIS people;
alleluia, alleluia.

O be joyful in GOD, all ye lands: sing praises
unto the honour of HIS Name, make HIS praise
to be glorious.

Glory &c. Break forth &c.

42 FOURTH SUNDAY.

O sing unto the LORD a new song, alleluia:
for HE hath done marvellous things, alleluia.

Glory &c. O sing unto the LORD &

43

FIFTH SUNDAY.

Hear, O LORD, when I cry with
alleluia: when THOU saidst, Seek ye
my heart said unto THEE, THY Face,
I seek. Hide not THY Face from me
alleluia.

The LORD is my Light and my
whom shall I fear?

Glory &c. Hear, O LORD &c.

44

ASCENSION-DAY.

Ye men of Galilee: why stand ye

45 SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

THY Throne, O GOD, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of THY kingdom is a right sceptre. THOU lovest righteousness and hatest iniquity: therefore GOD, THY GOD, hath anointed THEE with the oil of gladness above THY fellows.

My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made, unto the KING.

Glory &c. Alleluia, alleluia. THY Throne &c.

46 WHITSUN-DAY.

The SPIRIT of the LORD filleth the world, alleluia: and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the voice, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Let GOD arise, and let HIS enemies be scattered: let them also that hate HIM flee before HIM.

Glory &c. The SPIRIT of the LORD &c.

47 MONDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.

Now we are delivered from the Law, being dead to that wherein we were held, alleluia: that we should serve in the newness of the spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter, alleluia, alleluia.

Sing we merrily unto GOD our Strength: make a cheerful noise unto the GOD of Jacob.

Glory &c. Now we are delivered &c.

48 TUESDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.

Come unto ME, all ye that be desirous
and fill yourselves with MY fruits.
For MY SPIRIT is sweeter than honey,
MINE inheritance than the honeycomb.
alleluia.

Like as the hart desireth the water:
so longeth my soul after THEE, O GOD.

Glory &c. Come unto ME &c.

49 TRINITY SUNDAY.

Blessed be the Holy Trinity, the U
nity: we will give thanks unto HIM
hath showed mercy upon us.

O LORD our GOD: how excellent
Name in all the earth!

Glory &c. Blessed be &c.

50 FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

O LORD, I have trusted in THY me-
heart rejoiceth in THY salvation: I
unto the LORD, because HE hath dealt
fully with me.

How long wilt THOU forget me, O L-
ever: How long wilt THOU hide THY face
from me?

Glory &c. O LORD, I have trusted

51 SECOND SUNDAY.

The LORD was my upholder, and brought me forth into a place of liberty: HE brought me forth because HE had a favour unto me.

I will love THEE, O LORD my Strength: the LORD is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer.

Glory &c. The LORD was my &c.

52 THIRD SUNDAY.

Turn THEE unto me, and have mercy upon me, O LORD: for I am desolate and in misery. Look upon mine affliction and my pain: and forgive all my sins.

Unto THEE, O LORD, do I lift up my soul: O my GOD, I trust in THEE, let me not be ashamed.

Glory &c. Turn THEE unto me &c.

53 FOURTH SUNDAY.

The LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear: the LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, approached against me: they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me: my heart shall not fear.

Glory &c. The LORD is my light &c.

54

FIFTH SUNDAY.

Hearken unto my voice, O LORD, when I cry unto THEE: be THOU my helper, leave me not, neither forsake me, O GOD of my salvation.

The LORD is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?

Glory &c. Hearken unto my voice &c.

55

SIXTH SUNDAY.

Be ye holy, for I the LORD your GOD am holy: therefore shall ye observe all MY statutes, and all MY judgments, and do them; I am the LORD.

Sing we merrily unto GOD our Strength: make a cheerful noise unto the GOD of Jacob.

Glory &c. Be ye holy &c.

56

SEVENTH SUNDAY.

The LORD is the strength of HIS people: and the wholesome defence of HIS Anointed. O LORD, save THY people, and bless THINE inheritance: feed them, and set them up for ever.

Unto THEE will I cry, O LORD my Strength: be not silent to me, lest if THOU make as though THOU hearest not, I become like them that go down into the pit.

Glory &c. The LORD is the strength &c.

57 **EIGHTH SUNDAY.**

THY Word is a lantern unto my feet: and a light unto my paths. I have sworn, and am steadfastly purposed: to keep Thy righteous judgments.

Blessed are the undefiled in the way: who walk in the law of the LORD.

Glory &c. THY Word is a lantern &c.

58 **NINTH SUNDAY.**

If THOU, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities, O LORD, who shall stand: but there is forgiveness with THEE, O GOD of Israel.

Out of the depths have I cried unto THEE, O LORD: LORD, hear my voice.

Glory &c. If THOU, LORD &c.

59 **TENTH SUNDAY.**

All things which THOU hast done unto us, O LORD, THOU hast done in truth and righteousness: because we have sinned against THEE, and have not obeyed THY commandments. But give glory unto THY Name: and do unto us according to the multitude of THY mercy.

O GOD, THOU has cast us out, and scattered us abroad: THOU hast also been displeased; O turn THEE unto us again.

Glory &c. All things &c.

60 ELEVENTH SUNDAY.

When I cried unto the LORD, HE
voice: and delivered me from them
coming against me. Yea, HE hath
down and humbled them: for HE is
ages, and abideth for ever. Cast th
upon the LORD: and HE shall sustain

Hear my prayer, O GOD, and hide
SELF from my petition: take heed unto
hear me.

Glory &c. When I cried &c.

61 TWELFTH SUNDAY.

Who is like unto THEE, O LORD, al
Gods? Who is like THEE: glorious in
fearful in praises, doing wonders.

I will magnify THEE, O GOD, my K
I will praise THY Name for ever and e

Glory &c. Who is like &c.

62 THIRTEENTH SUNDAY.

GOD in HIS holy place, GOD WHO
men to be of one mind in a house: HE
strength and power unto HIS people.

Let GOD arise, and let His enemies
tered: let them also that hate HIM, fl
HIM.

Glory &c. GOD in His holy place &

63 FOURTEENTH SUNDAY.

Have respect, O LORD, unto THY covenant: and forget not the congregation of THY poor for ever. Arise, O LORD, and maintain THINE own cause: and forget not the voice of those who seek THEE.

O GOD, why hast THOU cast us off for ever: why is THY wrath so hot against the sheep of THY pasture?

Glory &c. Have respect &c.

64 FIFTEENTH SUNDAY.

Rejoice in the LORD alway: and again I say, rejoice. Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving: let your requests be made known unto GOD.

The LORD is my Shepherd, I shall not want: HE maketh me to lie down in green pastures.

Glory &c. Rejoice in the LORD &c.

65 SIXTEENTH SUNDAY.

Lighten mine eyes, O LORD, that I sleep not in death: lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him.

Rejoice the soul of THY servant: for unto THEE, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

Glory &c. Lighten mine eyes &c.

66 SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY.

Be merciful unto me, O LORD: for I cry unto THEE daily. For THOU, O LORD, art good and ready to forgive: and plenteous in mercy to all them that call upon THEE.

Bow down THINE Ear, O LORD, and hear me: for I am poor and needy.

Glory &c. Be merciful &c.

67 EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY.

I will love THEE, O LORD, my Strength: the LORD is my Strong Rock, my Defence, and my Deliverer.

My GOD is my Might: and I will trust in HIM.

Glory &c. I will love THEE &c.

68 NINETEENTH SUNDAY.

Reward them, O LORD, that wait for THEE: and let THY prophets be found faithful. Hear the prayer of THY servants: and of THY people Israel.

I was glad when they said unto me: Let us go *into the house of the LORD.*

Glory &c. Reward them &c.

69 TWENTIETH SUNDAY.

The salvation of the righteous is of the LORD: HE is their strength in the time of trouble. The LORD shall help them and deliver them: because they put their trust in HIM.

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers; neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

Glory &c. The salvation &c.

70 TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY.

Great peace have they, O LORD, which love THY law: and nothing shall offend them. I have kept THY precepts and THY testimonies: for all my ways are before THEE.

LORD, I have hoped for THY salvation: and done after THY commandments.

Glory &c. Great peace have they &c.

71 TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY.

O LORD, LORD, the KING Almighty, the whole world is in THY power: and there is no man that can resist THY will. For THOU hast made Heaven and earth, and all the wondrous things under the Heaven: THOU art LORD of all things.

Blessed are the undefiled in the way: that walk in the law of the LORD.

Glory &c. O LORD, LORD &c.

72 TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY

O clap your hands together, all ye
O sing unto GOD with the voice of
For the LORD is high and to be feared
the great KING upon all the earth.

O sing praises, sing praises unto ou
for GOD is the KING of all the earth.

Glory &c. O clap your hands &c.

73 TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY

Have mercy upon me, O LORD, for n
spent with grief, and my years with
my strength failed me because of mine
But I trusted in THEE, O LORD, I said
art my GOD: my times are in THY Hand

In THEE, O LORD, have I put my t
me never be put to confusion, deliver me
righteousness.

Glory &c. Have mercy &c.

74 SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT.

I know the thoughts that I think tow
saith the LORD: thoughts of peace and
evil. Ye shall call upon ME and I will
unto you: and will bring back your c
from all the places whither I have drive

LORD, THOU art become gracious unto THY land: THOU hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

Glory &c. I know the thoughts &c.

75 COMMEMORATION OF APOSTLES.

THOU shalt make them princes, O LORD, in all the earth; and they shall cause THY Name to be remembered in all generations.

Instead of the fathers, children have been born unto THEE: therefore shall the people praise THEE for ever.

Glory &c. THOU shalt make &c.

76 EVANGELISTS.

I have chosen you out of the world: that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain. Their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world.

The Heavens declare the glory of GOD: and the firmament sheweth HIS handy-work.

Glory &c. I have chosen &c.

77 MARTYRS.

The righteous shall rejoice in THY Strength, O LORD: exceeding glad shall he be of THY salvation; THOU hast given him his heart's desire.

For THOU hast prevented him with
ings of goodness: THOU hast set a crown
gold on his head.

Glory &c. The righteous &c.

78 CONVERSION OF S. PAUL

I know WHOM I have believed: as
sued that HE is able to keep them
have committed unto HIM against them:

O LORD, THOU hast searched me: as
me: THOU knowest my down-sitting
up-rising.

Glory &c. I know WHOM &c.

79 PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN.

We have waited for THY loving-kind-
ness: in the midst of THY temple.
to THY Name, O GOD, so is THY praise
the ends of the earth: THY right Hand
righteousness.

Great is the LORD, and highly to be
in the city of our GOD, even upon HIL-
lary.

Glory &c. We have waited &c.

80 ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Drop down, ye Heavens, from above
the skies pour down righteousness: let
open, and let them bring forth Salvation

LORD, THOU art become gracious unto THY land: THOU hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

Glory &c. Drop down &c.

81 NATIVITY OF S. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The LORD hath called me from the womb: from the bowels of my mother hath HE made mention of my name. And He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword: in the shadow of His Hand hath HE hid me, and made me a polished shaft.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD: and to sing praises unto THY Name, O MOST HIGH.

Glory &c. The LORD hath called &c.

82 S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

O praise the LORD, ye Angels of HIS, ye that excel in strength: ye that fulfil HIS commandment, and hearken unto the voice of HIS words.

Praise the LORD, O my soul: and all that is within me, praise HIS holy Name.

Glory &c. O praise the LORD &c.

83 ALL SAINTS.

Ye are come unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable com-

pany of Angels: and to the general ass
and church of the first-born, which are writ
Heaven.

Great is the LORD, and mighty to be pr
in the city of our GOD, even upon HIS ho
Glory &c. Ye are come &c.

84 DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

How dreadful is this place! This is
other but the house of GOD, and this is th
of Heaven: surely the LORD is in this pla

How amiable are THY tabernacles, O L
Hosts: my soul longeth, yea, even fainte
the courts of the LORD.

Glory &c. How dreadful &c.

85 AFTER THE SOLEMNIZATIO MATRIMONY.

O GOD, THOU art worthy to be praise
all pure and holy praise: grant them me
LORD, and finish their life in health with jo
peace.

Blessed are all they that fear the LORD
walk in HIS ways.

Glory &c. O GOD, THOU art &c.

86 AT THE BURIAL OF THE D

Eternal rest grant them, O LORD: an
everlasting light shine on them.

Praise waiteth for THEE, O GOD, in Sion, and unto THEE shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem: O THOU That hearest prayer, unto THEE shall all flesh come.

Eternal rest &c.

87 IN ANY TIME OF NECESSITY.

The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon HIM: to all that call upon HIM in truth. HE will fulfil the desire of them that fear HIM: HE also will hear their cry and will save them.

Give ear, O My people, to My Law: incline your ears to the words of My Mouth.

Glory &c. The LORD is nigh &c.

88 IN TIME OF WAR.

Remember, O LORD, THY tender mercies: and THY loving-kindnesses, which have been ever of old. Let not our enemies triumph over us: bring THOU us, O GOD of Israel, out of our distresses.

Unto THEE, O LORD, do I lift up my soul: O my GOD, I trust in THEE; let me not be ashamed.

Glory &c. Remember, O LORD &c.

89 IN TIME OF PESTILENCE.

Remember, O LORD, THY covenant, and say to the destroying Angel, 'It is enough; stay now thine hand:' that the earth be not rendered desolate, and every living soul be destroyed.

Give ear, O THOU Shepherd of Israel:
That leadest Joseph like a flock.

Glory &c. Remember, O LORD &c.

90 THANKSGIVING.

I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the LORD
and the praises of the LORD: according to
that the LORD hath bestowed on us.

Bless the LORD, O my soul: and forget not
His benefits.

Glory &c. I will mention &c.

91 HARVEST.

O LORD, how manifold are THY works
wisdom hast THOU made them all. The
earth is full of THY riches: the valleys stand so
with corn that they laugh and sing.

Praise the LORD, O my soul, and forget not
His benefits: praise the LORD.

Glory &c. O LORD, how manifold &c.

92 FOR THE PROMOTION OF UNITY.

Save us, O LORD our God, and gather us
among the nations: that we may give thanks
to THY holy Name, and make our boast of
praise.

O give thanks unto the LORD, for HE is good:
for HIS mercy endureth for ever.

Glory &c. Save us, O LORD &c.

93 DURING THE VACANCY OF A SEE OR PARISH.

I will raise ME up a faithful priest, who shall
do according to that which is in MINE Heart and
in MY Mind: and he shall walk before MINE
ANOINTED for ever.

LORD, remember David: and all his afflictions.

Glory &c. I will raise &c.

HYMNS.

HOLY COMMUNION.

318 When the Patriarch was returning
Crown'd with triumph from the fray,
Him the peaceful KING of Salem
Came to meet upon his way;
Meekly bearing Bread and Wine,
Holy Priesthood's awful sign !

On the truth thus dimly shadow'd,
Later days a lustre shed ;
When the great High Priest eternal,
Under forms of Wine and Bread,
For the world's immortal Food
Gave HIS Flesh, and gave HIS Blood.

Wondrous Gift!—the WORD WHO moulded
All things by HIS might divine,
Bread to be HIS Body maketh,
And HIS very Blood the Wine.
What though sense no change perceives,
Faith admires, adores, believes !

HE WHO once to die a Victim
On the Cross, did not refuse,
Day by day, upon our altars,
That same Sacrifice renews,
Through HIS holy Priesthood's hands,
Faithful to HIS last commands!

While the people all uniting
 In that Sacrifice sublime,
 Offer CHRIST to HIS high FATHER,
 Offer up themselves with HIM ;
 Then together with the Priest,
 On the Living VICTIM feast !


319 All the world in sin was lying,
 Hid from GOD the FATHER's light,
 As a cloud across the Heavens
 Keeps the golden sun from sight.

GOD the FATHER's Face was veiled,
 Satan held man in his sway ;
 JESUS came from heavenly glory,
 Swept the cloud of sin away.

Punishment each sin demanded,
 JESUS paid the bitter price ;
 Sins of thought, of word, of action,
 Were atoned by Sacrifice.

JESUS CHRIST, HIMSELF the Victim,
 Now as Priest in Heaven doth stand,
 Offering HIS wounded Body,
 Lifting up each piercèd Hand.

For each sin on earth committed
 We that Sacrifice must plead,
 Asking CHRIST with GOD the FATHER
 For our guilt to intercede.



Come we then with heart's devoti
To that Sacrament divine!
In the Bread see JESUS' Body,
And HIS dear Blood in the Wi

Let us hail HIM, low adoring,
And the angelic anthems swell,
Praising CHRIST, the Priest and V
Ransoming the world from hell.

320 Hidden SAVIOUR, Great High I
Master of the royal feast,
King, enthroned above the skie
One and perfect Sacrifice,
CHRIST the same, and chang
Yesterday, to-day, for ever.

Yesterday upon the Cross
THOU didst hang to heal our lo
Past are now THY mortal pains

Evermore a Priest above,
THOU art pleading, in THY Love,
That same Offering of might
Which we show in bloodless rite,
CHRIST the same &c.

Man of Mary, GOD of GOD,
Sacred Flesh and Precious Blood,
THEE we offer, THEE adore,
Till THOU comest here once more,
CHRIST the same &c.

321 LORD, when before THY Throne we meet
THY goodness to adore,
From Heaven, th' eternal Mercy-seat,
On us THY blessing pour;
And make our inmost souls to be
A habitation meet for THEE.

THY Body for our ransom given,
THY Blood in mercy shed—
With this immortal Food from Heaven,
LORD, let our souls be fed:
And as we round THY Table kneel,
Help us THY quick'ning grace to feel.

Be THOU, O HOLY SPIRIT, nigh;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heart-felt tear;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies. Amen.

Here may THY faithful people know
The blessings of THY Love;
The streams that through the desert
The Manna from above!

We come, obedient to THY word,
To feast on Heavenly Food;
Our meat the Body of the LORD,
Our drink HIS precious Blood.

Thus may we all THY words obey,
For we, O GOD, are THINE;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

323 Body of JESUS, oh sweet Food!
Blood of my SAVIOUR, precious Blood
On these THY Gifts, ETERNAL PRESENTS
Grant THOU my soul in faith to feast
Wearv and faint I thirst and pine

SAVIOUR, till then, I fain would know
That Feast above by this below;
This Bread of Life, this wondrous Food,
THY Body and THY precious Blood. Amen.

324 Bright upon the vested Altar
Burns the Tapers' steady light;
For the DAY-STAR has arisen
Through the shadows of the night.

Twin in number, twin in nature,
Earthly matter shining bright,
With the flame which, uncommingled,
Sheds the radiance of its light.

Uncontain'd, yet close united—
Undivided each, yet whole,
As the human flesh is wedded
With the reasonable soul:

While behind, distinct, mysterious,
Casting shadow from above,
Spreads the Cross its arms of mercy
And of all embracing love.

LIGHT of LIGHT, from Heaven descending
To THY earthly Altar-Throne,
Lo! we call THEE, we receive THEE:
MASTER, come unto THINE own.

Here we tremble as we worship;
For, behold! in lowly guise,
Under Form of earthly Substance,
Lies the bloodless Sacrifice:

And the soul flies back in memory
To the manger in the stall,
Where in Form of earthly Substance,
Lay the GOD and LORD of all.

GOD and Man HE will'd, for our sakes,
In ONE PERSON to combine;
GOD and Man, HE comes, for our sakes,
Under Form of Bread and Wine,

That HIS pure and sinless Manhood,
Rais'd from death, no more to die,
May appeal, from earth to Heaven,
At the Throne of GOD on high.

Therefore on the vested Altar
Burns the Tapers' steady flame;
Setting forth the TWO-FOLD NATURE,
Wherewith CHRIST the SAVIOUR came:

Setting forth the Heavenly PRESENCE,
Which the faithful soul intent
Must discern beneath the Substance
Of the fearful Sacrament;

That the fainting may gain vigour,
And the sickly be made whole,
If the Hem of That bright Garment
Do but touch upon the soul.

LIGHT of LIGHT, from Heaven descending
To THY earthly Altar-Throne,
Lo! we call THEE, we receive THEE:
MASTER, come unto THINE own. Amen.

(BEFORE CONSECRATION.)

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

125 GOD the LORD, in mercy bending,
 Hear us from THY holy shrine,
 And, THINE aid ALMIGHTY lending,
 Let THY HOLY GHOST Divine,
 Hither from on high descending,
 Brood upon the Bread and Wine.

Let HIM come, our Strength and Tower,
 To this Altar now to-day,
 And HIS holy influence shower
 On the gifts which here we lay;
 Let HIM, with HIS quickening power,
 While in lowliness we pray,

Make this bread the Flesh redeeming
 Of the SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST;
 And this Cup the rich Blood streaming
 From the Victim sacrificed—
 Heavenly Food with bounties teeming,
 Chalice of HIS love unpriced.

Let them be for faith and healing,
 Pardon from all guilt and shame,
 Wisdom, grace in act and feeling,
 Holiness of soul and frame,
 Everlasting life revealing,
 And the glory of THY Name. Amen.

(AFTER CONSECRATION.)

326 Hail, Body born of Mary,
Hail, CHRIST, REDEEMER dear!
True Man, and perfect Godhead,
And living Flesh are here.
Hail THOU, our true Salvation!
The Way, the Life art THOU:
With THY right Hand of power,
Save us from evil now.

Hail, Blood of CHRIST, in Heaven
The Chalice of the blest,
The Water of redemption
To cleanse the sinful breast!
Hail, Blood and saving Water,
That from the wounded Side
Of CHRIST, our dear REDEEMER,
Flowed for us when HE died!

327 Hail to THEE, true Body, sprung
From the Virgin Mary's womb,
The Same that on the Cross was h
And bore for man the bitter doo
Hear us, merciful and mild,
JESU, Mary's gracious Child ;

From WHOSE Side for sinners riven
Water flowed and mingled Blood
May'st THOU, dearest LORD, be giv
In death's hour to be my food!
Hear us &c.

328

THEE we adore, O hidden SAVIOUR, THEE,
 WHO in THY Sacrament dost deign to be ;
 Both flesh and spirit at THY Presence fail,
 Yet here THY Presence we devoutly hail.

O blest Memorial of our dying LORD,
 WHO living Bread to men dost here afford !
 O may our souls for ever feed on THEE,
 And THOU, Q CHRIST, for ever precious be !

Fountain of goodness, JESU, LORD and GOD,
 Cleanse us, unclean, with THY most cleansing
 Blood ;

Increase our faith and love, that we may know
 The hope and peace which from THY Presence
 flow.

O CHRIST, WHOM now beneath a veil we see,
 May what we thirst for soon our portion be—
 To gaze on THEE unveil'd, and see THY Face,
 The vision of THY Glory and Thy grace! Amen.

(AFTER COMMUNION.)

329 JESU, gentlest SAVIOUR !
 GOD of might and power !
 THOU THYSELF art dwelling
 In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold THEE,
 Heaven is all too strait
 For THINE endless glory,
 And THY royal state.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot;
And the GOD of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

JESU, gentlest SAVIOUR !
THOU art in us now ;
Fill us with THY goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

Pray the prayer within us,
That to Heaven shall rise ;
Sing the song that Angels
Sing above the skies.

Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear ;
And, dear LORD ! the chiefest—
Grace to persevere.

Oh ! how can we thank THEE
For a Gift like this—
Gift, that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss ?

Ah ! when wilt THOU always
Make our hearts THY home ?
We must wait for Heaven :
Then the day shall come. Amen.

330 O JESU, LORD, remember,
When THOU shalt come again
Upon the clouds of Heaven,
With all THY shining train,

When every eye shall see THEE
 In Deity reveal'd,
 WHO here upon this altar
 In silence art conceal'd;

Remember, then, O SAVIOUR,
 I supplicate of THEE,
 That here I bow'd before THEE
 Upon my bended knee;
 That here I own'd THY Presence
 And did not THEE deny,
 And glorified THY greatness,
 Though hid from human eye.

Accept, divine REDEEMER,
 The homage of my praise;
 Be THOU the light and honour
 And glory of my days;
 Be THOU my consolation
 When death is drawing nigh;
 Be THOU my only treasure,
 Through all eternity. Amen.

(ON RETIRING FROM THE ALTAR TO
 THE SACRISTY.)

331 Now from might to might advancing,
 From THINE holy Shrine we go,
 Having offer'd up the service
 Which THOU bad'st us ever do—
 That THY will, as done in Heaven,
 May be done on earth below.

THOU for all THY faithful people
Hast the mystic table spread,
THOU hast given the Heavenly Manna,
THOU hast given the Daily Bread;
Now vouchsafe THY loving mercy
On our daily path to shed.
Ground us in THY fear for ever,
Rest us wholly in THY love;
With the Blessed SPIRIT'S fervour,
Our enkindled spirits move:
Lead us, guide us, till we find THEE
In THY deathless feast above. Amen.

HOLY BAPTISM.

332 With CHRIST we share a mystic grave;
With CHRIST we buried lie;
But 'tis not in the darksome cave
By mournful Calvary:
The pure and bright baptismal wave
Entombs our nature's stain;
New creatures from the cleansing flood,
With CHRIST we rise again.
Happy, if through this world of strife,
And sin, and selfish care,
This snow-white robe of righteousness
We undefiled wear:
Happy, if through the gate of death,
Glorious at last and free,
We to our joyful rising pass,
O risen LORD, with THEE.

And now to THY thrice holy Name,
The GOD WHOM we adore,
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be glory evermore. Amen.

333 Hail, Eternal KING of glory,
PRINCE of power and LORD of Life,
Angel hosts and men adore THEE,
WHO hast conquer'd in THY strife.

Now, behold, Eve's strong temptation
Heal'd by Mary's sinless SON,—
Adam's curse by CHRIST's Salvation,—
Eden lost by Heaven won.

Oh, may we, once new created
In the pure life-giving flood,
Still to THEE be consecrated,
Daily rise from sin to GOD!

Dead to every deed unholy,
Buried each unhallowed lust,
Living now to JESUS solely,
Rise we from corruption's dust. Amen.

334 The SPIRIT on the waters moved,
At the Creation's morn;
And from the waters, by HIS Power,
The Heaven and earth were born.

On the Baptismal Water broods
Regenerating Love;
And there the soul is born anew,
Created from above.

Baptized in CHRIST, we died to sin,
And to New Life were born;
O may we rise, and hail with joy
The Resurrection morn!

Baptized in CHRIST we put on CHRIST,
And then were clothed in Light;
O may we keep that garment pure,
And ever walk in white!

So may we stand with saints in bliss,
That white-robed company,
Before the Everlasting Throne,
And render thanks to THEE.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE GOD and PERSONS THREE,
WHOSE Name we bear, in WHOM we live
Eternal glory be! Amen.

335 In token that thou shalt not fear
CHRIST crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thy brow,
And mark thee HIS alone.

In token that thou shalt not fear
CHRIST'S conflict to maintain,
But 'neath HIS banner, manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path HE travell'd by,
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And sit with HIM on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for HIS own;
And may the brow that wears HIS Cross,
Hereafter share HIS Crown!

Praise to the SON, through WHOM alone
Our stains of guilt are lost;
Like praise be to the FATHER done,
And to the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

CONFIRMATION.


336 Soldiers of CHRIST, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which GOD supplies
Through HIS eternal SON.

Strong in the LORD of Hosts,
And in HIS mighty power,
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in HIS great might,
With all HIS strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of GOD;

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through CHRIST alone,
And stand complete at last.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be,
The ever Blessed THREE in ONE,
To all eternity. Amen.



And then on THY baptized confer
THY best of gifts, the COMFORTER,
By Apostolic hands and prayer,
Be with us now, as THOU wast there.

Arm these THY soldiers, Mighty LORD
With shield of Faith, and SPIRIT'S SW
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the Cross unfurl'd,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from THEE
The palm and crown of victory!

Come, ever blessèd SPIRIT, come
And make THY servants' hearts THY
May each a living temple be,
Hallow'd for ever, LORD, to THEE!
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine

O grant us so to use THY grace,
That we may see THY glorious Face,
And ever with the heavenly Host
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
Amen.

338

SPIRIT of Wisdom, guide THINE own,
WHO fain would make THEE now their choice,
That we may never walk alone,
But hear THY sweet and heavenly Voice.

Draw, HOLY GHOST, THY sevenfold veil
Between us and the fires of youth;
Breathe, HOLY GHOST, THY freshening gale,
Our fever'd brow in age to soothe.

And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallow'd hour do THOU renew,
When beckon'd up the awful choir
By pastoral hands, toward THEE we drew;

When trembling at the sacred rail
We hid our eyes and held our breath,
Felt THEE how strong, our hearts how frail,
And long'd to own THEE to the death.

For ever on our souls be traced
That blessing dear, that dove-like hand,
A sheltering rock in Memory's waste,
O'er-shadowing all the weary land. Amen.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

(BEFORE THE SOLEMNIZATION.)

339 The Voice that breath'd o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing—
It hath not pass'd away:

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy THREE are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break,

Be present, awful FATHER,
To give away this bride,
As Eve THOU gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierc'd side;

Be present, SON of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As THOU didst bind two natures
In THINE eternal bands;

Be present, Holiest SPIRIT,
To bless them as they kneel,
As THOU for CHRIST, the Bridegroom,
The Heavenly spouse dost seal.

O spread THY pure wing o'er them,
 Let no ill power find place,
 When onward to THINE Altar
 The hallow'd path they trace,
 To cast their crowns before THEE,
 In perfect sacrifice,
 Till to the home of gladness
 With CHRIST's own Bride they rise. Amen.

340 How welcome was the call,
 And sweet the festal lay,
 When JESUS deign'd in Cana's hall
 To bless the marriage day.

And happy was the Bride,
 And glad the Bridegroom's heart,
 For HE WHO tarried at their side
 Bade grief and ill depart.

HIS gracious power divine
 The water vessels knew;
 And plenteous was the mystic wine
 The wondering servants drew.

O LORD of life and love,
 Come THOU again to-day;
 And bring a blessing from above
 That ne'er shall pass away.

Oh, bless, as erst of old,
 The Bridegroom and the Bride;
 Blest with the holier stream that flow'd
 Forth from THY piercèd Side.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

341 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER
Ever-Blessèd THREE in ONE ;
Hearken to our humble prayer
Hear us when we call to Thee
Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

Hear us, SON of GOD, O hear !
We approach THEE for our dear
Lead *him*, in the vale of fear,
Be THY Wings around *him* spread
LORD of Life, we humbly pray
Grant *him* mercy in that day

Grant THY faithful rest and light
In THY Paradise of calm,
Lying, till be past the night,
Till the GREAT DAY shall come

Dweller in the Vale of Death,
Second Adam, Source of Life,
Wearer of the thorny wreath,
Victor in the deadly strife:
LORD of Life &c.

THOU WHO didst let fall the tear
On the grave of Bethany;
WHO at Nain didst stay the bier,
That lone mother's tear to dry:
LORD of Life &c.

THOU WHOSE Voice could wake the dead—
“Maid! I say to thee, arise!”
WHO didst bow THY dying Head
On the day of Sacrifice:
LORD of Life &c.

THOU WHO passedst through the gloom
Which enshrouds the Vale of Death,
Guide *his* footsteps through the tomb,
Shelter *him* THINE Arms beneath:
LORD of Life &c.

In the fell and fearful day,
Day of fury and of ire,
When the earth shall melt away
In the thunder-blast of fire:
LORD of Life &c.

When to hear the doom are met
Saints and sinners, quick and dead,
And the great White Throne is set,
And the books are open spread:

LORD of Life, we humbly pray,
WHO didst tread the narrow way
Ransom for *his* soul to pay,
Let *him* not be cast away,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

342 *Brother*, now thy toils are o'er,
Thou hast laid life's burden down :
May'st thou then for evermore
Find in JESUS' Love thy crown !
Grant *him*, LORD, eternal rest
With the spirits of the blest.

Through death's valley, dim and dark,
JESUS guide thee in the gloom,
Show thee where HIS footprints mark
Tracks of glory through the tomb !
Grant *him* &c.

Angels bear thee to the land
Where the towers of Sion rise,
Safely lead thee by the hand
To the fields of Paradise !
Grant *him* &c.

White-robed at the golden gate
Of the New Jerusalem,
May the host of martyrs wait,
Give thee part and lot with them !
Grant *him* &c.

Choirs of Angels over us,
Bear CHRIST's weak and trembling lamb,
Give thee peace with Lazarus,
In the breast of Abraham !
Grant *him* &c.

Rest in peace: the gates of hell
Touch thee not till HE shall come
For the souls HE loves so well,
Dear LORD of the heavenly home!
Grant *him* &c.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Clay we give to kindred clay;
In the sure and certain trust
Of the Resurrection Day.
Grant *him* &c.

CHRIST the Sower sows thee here:
When the Eternal Day shall dawn,
HE will gather in the ear
On that Resurrection morn:
Grant *him*, LORD, eternal rest,
With the spirits of the blest. Amen.

(FOR A CHILD.)

343 Gentle Shepherd, THOU hast still'd
Now THY little lamb's long weeping;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
LORD, THOU wouldst no longer leave it:
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it:
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with THEE in light.

Ah, LORD JESU, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving:
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though THOU take what most we love. A

DURING AN OFFERTORY.

344 We give THEE but THINE own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is THINE alone,
A trust, O LORD, from THEE.

Oh! hearts are bruis'd and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd
Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is Angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To GOD the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a CHRIST-like thing.

And we believe THY Word,
 Though dim our faith may be ;
 Whate'er for THINE we do, O LORD,
 We do it unto THEE.

All might, all praise be THINE,
 FATHER, Co-equal SON,
 And SPIRIT, bond of Love divine,
 While endless ages run. Amen.

SCHOOLS.

345 O holy LORD, content to dwell
 In a poor home, a lowly child,
 With meek obedience noting well
 Each mandate of THY Mother mild ;
 Lead every child that bears THY Name
 To walk in THY pure upright way,
 To shun the paths of sin and shame,
 And humbly, like THYSELF, obey.
 Let not this world's unhallow'd glow
 The fresh baptismal dew efface,
 Nor blast of sin too roughly blow
 And quench the trembling flame of grace.
 Gather THY lambs within THINE Arm,
 And gently in THY Bosom bear,
 Protect them still from hurt and harm,
 And bid them rest for ever there.
 So shall they, waiting here below,
 Like THEE, their LORD, a little span,
 In wisdom and in stature grow,
 And favour both with GOD and man.

- 346** Heavenly FATHER, send THY blessing
On THY children gather'd here,
May they all, THY Name confessing,
Be to THEE for ever dear:
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.
- Holy SAVIOUR, WHO in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to THEE:
Bear THY lambs when they are weary
In THINE Arms and at THY Breast;
Through life's desert dry and dreary
Bring them to THY heavenly rest.
- Spread THY golden pinions o'er them,
Holy SPIRIT, from above,
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
THY true temples, holy SPIRIT,
May they with THY glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be THINE! Amen.
-

FOR CHILDREN.

- 347** Once in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for HIS bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
JESUS CHRIST her only Child.

HE came down to earth from Heaven,
WHO is GOD and LORD of all,
And HIS shelter was a stable,
And HIS cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Liv'd on earth our SAVIOUR holy.

And through all HIS wondrous Childhood,
HE would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms HE lay;
Christian children all must be,
Mild, obedient as HE.

For HE is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us HE grew,
HE was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us HE knew,
And HE feeleth for our sadness,
And HE shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see HIM,
Through HIS own redeeming Love,
For that Child, so dear and gentle,
Is our LORD in Heaven above;
And HE leads HIS children on
To the place where HE is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see HIM; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right Hand on high,
When like stars HIS children crown'd,
All in white, shall wait around. Amen.

348 When the evergreens hung round,
And the Christmas bells did sound,
SAVIOUR, then they told of THEE,
THOU wast once a child like me:
Hear me then, my SAVIOUR mild,
Hear, and love, a little child.

Since for me THOU cam'st to die,
I like THEE to live, will try;
THOU for me didst poor become,
And a manger was THY home,
Oh! for all THOU didst endure,
Help me, LORD, to love the poor.

Smiling on the Virgin's knee,
Brightly went the day with THEE:
Peace and love were round THEE shed,
And GOD's Angels watch'd THY bed:
So may I improve the light,
So be guarded safe by night!

Help me, too, like THEE to grow
Dear to GOD, and man below:
And from childhood's guileless heart,
SAVIOUR, let me never part,
Since like children all must be,
Who at last would live with THEE.

Amen

349 There were shepherds once abiding
In the field to watch by night,
And they saw the clouds dividing,
And the sky above was bright;

And a glory shone around them
On the grass as they were laid!
And a holy Angel found them,
And their hearts were sore afraid.

“Fear ye not,” he said, “for cheerful
Are the tidings that I bring,
Unto you, so weak and fearful,
CHRIST is born, the LORD and KING.”
As the Angel told the story
Of the SAVIOUR’S lowly birth,
Multitudes were singing “Glory
Be to GOD, and peace on earth!”

Since THY love for our salvation,
SAVIOUR, covered THEE with shame,
Let THY Church, in every nation,
Sing the glory of THY Name;
Let THY HOLY SPIRIT make us
Full of humbleness and love,
Like THYSELF, until THOU take us
To our FATHER’S house above. Amen.

350 There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear LORD was crucified
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains HE had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
HE hung and suffered there.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has HE loved,
And we must love HIM too,
And trust in HIS redeeming Blood,
And try HIS works to do.

351 WHO is this so weak and helpless
Child of lowly Hebrew Maid
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?

'Tis the LORD of all Creation,
WHO this wondrous path hath
HE is GOD from everlasting,
And to everlasting, GOD.

WHO is this—a Man of Sorrow

Who is this—behold HIM raining
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?

'Tis our GOD, WHO gifts and graces
On HIS Church now poureth down;
WHO shall smite in holy vengeance
All HIS foes beneath HIS Throne.

WHO is this that hangeth dying,
With the thieves on either side;
Nails HIS Hands and Feet are tearing,
And the spear hath pierced HIS Side?

'Tis the GOD WHO ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden City
Reigning everlastingly!

352 Come, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud hosannas
To JESUS, LORD and KING;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to CHRIST to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices,
Should praise the children's KING;

For JESUS is salvation,
 And glory, grace, and rest ;
 To babe, and boy, and maiden,
 The One REDEEMER blest.

O boys, be strong in JESUS ;
 To toil for HIM is gain,
 And JESUS wrought with Joseph,
 With chisel, saw, and plane ;
 O maidens, live for JESUS,
 WHO was a Maiden's Son ;
 Be patient, pure and gentle,
 And perfect grace begun.

Soon in the golden city
 The boys and girls shall play,
 And through the dazzling mansions
 Rejoice in endless day ;
 O CHRIST, prepare THY children
 With that triumphant throng
 To pass the burnished portals,
 And sing th' eternal song. Amen.

MISSIONS.

353 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down the golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !

What, though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of GOD are strown,
 The Heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt MESSIAH's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 'Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The LAMB for sinners slain,
 REDEEMER, KING, CREATOR,
 In bliss returns to reign! Amen.

354 ALMIGHTY GOD, WHOSE only SON
 O'er sin and death the triumph won,
 And ever lives to intercede
 For souls who THY sweet mercy need:

In His dear Name to THEE we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour THEE.

There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of THY blessèd Word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of Heaven or hell ;

And some within THY sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife ;

And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years :

O give repentance true and deep
To all THY lost and wandering sheep,
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire ;

That so from angel-hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
THY Name, O GOD, for evermore. Amen.

THANKSGIVING.

355 Praise we our God with joy,
And gladness never ending ;
Angels and saints with us
Their grateful voices blending.

He is our FATHER dear,
With Parent's love o'erflowing ;
Mercies unsought, unknown,
On wayward hearts bestowing.

HE is our SHEPHERD true,
With watchful care unsleeping ;
On us, HIS erring sheep,
An Eye of pity keeping.

HE, with a mighty Arm,
The bonds of sin hath broken ;
And to our burden'd hearts
In words of peace hath spoken.

Bleeding we lay, but HE
With soothing bands hath bound us :
Dark was our path, but HE
Hath pour'd HIS Light around us.

Graces in copious stream
From that pure Fount are welling,
Where, in our inmost heart,
Our GOD hath set HIS dwelling.

HIS Word our lantern is,
HIS Peace our consolation ;
HIS Sweetness all our rest,
HIMSELF our great Salvation.

Then live we all to GOD,
On HIM in Faith relying ;
HE be our guide in life,
Our Joy and Hope in dying. Amen.

356

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice:
HIM serve with fear, HIS praise forth tell;
Come ye before HIM and rejoice.

The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed;
Without our aid HE did us make:
We are HIS flock, HE doth us feed,
And for HIS sheep HE doth us take.

Oh! enter then HIS Gates with praise;
Approach with joy HIS Courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless HIS Name always;
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The LORD our GOD is good;
HIS Mercy is for ever sure;
HIS Truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

357 GOD the LORD has heard our prayer,
GOD has lightened all our care;
To HIS glorious Throne on high
Rose HIS children's mournful cry—
Alleluia! praises sing!
To our FATHER and our KING!

Helpless, LORD, THY Face we sought,
THOU hast our deliverance wrought;
GOD, WHO gave us faith to pray,
Give us thankful hearts to-day!
Alleluia! LORD, to THEE
Sing we, though unworthily.

Now the night of grief is gone;
 Now with joy breaks forth the morn :
 Trust in GOD, if ye would prove
 All the riches of HIS Love.
 Alleluia ! praise the LORD !
 Trust HIS Love, and plead HIS Word.
 Praise to GOD, WHO heard our cry !
 Praise to CHRIST, WHO pleads on high !
 Praise the SPIRIT bless'd, WHO gave
 Strength our FATHER's help to crave !
 Alleluia ! glory be
 To the ETERNAL TRINITY. Amen.

(FOR HARVEST.)

- 358 LORD of the Harvest, once again
 We thank THEE for the ripened grain,
 For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
 THY servants through another year :
 For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
 By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.
 The bare, dry grain in autumn sown,
 Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
 Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
 Fresh garnished by the KING of kings ;
 So, LORD, to those that sleep in THEE,
 Shall new and glorious bodies be.
 Nor vainly of THY word we ask
 A lesson from the reaper's task :
 So shall THINE Angels issue forth,
 The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
 The sport of wind and storm no more,
 Be gathered to their FATHER's store.

Daily, O LORD, our prayers be said,
As THOU hast taught, for daily bread :
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need.
O BREAD of LIFE, from day to day,
Be THOU our Comfort, Food, and Stay !
All praise from earth and Heaven's high
host
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

359 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home !
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin :
GOD, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied :
Come to GOD's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home !

We ourselves are GOD's own field,
Fruit unto HIS praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear ;
Grant, O harvest LORD, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the LORD our GOD shall come,
And shall take HIS harvest home ;
From HIS kingdom in that day
All offences purge away ;

Give HIS Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast ;
But the fruitful ears to store
In HIS garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home !
All are safely gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There, for ever purified,
In GOD's garner to abide :
Come, ten thousand Angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home! Amen.

360 Praise, O praise our GOD and KING !
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For HIS mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise HIM that HE made the sun,
Day by day his course to run ;
For HIS mercies &c.

And the silver moon by night,
Among her spangled sisters bright :
For HIS mercies &c.

Praise HIM that HE gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For HIS mercies &c.

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For HIS mercies &c.

Praise HIM for our harvest-store,
HE hath filled the garner-floor ;
For HIS mercies &c.

And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
For HIS mercies &c.

Glory to our bounteous KING !
Glory let Creation sing !
Glory to the FATHER, Son,
And bless'd SPIRIT, THREE in ONE. A

361 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and water'd
By GOD's Almighty Hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the LORD, O thank
For all HIS love. [L

HE only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
HE paints the wayside flower,
HE lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey HIM,
By HIM the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, HIS children,
HE gives our daily bread.
All good gifts &c.

We thank THEE, then, O FATHER,
For all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all THY love imparts,
And, what THOU most desirest,
Our humble thankful hearts.
All good gifts &c.

IN TIME OF DISTRESS OR DANGER.

362

O GOD, that madest earth and sky, the darkness
and the day,
Give ear to this THY family, and help us when
we pray:
For wide the waves of bitterness around our
vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the
rocky shore.

The Cross our MASTER bore for us, for HIM we
fain would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and
courage to despair:
Then, mercy on our failings, LORD; our sinking
faith renew;
And when THY sorrows visit us, oh! send THY
patience too.

363

SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us ;
Without THEE we cannot go ;
THOU from cruel chains hast freed us,
THOU hast laid the tyrant low ;
Let THY Presence still precede us,
Comfort us in every woe.

When we halt, no track perceiving,
Fearful lest we go astray,
Then the pillar, onward cleaving,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us undeceiving ;
So we shall not miss the way.

When we hunger, THOU wilt feed us,
Manna shall the camp surround,
When we thirst, THYSELF wilt lead us,
Streams shall from the Rock abound ;
So refreshed, THOU still wilt speed us,
Till we reach the holy ground.

When our foes assemble, arming
In their might our march to stay,
With THY sudden fear alarming
THOU wilt smite them with dismay ;
And THY people, safe from harming,
Led by THEE, shall win the day.

Then lead on, ALMIGHTY VICTOR,
Scatter every hostile band ;
From the cloud be their Afflicter ;
Guide THY people to their land ;
Be our Hope, and strong Protector,
Till on Sion's hill we stand. Amen.

364

LORD of our life, and GOD of our Salvation,
 Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
 Hear and receive THY Church's supplication,
 LORD GOD Almighty.

See round THINE ark the angry billows curling,
 See how THY foes their banners are unfurling;
 LORD, while their darts envenomed they are
 hurling,

THOU canst preserve us.

LORD, THOU canst help when earthly armour
 faileth,

LORD, THOU canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
 LORD, o'er THY Rock nor death nor hell
 prevaieth:

Grant us THY peace, LORD.

Grant us THY help till foes are backward driven,
 Grant them THY truth, that they may be forgiven,
 Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
 Peace in THY Heaven. Amen.

365 LORD, in THY wrath THOU thinkest yet
 On mercy to THY saints;
 On THEE our waiting hopes we set;
 Remember our complaints.

Of old the Flood, with thunders loud,
 Rose till THY wrath was stayed;
 But then THY Bow was in the cloud,
 THY promise surely made.

with penitence may smite,
Midway he pauses in his path,
When prayer is made aright
LORD of all power and might!
With goodness all things fill
THOU, FATHER, SON, and HOI
Refresh THY people still.

IN TIME OF WAR

366 O God! in danger and dist
We put our trust in THEE
Though troubles now around
Unto THY side we flee.

There hide us, O THOU KING
Until the storm is o'er—
Till wars throughout the world
And troubles be no more.

We know the wonders THOU
For all THY saints of old.

O GOD—their GOD and ours—behold!
A faithful GOD art THOU!
THOU didst not fail THY saints of old,
THOU wilt not fail us now.
Through THEE the conquest shall be won
O'er Satan and his host,
O GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST! Amen.

IN TIME OF CATTLE PLAGUE.

367 All creation groans and travails;
THOU, O GOD, shalt hear its groan;
For of man and all creation
THOU alike art LORD alone.
Pity then THY guiltless creatures,
WHO, not less, man's sufferings share:
For our sins it is they perish;
Let them profit by our prayer.
Cast THINE eye of love and mercy
On the misery of the land:
Say to the destroying Angel,
" 'Tis enough: stay now thine hand."
In our homesteads, in our valleys,
Through our pasture-lands give peace:
Through the Goshen of THINE Israel
Bid the grievous murrain cease.
But with deeper, tenderer pity,
Call to mind, O SON of GOD,
Those in THINE own Image fashion'd:
Ransom'd with THY precious Blood.

" " "

Hear and grant the supplications,
Like a cloud of incense, borne
Up toward THY Seat of Mercy,
From THY people's hearts forlorn :

For the widow, for the orphan,
For the helpless, hopeless poor :
Helpless, hopeless, if THOU spare not
Of their basket and their store.

So—while these her earnest accents
Day by day THY Church repeats,
That our sheep may bring forth thousand
And ten thousands in our streets ;

That our oxen strong to labour,
May not know nor fear decay :
That there be no more complaining,
And the plague have passed away.

And, at last, to all THY servants,
When earth's troubles shall be o'er,
THREEFOLD GODHEAD, give a portion
With THYSELF for evermore. Amen.

368

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
WHOSE Arm hath bound the restless wa
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us when we cry to THEE
For those in peril on the sea.

O CHRIST, WHOSE Voice the waters heard
And hush'd their raging at THY word,
WHO walkest on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to THEE
For those in peril on the sea.

MOST HOLY SPIRIT, WHO didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to THEE
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power, -
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to THEE
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

VACANCY OF A SEE OR PARISH.

369 Eternal Shepherd, God most High,
In mercy hearken as we cry,
And send us, in our time of need,
A pastor wise, THY flock to lead.

Upon him pour the HOLY GHOST,
With all the flame of Pentecost;
With Peter's faith; vouchsafe him all
The love of John, the zeal of Paul.

SO leading where I MYSELF has
So guiding with THY staff and
May he THY sheep in safety be
To those bright pastures of the

And when at last, O gracious I
THOU shalt bestow his full reward
Let those whom he hath led abroad
Be jewels in his crown of light.

PROCESSIONAL.

370 Onward, Christian soldier
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of JESUS
Going on before.
CHRIST, the Royal Master
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward &c.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of GOD :
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward &c.

What the saints establish'd
That I hold for true ;
What the saints believèd
That believe I too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that Faith will hold—
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction roll'd.
Onward &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have CHRIST's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song.
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto CHRIST the KING :
This, through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.
Onward &c.

371 Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our Heavenward way.

Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

JESU, LORD and MASTER,
At THY sacred Feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See THY children meet;
Often have we left THEE,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty SAVIOUR,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams &c.

All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid THINE angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour,
Pardon THOU and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams &c.

Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At THY Throne of love.
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
JESUS in HIS Beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams &c.

372 O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With JESUS as your Fellow,
To JESUS as your Head!
O happy, if ye labour
As JESUS did for men:
O happy, if ye hunger
As JESUS hunger'd then.
The Cross that JESUS carried,
HE carried as your due:
The Crown that JESUS weareth,
HE weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see HIM,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To HIM alone will turn—

What are they but forerunners
To lead you to HIS sight?
What are they, save the effluence
Of uncreated light?
The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

What are they, but HIS jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heaven on earth?
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look up into the skies—
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize !

373

We march, we march to victory!
With the Cross of the LORD before u
With HIS loving Eye looking down from
And HIS holy Arm spread o'er us.

We come in the might of the LORD of l
In surpliced train to meet HIM;
And we put to flight the armies of night
That the sons of the Day may greet.
We march, we march, &c.

The bands of the alien flee away,
When our chant goes up like thunder,
And the van of the LORD, in serried array,
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder:

We march, we march, &c.

We tread to the roll of the organ swell,
With watchword duly given;
And we challenge the Prince of the hosts of hell
To fight for the gates of Heaven:

We march, we march, &c.

Our sword is the SPIRIT of GOD on High,
Our helmet is HIS salvation,
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—the Incarnation.

We march, we march, &c.

We tread in the might of the LORD of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil;
For our Captain HIMSELF guards well our coasts,
To defend HIS Church from evil:

We march, we march, &c.

HE marches in front of HIS banner unfurl'd,
Which HE rais'd that HIS own might find
HIM;

And the Holy Church throughout all the world
Falls into the rank behind HIM:

We march, we march, &c.

And the choir of Angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron:

We march, we march, &c.

We march, we march, &

*(BEFORE A CELEBRATION OF
COMMUNION.)*

374 In the Name of GOD the FA
In the Name of GOD the
In the Name of GOD the SP
ONE in THREE, and THREE
In the Name which highest
Speak not ere they veil th
Crying "Holy, Holy, Holy,"
Come we to this sacred p
Lo! in wondrous condescen
JESUS seeks HIS altar-thro
Though in lowly symbols hi
Faith and love HIS Prese
When the LORD His temple
Let the listening earth be
May the SPIRIT's sweet in-d
Each believing heart fulfil

Here shall highest praise be offer'd,
Here shall meekest prayer be pour'd,
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
GOD, Incarnate, be ador'd.
Holy JESU, for THY coming
May THY Love our hearts prepare!
THINE we fain would have them wholly,
Enter, LORD, and tarry there. Amen.

(CHRISTMAS.)

375 Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er our plains,
And the mountains, in reply,
Echo still their joyous strains.
Gloria in excelsis DEO.*

Shepherds, why this Jubilee?
Why your rapturous strain prolong?
Say, what may the tidings be,
Which inspire your heavenly song,
"Gloria in excelsis DEO?"

Come to Bethlehem, come and see
HIM WHOSE Birth the Angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Th' Infant CHRIST, the new-born KING.
Gloria in excelsis DEO.

See within a manger laid,
JESUS, LORD of Heaven and earth!
Saints and Angels lend their aid
To celebrate our SAVIOUR's birth.
Gloria in excelsis DEO.

* Glory to GOD on high.

376

Hark, hark! through the skies the glad anthem
is ringing,

The glory effulgent of Heaven is shown;
And Angels of light the loud chorus are singing,
JEHOVAH'S dear SON, the MESSIAH, to own.

And lo! the rude shepherds their flocks while
attending,

And wearied of watching, are startled with
fright;

For see! a bright Angel in clouds is descending,
While darkness gives place to a heavenly light.

And hearken the message—"Good tidings I bring!
The SAVIOUR long promis'd in Judah, is born;
O hasten to greet HIM, and worship your KING,
Ere burst o'er the mountains the beams of the
morn."

And sudden, all Heaven, with melody fired,
In rapt adoration the chorus prolong:
And Cherub and Seraph, with rapture inspired,
The glad Alleluia attune in their song:

To GOD in the highest all glory be given,
And peace be to men of good will upon earth,
Fordown the REDEEMER is stooping from Heaven:
Rejoice, all ye lands—'tis the morn of HIS
Birth. Amen.

377

(RECESSIONAL.)

Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of Heaven; and sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

Ye next, who stand before th' eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the LORD, with thankful voice,
An endless Alleluia.

Ye who have gain'd at length your palm in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chaunt shall still be this:
An endless Alleluia.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink that none shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

While THEE, by WHOM were all things made,
we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays,
An endless Alleluia.

Almighty CHRIST, to THEE our voices sing
GLORY FOR EVERMORE; to THEE we
bring
An endless Alleluia.
Amen.

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* Omit 5th line.

† Omit 1st chord of lines 2 and 4.

‡ Slur 1st and 2nd chords of lines 2 and 4.

TUNES.

Cross); *The Tune Book* (MACKENZIE, Paternoster Row);
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French - -	51	Dundee - -	19
Ayr - -	18	Old 25th - -	25

* Omit 4th line.

† Omit 1st chord of lines 2 and 4.

NO.	METRE.	HYMNS A. AND M.	NO.
25	6 6 6 6; 4, 4 4, 4	Croft's 148th -	251
26	C. M. - -	Bristol - -	26
27	C. M. - -	London New - -	192
28	C. M. - -	Lincoln - -	26
29	C. M. - -	Chichester - -	30
30	C. M. - -	Redhead's 29th -	28
31	C. M. - -	S. Mary - -	80
32	C. M. - -	Durham - -	51
33	C. M. - -	Winchester Old -	44
34	8 7s. - -	Merton - -	33
35	L. M. - -	S. Helena - -	54
36	L. M. - -	Conditor Alme -	31
37	C. M. - -	Redhead's 29th -	28
38	L. M. - -	Breslau - -	85
39	8 8, 8 8; 8 8 -	Veni Emmanuel -	36
40	8 7 8 7; 7 7 -	Michaelmas - -	252
41	D. L. M. - -	S. Bede - -	53
42	L. M. - -	Winchester New -	35
43	8 7 8 7; 4 7 -	S. Thomas - -	39
44	8 7 8 7; 8 8, 7 -	Luther - -	37
45	8 8 8 - -	Dies Iræ - -	221
46	L. M. - -	Beccles - -	49
47	L. M. - -	Angels - -	6
48	7s. 10 of - -	{ Mendelssohn or } { Batchelor }	43
49	L. M. - -	S. Gregory - -	68
50	6 5s. 8 of - -	Adeste Fideles -	42
51	L. M. - -	Jesu Redemptor -	45
52	L. M. - -	Melcombe - -	2
53	C. M. - -	Gerontius - -	305
54	7s. - -	Culbach* - -	160
55	C. M. - -	Lincoln - -	26
56	6s. - -	S. Cecilia - -	311
57	C. M. - -	Normanton - -	262
58	L. M. - -	Lauds - -	3
59	7s. - -	University College	175

* Repeat 1st and 3rd lines of last verse.

THE TUNE BOOK.	NO.	PARISH TUNE BOOK.	NO.
Bickleigh - -	276	Beverley - -	177
Bristol - -	33	Bristol - -	56
London New - -	65	Daventry - -	41
Lincoln - -	63	Stafford - -	58
Chichester - -	38	Chichester - -	39
S. Faith - -	49	Old 132nd - -	52
Damascus - -	42	S. Mary - -	36
Salisbury - -	80	Farrant's - -	38
Caithness - -	34	Abbey - -	17
Tranby - -	202	Sonning - -	244
Franconia - -	10	S. Michael - -	5
Conditor Alme - -	112	S. Ambrose - -	97
Abbey - -	19	Old 132nd - -	52
Bavaria - -	102	Rochester - -	87
Darmstadt - -	173	Veni Emmanuel - -	162
Kensington - -	213	Kensington New - -	212
S. Serf - -	168	Old 88th - -	94
S. Agatha - -	94	Winchester New - -	67
S. Andrew - -	216	S. John - -	147
Advent - -	211	Altorf - -	158
Dies Iræ - -	180	Malmesbury* - -	237
Norfolk - -	144	Norfolk - -	76
Angels - -	97	Angels - -	73
S. Vincent - -	254	Christmas Hymn - -	132
S. Augustine - -	99	Melcombe - -	82
Adeste Fideles - -	297	Portuguese Hymn - -	181
S. Polycarp - -	149	Datchet - -	239
Angels - -	97	Winchester New - -	67
Nativity - -	70	S. Agnes - -	95
S. Clement† - -	225	Bristol - -	56
Lincoln - -	63	Harts† - -	101
S. Martin - -	271	S. Magnus - -	31
Glasgow - -	54	S. Cecilia - -	251
S. Philip - -	148	S. Fulbert - -	62
Milton - -	234	Waldeck - -	92
		University College - -	104

* Omit 1st line in last 3 verses.

† Repeat 1st and 3rd lines of last verse.

NO.	METRE.	HYMNS A. AND M.
60	L. M. - -	Trinity - -
"	" - -	Chantry - -
61	7s. - -	H. Innocents - -
62	L. M. - -	Sargent - -
63	L. M. - -	Ferial - -
64	S. M. - -	Southwell - -
65	11s. - -	Hanover - -
66	8 7s. - -	Merton - -
67	7 7 7 7, 7 7 -	Sherborne - -
68	C. M. - -	Tallis' Ordinal - -
69	C. M. - -	Winchester Old - -
70	8 7 8 7, 4 7 -	S. Raphael - -
71	L. M. - -	Festal - -
72	D. C. M. - -	Old 137th - -
73	C. M. - -	S. Anne - -
"	" - -	Westminster - -
74	12 11s. - -	Hermann - -
75	L. M. - -	S. Lawrence - -
76	C. M. - -	Martyrdom - -
77	C. M. - -	S. Magnus - -
78	6 6, 4; 6 6 6, 4 -	S. Austin - -
79	6 6 6 6; 8 8 -	Harewood - -
80	8 7 8 7; 7 7 -	Coblentz - -
81	L. M. - -	Bishop - -
82	L. M. - -	S. Blasius - -
83	L. M. - -	Woolmer's - -
84	8 7 8 7; 7 7 -	Dretzel - -
85	8 7s. 6 of - -	Oriel - -
86	L. M. - -	Breslau - -
87	C. M. - -	Albano - -
88	7 7 7, 5 - -	Charity - -
89	7 7 7 7; 8 8 -	Ratisbon * - -
90	L. M. - -	Commandments - -
91	L. M. - -	S. Ambrose - -
92	C. M. - -	Old Martyrs - -
93	C. M. - -	Northampton - -
94	L. M. - -	Rockingham - -

* Repeat 1st chord of 5th and 6th lines.

THE TUNE BOOK.	NO.	PARISH TUNE BOOK.	NO.
Hostis Herodes -	129	Magdeburg -	68
S. Barnabas -	101		
H. Innocents -	232	H. Innocents -	103
Shropshire -	154	Andernach -	93
S. Lucian -	136	Kent -	74
S. Etheldreda -	9	Southwell -	8
Old 104th -	289	Datchet -	239
S. Palladius -	195	Stutgard -	141
S. Swithin -	251	Nassau -	115
Attalia -	23	Ordination Hymn	16
Winchester -	87	Winchester -	28
S. Giles -	218	Oriel -	150
Hostis Herodes -	129	H. Communion -	70
Uxbridge -	92	Old 137th -	61
S. Anne -	22	S. Anne -	20
Caithness -	34	Westminster -	51
Old 104th -	289	Old 104th -	165
Shropshire -	154	Norfolk -	76
S. Adalgitha -	21	Martyrdom -	33
S. Benedict -	28	S. Stephen -	25
Stapleton* -	282	Llanfaenor -	172
Sherborne -	275	Gopsal -	176
S. Wulstan -	214	Evensong -	211
S. Drostan -	117	Christchurch -	91
S. Blasius -	103	Eisenach -	86
Woolmer -	166	H. Communion -	70
Kensington -	213	S. Asaph -	196
Pange Lingua -	209	Oriel -	150
Breslau -	105	Breslau -	83
Abridge -	20	Eatington -	35
Capetown -	259	Capetown -	207
Milman† -	257	Ratisbon† -	113
Commandments -	111	Magdeburg -	68
S. Edward -	119	S. Ambrose -	97
Horwood -	58	Old Martyrs -	34
Northampton -	72	Windsor -	42
S. Felix -	124	Rockingham -	77

* Repeat 1st and 5th lines, omit 3rd and 4th.

NO.	METRE.	HYMNS A. AND M.	NO.
95	7s. - -	Hernlein - -	78
96	D. C. M. - -	Old 132nd - -	295
97	C. M. - -	S. Mary - -	80
98	10s. - -	Dalkeith - -	286
99	7s 8 of - -	Miserere - -	104
100	C. M. - -	S. Mary Magdalene	271
101	C. M. - -	Redhead's 29th - -	28
102	C. M. - -	Weybridge - -	280
103	7s. 3 of - -	S. Philip - -	82
104	10s. - -	Pax Dei - -	279
105	C. M. - -	S. James - -	162
"	"		
106	8 8; 7 7 - -	Gibbons - -	126
107	C. M. - -	S. Stephen - -	161
108	8 7 8 7, 4 7 - -	Pilgrimage - -	338
"	"	S. Denys - -	94 (2)
109	S. M. - -	S. Bride - -	81
110	10 6s. - -	Troyte No. 1 - -	170
111	7 7 7 7, 7 7 - -	Gethsemane - -	103
112	S. M. - -	Aberystwith - -	265
113	C. M. - -	Windsor - -	29
114	10 6 10 4 - -	Troyte No. 1 - -	170
115	7 6 7 6; 8 8 - -	S. Anatolius - -	275 (2)
116	8 7s. (Iambic) - -	Dominus regit me	330
117	8 8, 7. 6 of - -	Stabat Mater - -	98
118	7 6. 8 of - -	Passion Chorale - -	97
119	10s. - -	Yorkshire* - -	47
120	S. M. - -	Chalvey - -	332
121	8 7s. 6 of - -	Pange lingua - -	94 (1)
122	S. M. - -	Aston - -	288
123			
124	8 7 8 7; 7 7 - -	Coblentz - -	90
125	7s. 6 of - -	Redhead's 76th - -	105
126	C. M. - -	Cheshire - -	88
127	8 7s. 8 of - -	Rex Gloriz - -	293 (1)
128	8 7 8 7; 7 7 - -	All Saints - -	255

* Begin at line 3.

THE TUNE BOOK.	NO.	PARISH TUNE BOOK.	NO.
Butterby - -	223	Redhead's 47th -	105
Thornton - -	91	S. Matthew - -	63
Damascus - -	42	S. Mary - -	36
S. Britius - -	293	Tottenham - -	191
Lent - -	243	S. Augustine - -	128
Glasgow - -	54	Abbey - -	17
Abbey - -	19	Old 132nd - -	52
Cologne - -	39	Kensington - -	27
S. Fabian - -	256	Clydesdale - -	227
Basle - -	292	Sonnenberg - -	238
Culross - -	41	S. James - -	24
		Evan - -	54
S. Matthew - -	233	S. Aidan - -	110
S. Bartholomew - -	25	S. Stephen - -	25
S. Giles - -	218	Saxe Weimar - -	152
S. Bride - -	3	S. Bride - -	4
Dykes - -	298(1)	Hebron - -	228
Cawnpore - -	245	Presburg - -	231
Aylesbury - -	2	Aylesbury - -	7
Dundee - -	46	Windsor - -	42
S. Joseph - -	296	Troyte - -	155
S. Anatolius - -	269	S. Anatolius - -	258
S. Luke - -	193	S. Etheldreda - -	60
Stabat Mater - -	185	Avignon* - -	253
Passion Chorale - -	268	Prague - -	183
Stockport† - -	295	Stockport† - -	210
Ayr - -	18	Old 25th - -	15
{ Alleluia dulce }			
{ carmen }	208	Manheim - -	148
S. Petrock - -	16	Cambridge - -	13
S. Wulstan - -	214	Evensong - -	211
Redhead's 76th - -	249	Redhead's 76th - -	111
Old Common - -	73	Kensington New - -	27
Alla Trinita Beata - -	206	Merton College - -	136
Kensington - -	213	All Saints - -	236

* Omit 1st line.

+ Begin at line 3.

NO.	METRE.	HYMNS A. AND M.	NO
129	L. M. - -	Tristes erant -	109
130	L. M. - -	S. Blasius - -	7
131	L. M. - -	Cologne - -	6
132	L. M. - -	Bavaria - -	26
133	8 7s. 8 of - -	Rex gloriæ - -	293
134	7 8 7 8, 4 - -	S. Albinus - -	11
135	8 8 8, 4 - -	Victory - -	11
136	8 7s. - -	Batty - -	9
137	C. M. - -	S. Fulbert - -	10
138	C. M. - -	Stockton - -	15
139	C. M. - -	Tallis' Ordinal - -	6
140	C. M. - -	Westminster - -	14
141	C. M. - -	S. Etheldreda - -	33
142	C. M. - -	S. Anne - -	19
143	7s. 6 of - -	Cassel - -	8
144	7 6s. - -	Vulpus - -	24
145	D. C. M. - -	Old 44th - -	16
146	L. M. - -	Bavaria - -	26
147	C. M. - -	S. Etheldreda - -	33
148	C. M. - -	S. Bernard - -	32
149	D. S. M. - -	Diademata* - -	31
150	C. M. - -	London New - -	19
151	L. M. - -	Tristes erant - -	109
152	L. M. - -	Chantry - -	37
153	C. M. - -	Dundee - -	2
154	S. M. - -	S. Michael - -	5
156	7 7, 7. 6 of - -	Veni Sancte Spiritus - -	12
157	7s. - -	Innocents - -	2
158	L. M. - -	Redhead's 4th - -	1 (1
159	L. M. - -	S. Lawrence - -	35
160	L. M. - -	S. Sepulchre - -	31
161	11 12 12 10 - -	Nicæa - -	13
162	7 7 7, 5 - -	Capetown - -	13
163	L. M. - -	Cologne - -	6
164	8 7s. 6 of - -	Mannheim - -	36
165	7 6 7 6; 7 7 7 6		

* For last verse, lines 1, 2, 7, and 8.

THE TUNE BOOK.	NO.	PARISH TUNE BOOK.	NO.
S. Prisca - -	150	S. Ambrose -	97
S. Blasius - -	103	Winchester New -	67
Upminster - -	161	Melcombe - -	82
Bavaria - -	102	Waldeck - -	92
Alla Trinita Beata	206	S. Hilary - -	138
Lindisfarne - -	261	Croyland - -	199
Temple - -	183	Hayes' Chant -	192
Thurgau - -	201	Turnau - -	256
Gloucester - -	55	S. Fulbert - -	62
Coventry - -	40	Stockton - -	53
Thetford - -	83	Ordination Hymn	16
Renfrew - -	78	Westminster -	51
Brentwood - -	32	S. Etheldreda -	60
S. Anne - -	22	S. Anne - -	20
S. Ninian - -	247	Supplication -	112
S. Omer - -	265	Alcuin - -	247
S. Mark - -	90	Prague - -	65
S. Agatha - -	94	S. Paul - -	89
S. Enurchus - -	48	S. Etheldreda -	60
S. Bartholemew -	25	S. David - -	29
Ayr* - -	18	Old 25th* - -	15
Barnstaple - -	24	London New -	26
S. Felix - -	124	Waldeck - -	92
Calvary - -	108	S. Paul - -	89
French - -	51	Dundee - -	19
S. Michael - -	12	S. Michael - -	5
Bury - -	253	Rosslyn - -	226
Redhead's 48th -	237	S. Aidan - -	110
Markland - -	139	Pevensey - -	99
Norfolk - -	144	Eisenach - -	86
Te Deum Patrem	158	Norfolk - -	76
Southwell - -	299	Nicæa - -	193
Capetown - -	259	Avignon - -	157
S. Felix - -	124	Breslau - -	83
{ Alleluia dulce }	208	Manheim - -	148
{ carmen - }			

* For last verse, latter half of tune.

NO.	METRE.	HYMNS A. AND M.	NO.
166	L. M. - -	Bishop - -	123
167	7s. - - -	Lubeck - -	21
168	7s. - - -	Vienna - -	24
169	S. M. - - -	Franconia - -	34
170	7s. 6 of - -	Dix - - -	64
171	L. M. - - -	S. Gall - -	41
172	C. M. - - -	Tallis' Ordinal - -	62
173	5 5 7. 6 of - -		
174	C. M. - - -	Bedford - -	153
175	D. C. M. - -	Old 137th - -	319
176	C. M. - - -	S. Etheldreda - -	333
177	D. C. M. - -	Old 44th - -	167
178	8 8 10 6 - -	Troyte No. 1 - -	170
179	D. L. M. - -	S. Bede - -	53
180	L. M. - - -	Breslau - -	85
181	C. M. - - -	Bristol - -	25
182	C. M. - - -	S. Mary Magdalene - -	271
183	8 7s. - - -	Batty - -	95
184	C. M. - - -	Durham - -	51
185	C. M. - - -	Martyrdom - -	210
186	C. M. - - -	Old Martyrs - -	158
187	8s. 6 of - -	Bremen - -	171
188	L. M. - - -	Melcombe - -	2
189	L. M. - - -	S. Sepulchre - -	312
190	8 7s. - - -	Redhead's 46th - -	303
191	C. M. - - -	S. Magnus - -	300
192	7s. - - -	Evermore - -	308
193	C. M. - - -	Windsor - -	29
194	D. C. M. - -	Old 132nd - -	295
195	10s. - - -	Dalkeith - -	286
196	S. M. - - -	Southwell - -	339
197	10 10 10 9 - -		
198	8 7s. - - -	Supplication - -	374
199	C. M. - - -	S. Mary - -	80
200	8 6 7 6. 8 of - -	Alleluia - -	350
201	D. L. M. - -	S. Bede - -	53
202	6 6 8 6; 10 10 - -		

THE TUNE BOOK.	NO.	PARISH TUNE BOOK.	NO.
S. Thomas -	160	Old 100th -	66
Culbach -	228	Lubeck -	121
S. Bees -	222	Buckland -	255
S. Petrock -	16	Franconia -	3
S. Boniface -	244	Supplication -	112
Norfolk -	144	Norfolk -	76
Attalia -	23	Ordination Hymn	16
Bede -	26	Abbey -	17
S. Mark -	90	Old 137th -	61
Laud -	61	Kensington -	27
Thornton -	91	Old 81st -	57
Dykes -	298 (1)	Hebron -	228
S. Serf -	168	Brompton -	96
Cyprus -	115	Andernach -	93
Bristol -	33	Dunfermline -	47
Glasgow -	54	Stafford -	58
Turnau -	204	Turnau -	256
S. David -	43	Southampton -	43
Peterborough -	76	Farrant's -	38
Boulcote -	31	Windsor -	42
Aylsham -	169	Bremen -	168
Melcombe -	141	Melcombe -	82
S. Sepulchre -	153	H. Communion -	70
Ovington -	194	Gotha -	143
Doncaster -	45	S. Gregory -	46
S. Colman -	226	Christ Chapel -	125
Dundee -	46	Windsor -	42
Uxbridge -	92	Prague -	65
S. Britius -	293	Sonnenburg -	238
Canterbury -	4	Aylesbury -	7
Epiphany -	291	Epiphany -	195
Thurgau -	201	Redhead's 47th -	105
Culross -	41	S. Mary -	36
Arundel -	190	Freiburg -	260
S. Serf -	168	Old 88th -	94

NO.	METRE.	HYMNS A. AND M.	NO.
203	D. L. M. - -	S. Bede - -	53
204	7 6 7 6; 8 8; 7 7		
205	7s. 9 of - -	Gethsemane* - -	103
206	C. M. - -	Hereford - -	73
207	7s. 6 of - -	Redhead's 76th - -	105
208	8 7 8 7; 4 7 -	S. Raphael - -	341
209	7s. - - -	Redhead's 47th - -	96
210	8 7s. - - -	Supplication - -	374
211	C. M. - - -	Chichester - -	30
212	7 7, 7 7, 7 7, 7 7; 6		
213	C. M. - - -	Northampton - -	102
214	L. M. - - -	Melcombe - -	2
215	S. M. - - -	S. George - -	48
216	C. M. - - -	Abridge - -	334
217	5 4s. 8 of - -		
218	D. C. M. - - -	Old 44th - -	167
219	7s. 8 of - - -	Hollingside - -	179
"	" - - -	Salzburg - -	113
220	C. M. - - -	Tallis' Ordinal - -	62
221	C. M. - - -	Southwell - -	180
222	C. M. - - -	Dundee - -	27
223	12 10 12 10 Irregular		
224	C. M. - - -	Horsley - -	362
225	L. M. - - -	Redhead's 4th - -	1 (1)
226	6 5s. - - -	Caswall - -	92
227	8 9 8 9; 4 -		
228	7 6s. 8 of - -	Magdalena - -	340
229	7s. 6 of - - -	Cassel - -	89
230	S. M. - - -	Lyte - -	176
231	11 11 11; 5 -	Cloisters - -	329
232	8 7s. 6 of - -	Regent Square - -	322
233	8 7s. - - -	Stutgard - -	59
234	7s. 8 of - - -	S. Edmund - -	381
235	8 5 8 5; 8 8 8, 5		
236	7 6. 8 of - -	S. Catherine - -	328
237	L. M. - - -	Woolmer's - -	254
238	7 7 7 7, 7 7 -	Sherborne - -	63

* Repeat lines 1, 2, and 3.

THE TUNE BOOK.	NO.	PARISH TUNE BOOK.	NO.
S. Serf - -	168	Old 88th - -	94
Lent* - -	243	Weimar† - -	122
Manchester - -	67	Old Martyrs - -	34
Gethsemane - -	246	Redhead's 76th - -	111
S. Osmund - -	219	Oriel - -	150
Butterby - -	223	Redhead's 47th - -	105
Sychar - -	199	Culbach - -	134
Chichester - -	38	Chichester - -	39
Wimborne - -	86	Old Martyrs - -	34
S. Ambrose - -	96	Mona - -	88
S. Nicolas - -	14	Colchester - -	9
Chester - -	37	Bedford - -	40
Thornton - -	91	Old 137th - -	61
S. Austin - -	240	Hollingside - -	130
Lent - -	243	S. Augustine - -	128
Attalia - -	23	Ordination Hymn - -	16
S. Fulbert - -	52	S. Fulbert - -	62
French - -	51	Dundee - -	19
Bethlehem - -	30	S. Gregory - -	46
S. Gilbert - -	126	S. Paul - -	89
S. Agnes - -	286	Derby - -	180
Passion Chorale - -	268	Prague - -	183
Redhead's 76th - -	249	Redhead's 76th - -	111
S. Bride - -	3	S. Bride - -	4
Alford - -	207	S. John - -	147
Stutgard - -	198	Stutgard - -	141
Durham - -	241	Cassel - -	117
Chope - -	267	Prague - -	183
Babylon Streams - -	100	Old 100th - -	66
S. Ninian - -	247	Mayenne - -	116

* Repeat line 5.

† Repeat line 2 at end of tune.

NO.	METRE.	HYMNS A. AND M.	NO.
239	12 11 12 11 -	Old 104th - -	156
240	8 8 8 8; 8 8 -	Melita - -	222
241	6 4s. 8 of - -	Horbury* - -	200
242	8 5 8 3 - -	Stephanos - -	299 (2)
243	6 4 6 4; 6 6 4 -	Horbury - -	200
244	6 5s. 8 of - -	S. Andrew of Crete	285
245	L. M. - -	Notker - -	138
246	8s. 6 of - -	S. Matthias - -	17 (2)
247	8 6 8 6; 6 6 6 6	Paradise - -	324
248	11 10 11 10; 9 11	Pilgrims - -	325 (2)
"	"	Vox Angelica -	325 (1)
249	C. M. - -	Winchester Old -	44
250	C. M. - -	S. Bernard - -	327
251	L. M. - -	S. Bernard - -	65
252	7 6s. 8 of - -	Pearsall - -	298
253	7 6s. 8 of - -	Aurelia - -	320
254	7 6s. - -	S. Alphege - -	142 (1)
255	7 6s. - -	Ewing - -	142 (3)
256	7 6s. - -	Vulpus - -	245
257	10 10, 10 10 -	Pax Dei - -	279
258	L. M. - -	Erfurt - -	84 (2)
259	8 8 8 8; 8 8 -	S. Matthias - -	17 (2)
260	L. M. - -	Redhead's 4th -	1 (1)
261	C. M. - -	Redhead's 66th -	125
262	C. M. - -	Bedford - -	153
263	C. M. - -	Cheshire - -	88
264	8 6 8 6; 8 8 -		
265	8 8, 8 8 8 - -	Sydenham† - -	369
266	C. M. - -	S. Etheldreda -	333
267	L. M. - -	Notker - -	138
268	Irregular - -	S. Sylvester - -	375
269	D. S. M. - -	Chalvey - -	332
270	C. M. - -	Redhead's 66th -	125
271	L. M. - -	S. Ambrose - -	22
272	C. M. - -	S. Bernard - -	327
273	C. M. - -	Tallis' Ordinal -	62
274	L. M. - -	Eisenach - -	23

* Lines 1, 2, 6, and 7.
† Omit 6th line.

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S. Saviour - -	294	Old 124th - -	190
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Peterborough -	76	Biberach† - -	160
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S. Adamnan - -	93	Old 100th - -	66
S. Magnus - -	66	Eatington - -	35
Thetford - -	83	S. George - -	48
Elgin - -	120	Nisi Dominus - -	71

* Lines 1, 2, 5, and 7.

† Omit 4th line.

NO.	METRE.	HYMNS A. AND M.	N
275	7 6s. - -	Kocker - -	24
276	D. C. M. - -	Old 81st - -	24
277	L. M. - -	S. Gregory - -	1
278	L. M. - -	Rockingham - -	10
279	S. M. - -	Swabia - -	24
280	L. M. - -	Commandments - -	1
281	7 6s. 8 of (Trochaic)	{ St. Joseph of the } { Studium }	34
282	8 7s. - -	Stutgard - -	1
283	C. M. - -	Abridge - -	34
284	8 7 8 7, 4 7 -	Martini - -	24
285	L. M. - -	Angels - -	1
286	S. M. - -	Michael Frank - -	34
287	6 6 8 6; 8 8 -		
288	8 6 8 6; 8 8 -		
289	C. M. - -	Bristol - -	1
290	7 7 7 7, 7 7 -	Dix - -	1
291	L. M. - -	Jesu Redemptor - -	4
292	C. M. - -	Southwell - -	14
293	C. M. - -	Redhead's 66th - -	14
294	8 8, 6; 8 8, 6 -	Esca Viatorium - -	34
295	10 10 10 6 -	Troyte's 2nd - -	14
296	10 10 10 6 -	Troyte's 1st - -	14
297	6 6 6 6; 4, 4 4, 4 -	Christchurch - -	34
298	L. M. - -	Cologne - -	1
299	C. M. - -	Horsley - -	34
300	L. M. - -	Eisenach - -	1
301	C. M. - -	S. Magnus - -	34
302	7s. - -	University College - -	14
303	8 7 8 7; 7 7 -	Michaelmas - -	24
"	"	Dretzel - -	1
304	L. M. - -	S. Blasius - -	1
305	L. M. - -	Angels - -	1
306	8 7s. - -	Merton - -	1
307	8 7 8 7; 7 7 -	All Saints - -	24
308	C. M. - -	Albano - -	34
309	8 7s. 8 of - -	Gloria - -	34

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S. Gilbert - -	126	Pevensay - -	99
S. Edward - -	119	Rockingham - -	77
Emmaus - -	7	Swabia - -	14
Calvary - -	108	Magdeburgh - -	68
Durham - -	241	Maidstone - -	120
S. Ebbe - -	191	Gotha - -	143
Deptford - -	44	Gloucester - -	30
Berwick - -	217	Saxe Weimar - -	152
Arne - -	98	Angels - -	73
S. Edmund - -	6	Paddington - -	12
		Saalfeld - -	223
Bristol - -	33	Bristol - -	56
Ratisbon - -	248	Mayenne - -	116
S. Prisca - -	150	H. Communion - -	70
Caithness - -	34	Winchester Old - -	28
S. James - -	60	Stafford - -	58
S. Cyril - -	186	East Bourne - -	163
Dykes - -	298(1)	Hayes - -	192
S. Joseph - -	296	Hebron - -	228
Croft's 148th - -	277	Bodmin - -	175
Bloomsbury - -	104	Rochester - -	87
Charlton - -	36	S. James - -	24
Elgin - -	120	Eisenach - -	86
Carlisle - -	35	S. Magnus - -	31
Redhead's 48th - -	237	University College - -	104
Kensington - -	213	S. Asaph - -	196
		Evensong - -	211
Whitehall - -	163	Mona - -	88
S. Philip - -	148	Angels - -	73
Pittington - -	196	Sharon - -	135
Kensington - -	213	All Saints - -	236
S. Nicomede - -	71	S. George - -	48
Alla Trinita Beata	206	Merton College - -	136

NO.	METRE.	HYMNS A. AND M.	NO.
310	S. M. - -	St. Ethelwald - -	181
311	S. M. - -	S. Aldate - -	351
"	"	Dedication - -	242(2)
312	8s. 6 of - -	Christchurch - -	17(1)
313	8s. 6 of - -	Preston - -	226
314	6s. - - - -	S. Cecilia - -	311
315	L. M. - - - -	S. Patrick - -	383
316	C. M. - - - -	S. Peter - -	12
317	C. M. - - - -	London New - -	192
318	8 7 8 7; 7 7 - -	Michaelmas - -	252
319	8 7s. - - - -	Batty - -	95
320	7 7, 7 7; 8 8 - -	Dix - -	64
321	8 6 8 6; 8 8 - -		
322	C. M. - - - -	Southwell - -	180
323	L. M. - - - -	Angelus - -	276
"	"	Commandments - -	7(4)
324	8 7s. - - - -	Merton - -	33
325	8 7s. 6 of - -	Benediction - -	52
326	7 6s. 8 of - -	Wordsworth - -	282
327	7 7 7 7; 7 7 - -	Ratisbon - -	5
328	10s. - - - -	Adoro te devote - -	206(1)
329	6 5s. - - - -	S. Constantine - -	189
330	7 6s. 8 of - -	Aurelia - -	320
331	8 7s. 6 of - -	S. Thomas - -	39
332	C. M. - - - -	London New - -	192
333	8 7s. - - - -	Redhead's 46th - -	303
334	C. M. - - - -	Normanton - -	262
335	C. M. - - - -	S. Mary Magdalene - -	271
336	S. M. - - - -	Peterborough - -	386
337	D. L. M. - - - -	S. Bede - -	53
338	L. M. - - - -	Melcombe - -	2
339	7 6s. - - - -	S. Alphege - -	142(1)
340	S. M. - - - -	Narenza - -	184
341	7 7 7 7; 7 7 - -	Redhead's 76th* - -	105
342	7 7 7 7; 7 7 - -	Gethsemane - -	103
343	7 8 7 8; 7 7 - -	Meinhold - -	358

*] For last 5 lines of hymn take lines 1, 2, 4, 5, and 6 of tune.

THE TUNE BOOK.	NO.	PARISH TUNE BOOK.	NO.
Erin - - -	8	Bethlehem - -	11
S. Alban - -	1	Moravia - -	2
S. Werburg - -	177	Lindisfarne - -	159
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S. Martin - -	271	S. Cecilia - -	251
S. Gregory - -	127	S. Agnes - -	95
S. Peter - -	75	S. Peter - -	22
S. David - -	43	S. David - -	29
Kensington - -	213	Kensington New -	212
Thirsk - -	200	Sharon - -	135
Ratisbon - -	248	Glentworth - -	217
Abbey - -	19	Saalfeld - -	223
Te Deum Patrem -	158	S. Gregory - -	46
Commandments -	111	Angelus - -	78
Sychar - -	199	Magdeburgh - -	68
{ Alleluia dulce }	208	Culbach - -	134
{ carmen }		Salzburg - -	149
Chope - -	267	Argyle - -	85
Tintern - -	252	Supplication - -	112
S. Britius - -	293	Old 124th - -	190
S. Lambert - -	287	Derby - -	180
Ceylon - -	266	S. Alphege - -	182
Pange lingua - -	209	Kintore - -	151
S. David - -	43	S. David - -	29
Winter - -	205	Cotha - -	143
S. Oswin - -	74	Stockton - -	53
S. Hugh - -	59	S. Magnus - -	31
Emmaus - -	7	Paddington - -	12
S. Serf - -	168	Old 88th - -	94
Melcombe - -	141	Melcombe - -	82
S. Omer - -	265	Alcuin - -	247
Narenza - -	13	Franconia - -	3
Redhead's 76th* -	249	Redhead's 76th* -	111
Gethsemane - -	246	Supplication - -	112

* For last 5 lines of hymn take lines 1, 2, 4, 5, and 6 of tune.

NO.	METRE.	HYMNS A. AND M.	NO.
344	S. M. - -	S. Isidore - -	337
345	L. M. - -	Winchester New -	35
346	8 7s. 8 of - -	Iona - - -	356
347	8 7 8 7; 7 7 - -	Irby - - -	361
348	7s. 6 of - -	Dix - - -	64
349	8 7s. 8 of - -	Illuminator -	293(2)
350	C. M. - -	S. Agnes - -	376
351	8 7s. - -	Batty - - -	95
352	7 6s. 8 of - -	Ellacombe - -	366
353	7 6s. 8 of - -	Crüger - - -	66
354	L. M. - -	Beccles - - -	49
355	6 7s. - -	Nun danket - -	238
356	L. M. - -	Old 100th - -	136
357	7s. 6 of - -	Cassel - - -	89
358	8s. 6 of - -	Preston* - -	226
359	7s. 8 of - -	S. George - -	110
"	" - -	Manifestation -	284
360	7s. - -	Monkland - -	224
361	7676, 7676; 6684	Wir pflugen -	360
362	D. C. M. - -	S. Matthew - -	373
363	8 7s. 6 of - -	Neale - - -	359
364	11 11 11, 5 - -	Cloisters - -	329
365	C. M. - -	Burford - - -	287
366	C. M. - -	Cheshire - -	88
367	8 7s. - -	Supplication -	374
368	8 8, 8 8; 8 8 - -	Melita - - -	222
369	L. M. - -	Angels - - -	6
370	6 5s. 12 of - -	S. Alban - -	385
371	6 5s. 12 of - -	Vexillum - -	384
372	7 6s. 8 of - -	Dorking - -	290
"	" - -	Kocker - - -	297
373	" - -	" - - -	"
374	8 7s. 8 of - -	S. Edward - -	292
375	7 7 7, 8 - -	" - - -	"
376	12 11s. - -	Hermann - -	258(1)
377	10 10, 7 - -	The endless Alleluia	366(1)
"	" - -	Alleluia perenne -	366(2)

* For last verse repeat last 2 lines of tune.

THE TUNE BOOK.	NO.	PARISH TUNE BOOK.	NO.
Croxdale - -	5	Colchester - -	9
Winchester New -	164	Winchester New -	67
Alla Trinita Beata	206	Chichester - -	140
Kensington - -	213	All Saints - -	236
Ratisbon - -	248	Ratisbon - -	113
Alla Trinita Beata	206	Freiburg - -	260
S. Stephen - -	82	Evan - -	54
Thirsk - -	200	Sharon - -	135
Chope - -	267	S. Theodulph -	188
Ceylon - -	266	Prague - -	183
Godel - -	128	Nisi Dominus -	71
Nun danket - -	281	Wittemberg - -	213
Old rooth - -	145	Old rooth - -	66
S. Swithin - -	251	Mayenne - -	116
Milan* - -	176	Biberach* - -	160
S. George - -	242	S. George - -	126
Durham - -	241	Thanksgiving -	119
S. Basil - -	221	Ross - -	127
Uxbridge - -	92	S. Matthew - -	63
Urbs Beata - -	210	Manheim - -	148
Boulcote - -	31	S. Mary - -	36
Chester - -	37	Old Martyrs -	34
Turnau - -	204	Turnau - -	256
Bremen - -	170	Melita - -	161
S. Polycarp - -	149	Angels - -	73
Magdalene† - -	288	S. John Damas.† -	257
Magdalene† - -	288	Franconia† - -	178
Chope - -	267	S. Theodulph -	188
Ceylon - -	266	Prague - -	183
Alla Trinita Beata	206	Chichester - -	140
Old rooth - -	289	Datchet - -	239

* For last verse repeat last 2 lines of tune.
 † Repeat lines 1, 2, 7, and 8, to conclude each verse.

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—o—

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- ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide	16
Above the starry spheres	150
Accept, O Lord, Thy servant's thanks	167
- A few more years shall roll	252
Again the slowly circling year	149
Again the Sunday morn	21
Ah! wherefore do the impious Jews	55
Alas! which way I turn, I err	176
Alike in happiness or woe	180
Alleluia, Alleluia	130
Alleluia! best and sweetest	69
- Alleluia! song of sweetness	83
All creation groans and travails	377
- All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow	122
All people that on earth do dwell	368
- All praise to Thee, my God, this night	11
All praise to Thee who didst command	297
- All praise to Thee who safe hast kept	4
All the world in sin was lying	333
All ye who seek in hope and love	88
Almighty God, Thy word is cast	85
Almighty God, whose only Son	365
Almighty God, whose sceptre sways	281
And now, O God, Thy mind resolves	28
And now the day is past and gone	73
- And now the sun's declining rays	8
Angels we have heard on high	387
Arise, O Lord, and shine	77
Around the throne of God, a band	283
- Art thou weary? art thou languid?	226
- As o'er the past my memory strays	250

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As wolves attack their helpless prey	-	-	-	-	60
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At length creation's days are past	-	-	-	-	30
Ave Maria! blessed maid	-	-	-	-	275

BEFORE the door of every heart	-	-	-	-	187
Bethlehem! of noblest cities	-	-	-	-	66
Bishop of the souls of men	-	-	-	-	271
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By the cross sad vigil keeping	-	-	-	-	114
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Cling to the Mighty One	-	-	-	-	225
Come, darkness, spread o'er heaven thy pall	-	-	-	-	109
Come, let us praise the name of God	-	-	-	-	24
Come, O Creator, Spirit blest	-	-	-	-	148
Come, sing with holy gladness	-	-	-	-	363
Come, ye thankful people, come	-	-	-	-	370
Count not, the Lord's apostle saith	-	-	-	-	182
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Creator of the starry height	-	-	-	-	33

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Days and moments quickly flying	-	-	-	-	251
Draw near, thou lowly Christian	-	-	-	-	111
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel	-	-	-	-	36
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Father of all, whose wondrous grace - - - -	157
Father of light, one glance of Thine - - - -	279
Father of love, our guide and friend - - - -	206
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God the Lord, in mercy bending - - - -	339
God who heaven and earth upholdest - - - -	5
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Great God, whose strength Thy martyrs steel'd - - - -	260
HAIL, all hail, thou Lord of glory! - - - -	124
Hail, body born of Mary - - - -	340
Hail, eternal King of glory - - - -	345
Hail the sign, the sign of Jesus - - - -	220
Hail to Thee, true body sprung - - - -	340
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He speaks the word, the floods obey - - - -	25
He who once in righteous vengeance - - - -	78
Heralds of Christ, to every age - - - -	257
Hidden Saviour, great High Priest - - - -	334
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Holy Jesu! I have crowned Thee - - - -	186
Holy Jesus, in whose name - - - -	163
Holy Jesus, Saviour bless'd - - - -	161
Holy Spirit, Lord of light - - - -	152
How can I seek Thy presence, O my God? - - - -	183
How shall a child of God fulfil - - - -	249
How welcome was the call - - - -	351
I NEED thee, precious Jesu - - - -	214
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In caves of the lone wilderness his youth - - - -	276
In stature grows the Heavenly Child - - - -	67
In the name of God the Father - - - -	386
In Thine image Thou didst make us - - - -	82
In token that thou shalt not fear - - - -	346
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Jesu, Lover of my soul - - - -	206
Jesu, name all names above - - - -	193
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ment, ye saints, behold your God	29
ead us, heavenly Father, lead us	158
et our choir new anthems raise	263
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Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	38
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Lo! from the desert homes	277
Lo! He comes! let all adore him	37
Long time the fallen human race	40
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we fly	273
Lord, be our guardian and our guide	210
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Lord have mercy when we strive	200
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	201
Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead	99
Lord, in Thy wrath thou thinkest yet	138
Lord Jesus Christ, true man and God	375
Lord of mercy and of might	230
Lord of our life and God of our salvation	85
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Now let us sit and weep	-	-	-	-	108
Now Lord, Thy soul, for ever blest	-	-	-	-	124
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